007 COLLECTOR'S ISSUE

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MICKEY ROURKE
Back From the Dead

THE YEAR IN SPORTS
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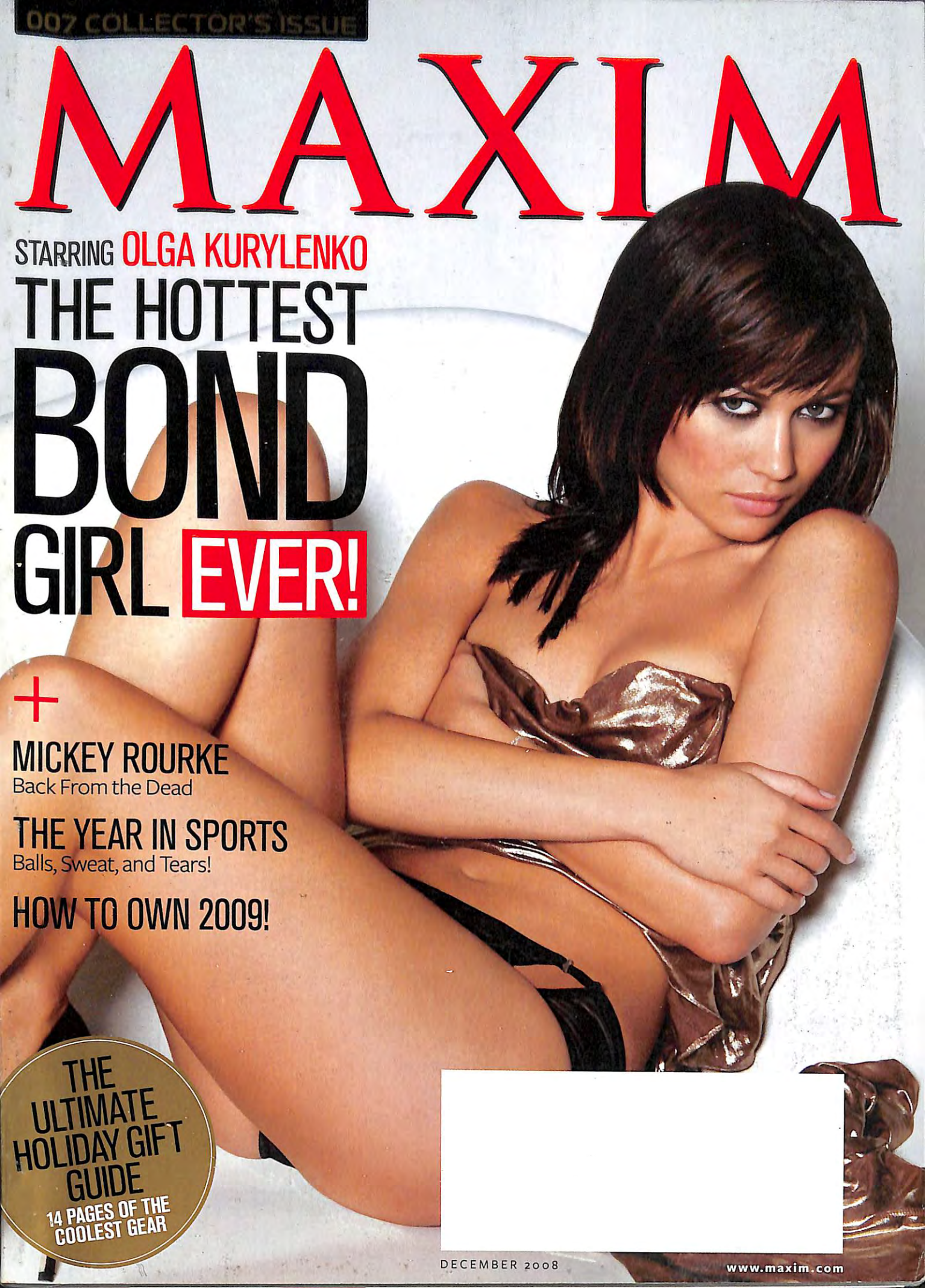

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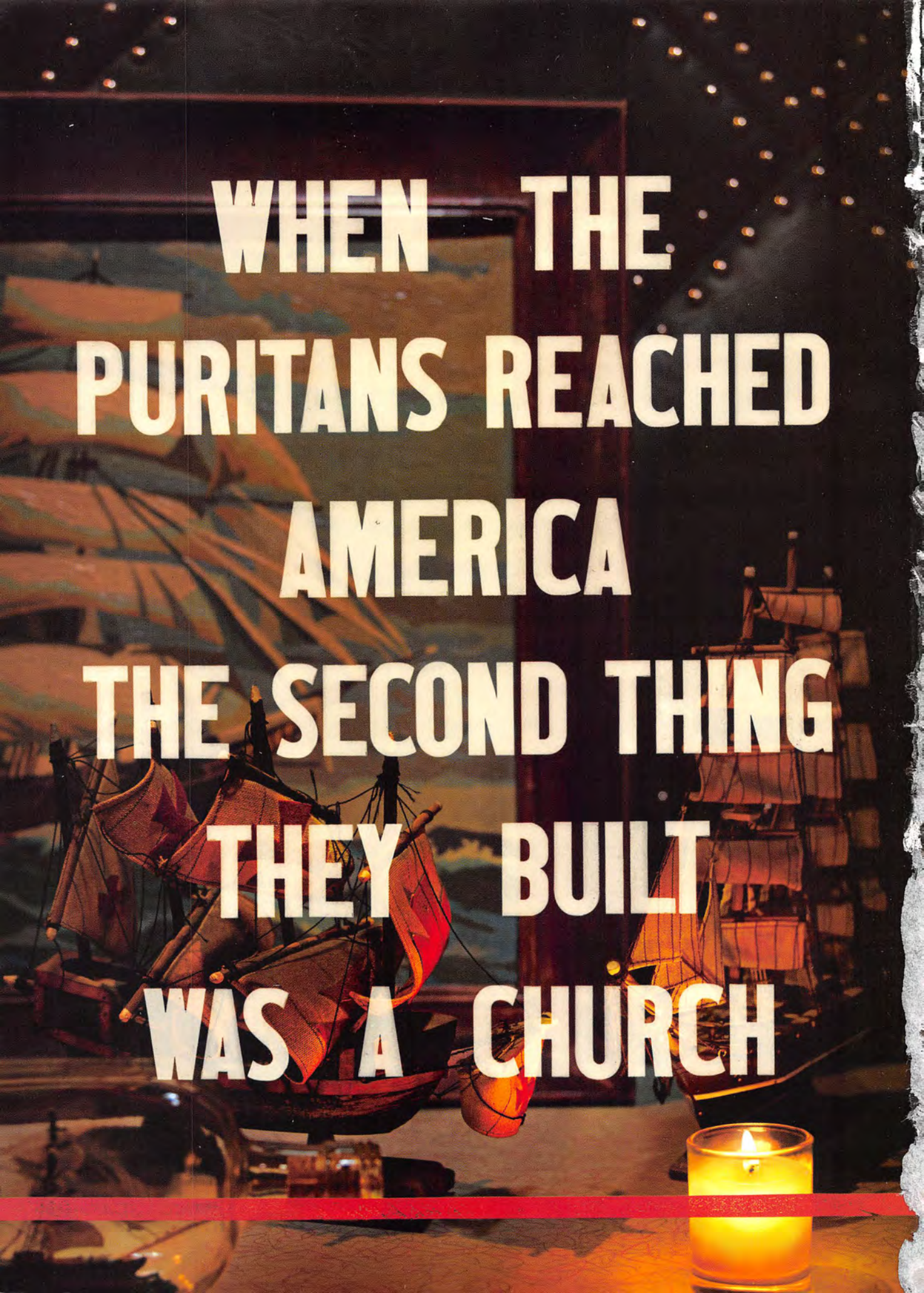
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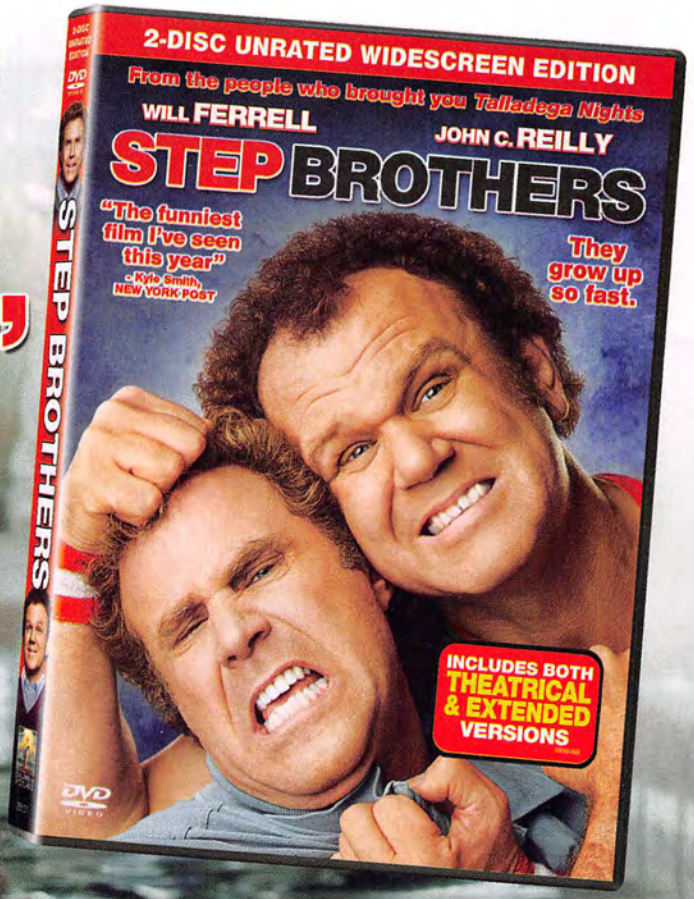
-KYLE SMITH, *NEW YORK POST*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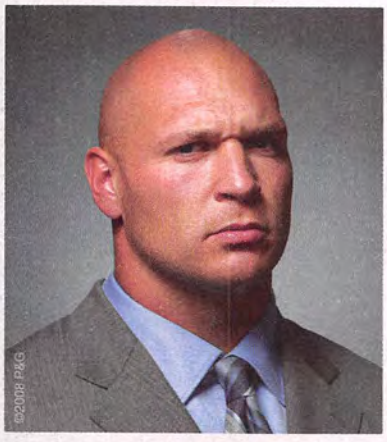

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Old Spice
Swagger
THE SCENT THAT MAKES A DIFFERENCE!

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Girls, guns, gadgets galore! *Maxim* probes the world's greatest spy movie franchise in ways even Goldfinger would find excessive.

82 **Icon: Jamie Foxx**
The *Soloist* star reveals how he played a homeless, schizophrenic violin virtuoso—by busting his teeth with a chisel (just like he did in *Booty Call*). By Matt Diehl

84 **Last Tango on Brando Island**
Years after his death, Marlon Brando's ghost continues to haunt his island paradise. Inside the strange and tragic legacy of Tetiaroa. By Julian Sancton

92 **Blood Lust**
Ashley Greene, the starlet behind the blockbuster vampire frightfest *Twilight*, plays a character that definitely sucks. But in a really good way! By Marshall Heyman

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We anoint 2009's most babe-alicious bombshells, funniest comedians, best stadium, coolest scooters, and angriest Whopper!

110 **The Resurrection of Mickey Rourke**
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Olga Kurylenko

The *Quantum of Solace* starlet is officially the sexiest Bond babe ever...honest! Plus, this Ukrainian cutie can break down a gun (as well as a dude's heart) in eight seconds.

On the Cover
Photograph, Stephan Würth; styling, Karen Clarkson; hair, Robert Frampton; makeup, Alexandra Rouger for b4agency.com; manicure, Trish Lomax for onemakeup.com; prop styling, Alun Davies; Temperley London dress; Myla briefs; Jimmy Choo shoes. Back cover: Temperley London dress; Links of London necklace

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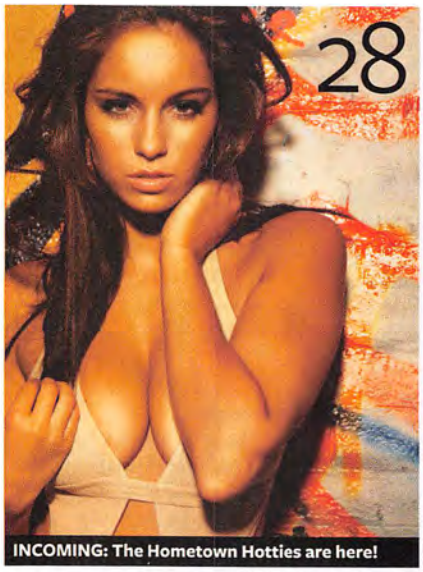
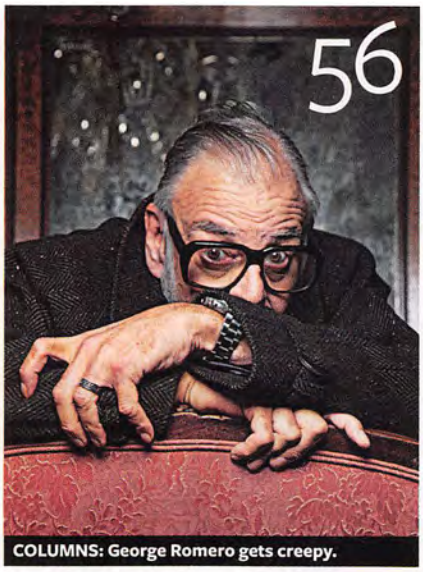
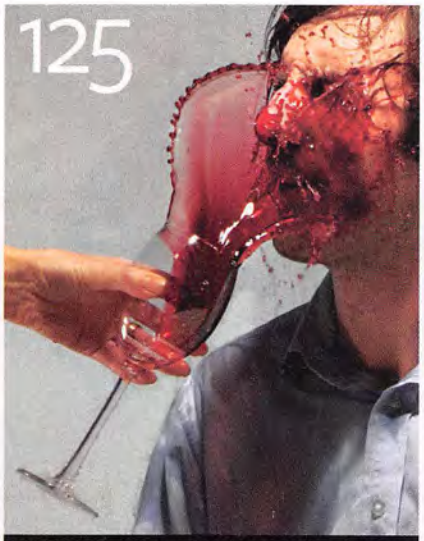


INCOMING: The Hometown Hotties are here!



COLUMNS: George Romero gets creepy.

RATED: The Killers put a hit out.



EXPERT: A gentleman's guide to the breakup.

STUFF: Lock and load for the holidays.

12 **Letters**
Our mailbag is packed with praise and putdowns, and one editor's concerned mom tells us what she really thinks!

18 **Incoming**
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45 **Columns**
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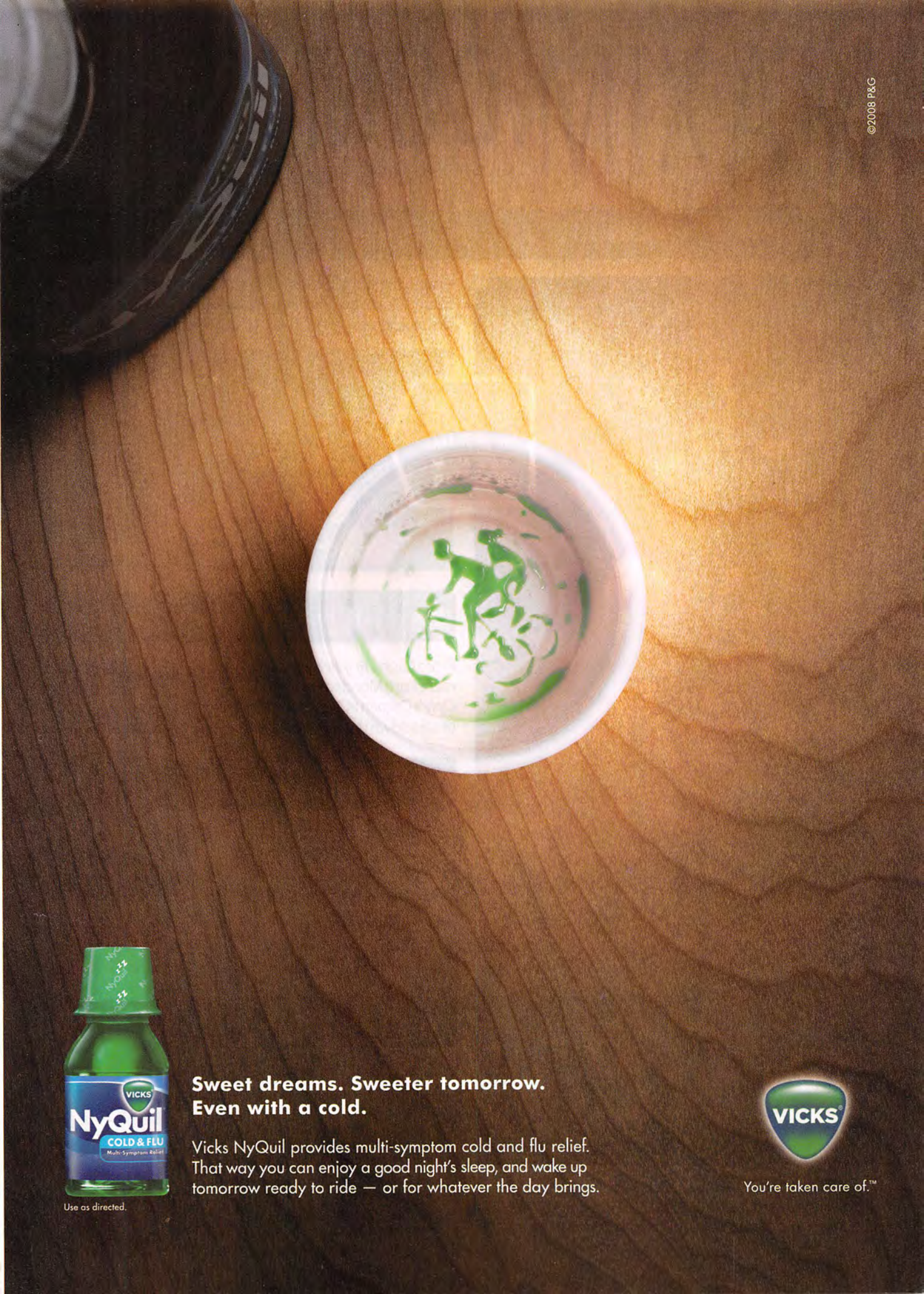
121 **Expert**
We drink up America's best bourbon, and Q-Tip schools us on the funky fundamentals of old-school hip-hop.

129 **Style**
Sorry, but it's time to ditch those ridiculous fur pants you love so much and start rocking supercool winter wear.

Stuff Gift Guide

Ridiculously dangerous power tools, supersleek gadgets, the ritziest Rolls-Royce ever, how to buy a cow, and a 15-foot-tall backyard tepee.

152 **The Decider**
Getting a carcinogenic lump of coal in your stocking? Find out why with this month's quiz: Are you naughty or nice?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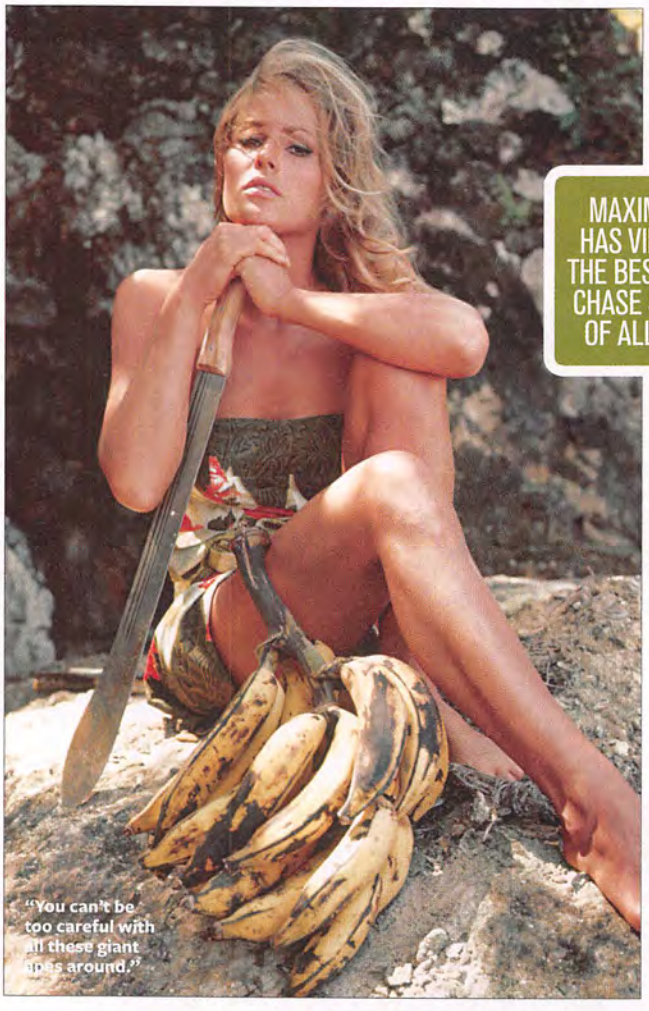
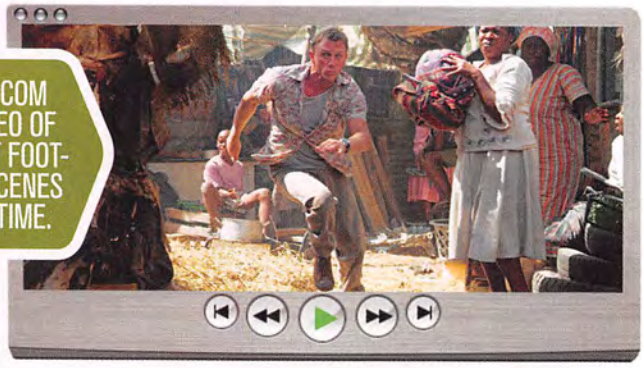


"You can't be too careful with all these giant apes around."

MAXIM.COM HAS VIDEO OF THE BEST FOOT-CHASE SCENES OF ALL TIME.

Gorge yourself on all things Bond in our 007 special ("The Secret Files of 007"), then go to Maxim.com for hot pics of Ursula Andress (left) and James' other femmes fatales.



THE BORING HEADLIGHTS

From *Casino Royale*'s product placement Ford Mondeo to *For Your Eyes Only*'s Citroën 2CV eyesore, Maxim.com breaks down the worst Bond cars ever.

SHAKEN AND STIRRED

Peel your eyes away from beardonbeard.com and go behind the Iron Curtain (and our cover shoot) with sultry spy Olga Kurylenko.

CIRCUS MAXIMUS

30 Rock is back in our TiVo rotation, NBA sneakers are squeaking on parquet, the NFL season is heating up, and the daily Maxim blog is opining like a rabid Bill O'Reilly.

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Season's Beatings

Your myriad missives and countless complaints ring in the holidays!

THE BAIRD TRUTH

Wow, great photo shoot of Diora Baird ["The Fantasy Girl," October]. I can't tell you how happy I was to hear that she actually got along with Dane Cook. If Baird can like a d-bag like Cook, then there's hope for mere mortals after all.

Milan Musabegovich Bronx, NY

As sick of Dane Cook as we are, we've gotta call a stop to all the vicious hating. Seriously, at this point it's like clowning on Yakov Smirnoff. Isn't appearing in My Best Friend's Girl *punishment enough?*

SCHOOL DAZED

So I believe a little college football team called the Duke Blue Devils is owed an apology! You ranked them as number one on your list of "The Worst Teams in College Football" [October], but not only (as of this writing) are they 3-2, but they just ended a 25-game ACC losing streak by beating the University of Virginia. Suck on some blue devil horns, bitches!

Donald Prendergas Durham, NC

Hey, we can't see into the future! After all, we did put Michael Vick as number one on our "Top 10 Athletes Least Likely to Pit Cute Animals Against Each Other in a Brutal Test of Their Will to Survive" list. Boy, were we wrong! Though number two on that list, Lance Armstrong, is still going strong and felony-free!

VEGAS, BABY

In your feature on Las Vegas ["48 Hours in Fabulous Las Vegas," October], you mentioned bars, clubs, lounges, gambling dens both on and off the strip, topless pools, and even a shooting range, but the closest you got to a gentlemen's club was a burlesque show. C'mon, guys, the poor economy hit dancers pretty hard, and they could use all the publicity (and tips) they can get.

Dale Renfroe Las Vegas, NV

Maxim writing about strip clubs is like Men's Health *doing a piece on properly oiling up your glutes—it's too easy. But our readers should feel free to enjoy the gut-busting buffet and expert pole work at the Spearmint Rhino. And say hello to "Cinnamon" for us!*

VIDEO VIXEN

That interview with Nadine Velazquez ["Must See Nadine," October] was wild. Does she really own crotchless panties? I'll watch more *My Name Is Earl* for her stripper character from now on. And where can I get that workout video she mentioned making? I'm flabby as hell!

Fred Balantine Welch, TX

It's in our conference room VCR. There's a heated battle between fans of Nadine's video and Billy Blanks' Tae Bo Extreme as to which psychs us up more before our daily pudding-eating contest.

LETTER RIPPED

What happened to October's Letters? I enjoy the gratuitous humiliation of your readers almost as much as the sexy cover girls.

Carson Margolies Salt Lake City, UT

Compiling each issue's heartfelt responses is a soul-draining effort. We're only made of flesh and blood, you know. Plus, we went on a month-long cough syrup binge in October. So cut us some slack, Carson!

#2 IN A SERIES

LETTERS FROM OUR MOMS

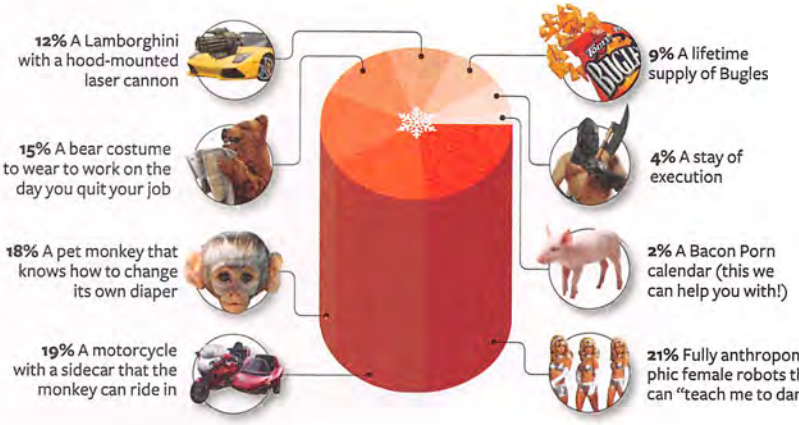
In reading *Maxim*'s "High Infidelity" [October], I was struck by how little has changed since my day, or probably any day in the history of our species. This article on cheating brought me to muse over the symmetry or asymmetry of power and the division of emotional labor between the sexes. Also, it explains why you're always crying. Don't worry, one day soon you will find a woman who can settle for a man who scratches out a meager living reviewing video games. And hopefully she won't run off with a hedge fund manager like the last one did.

Love,
Mom

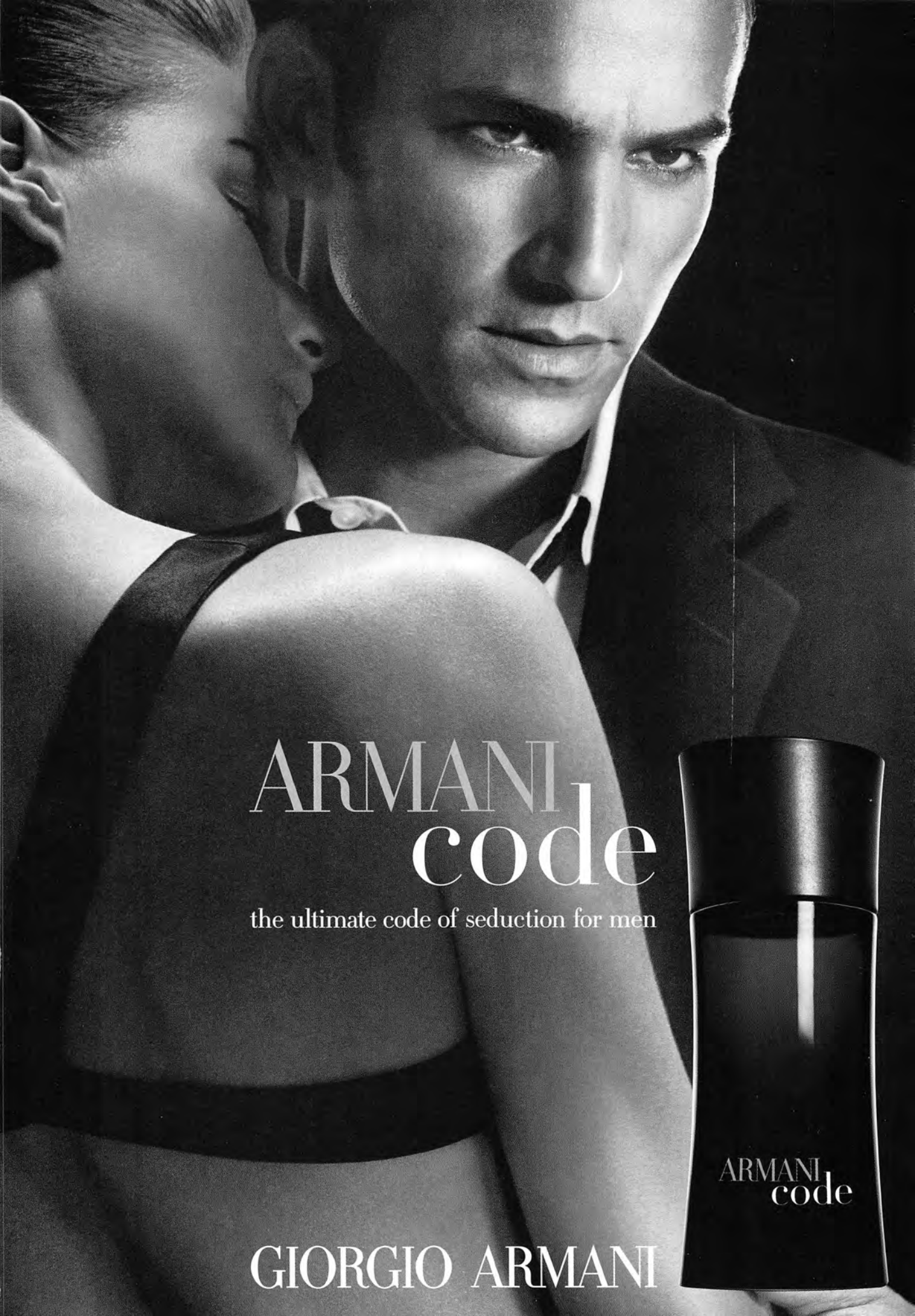
Mary Woods, assistant editor Jesse Brukman's mom-my dearest, sent us this thoughtful note. She is a retired professor of anthropology and human behavior, and she makes Jesse feel really good about himself. Thanks, Mama B.!

Silent Night, Greedy Night

Readers often confuse us with Santa. Here's what they begged for this month.


12% A Lamborghini with a hood-mounted laser cannon
15% A bear costume to wear to work on the day you quit your job
18% A pet monkey that knows how to change its own diaper
19% A motorcycle with a sidecar that the monkey can ride in
9% A lifetime supply of Bugles
4% A stay of execution
2% A Bacon Porn calendar (this we can help you with!)
21% Fully anthropomorphic female robots that can "teach me to dance"

STEPHAN WÜRTH (BAIRD)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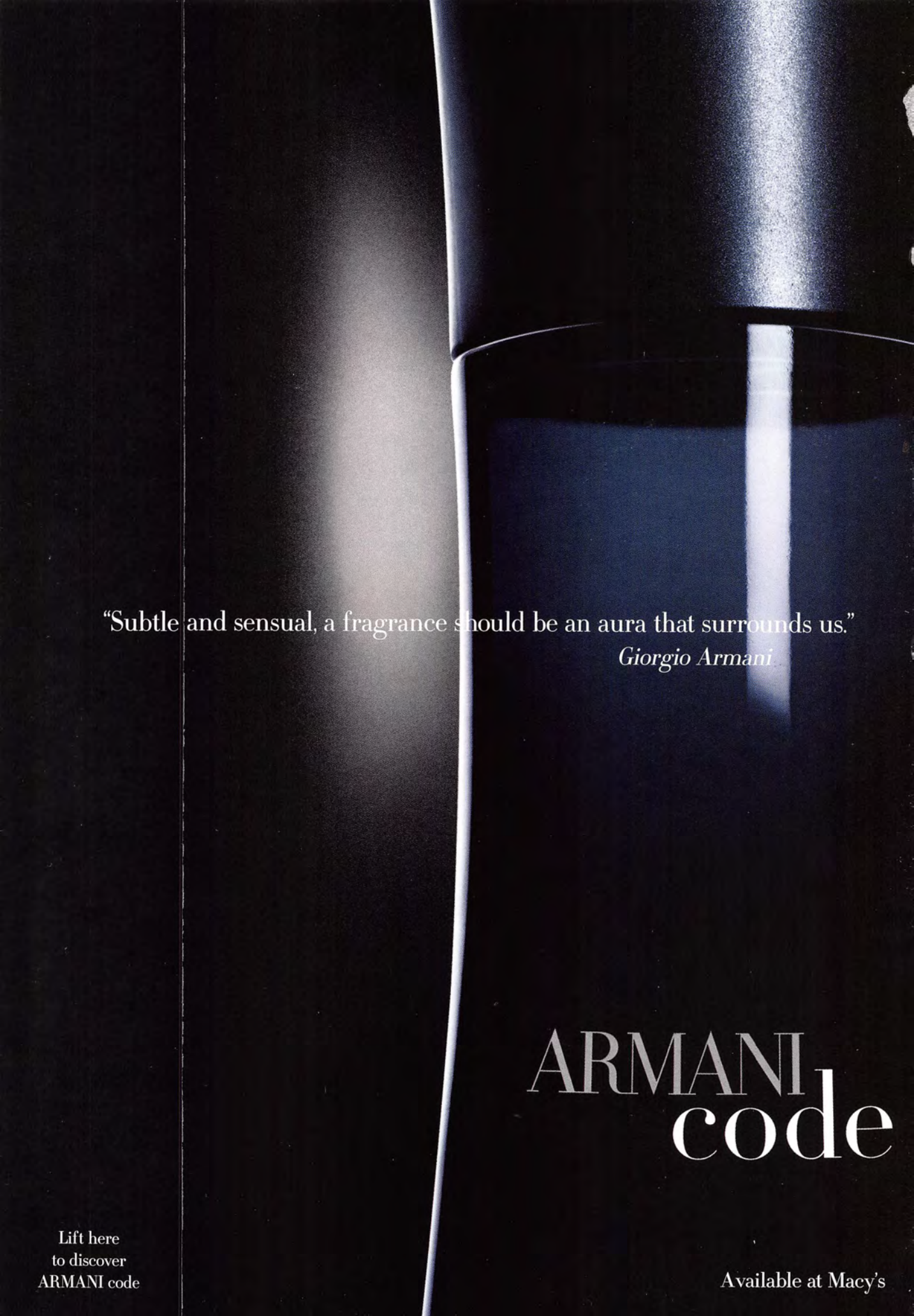
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80stees.com/saveferris

Jokes

Got a knee-slapper? Send it to **jokes@maxim.com.**

A chicken and an egg are sitting at a bar having drinks. After a few hours a drunken patron approaches them. "So who came first?" he says, grinning at his cleverness.

The egg glances at the chicken, then turns to the drunk and says, "Your mother."

STICKY SITUATION

A cop pulls over a man for running a stop sign. The driver gives the officer a lot of grief and starts to argue that he did, indeed, stop.

The cop says, "No, sir, you only slowed down."

The guy replies, "Stop or slow down, what's the difference?"

The cop then pulls the guy out of the car, beats him savagely with his nightstick for about a minute, and calmly asks, "Now, would you like me to stop or just slow down?"

Q What's the difference between a professional cornhusker with epilepsy and a prostitute with dysentery?

Well, one shucks between fits... **A**

Q Why doesn't Mrs. Claus have any children?

Because Santa only comes once a year, and then it's down a chimney. **A**

FENCED IN

Two guys come across a sheep with its head stuck in the fence. One of them says, "I'm feeling sort of frisky," then proceeds to have his way with the animal.

When he's finished, he turns to his friend and says, "Do you want to take a turn?"

"Sure!" The friend replies.

The horny pal then unbuckles his pants and sticks his head in the fence and says, "OK, I'm ready!"

LEGAL BRIEFS

Two lawyers are leaving their office and heading home for the night.

"I can't wait to get home," says one. "As soon as I walk in the door, I'm going to tear off my wife's panties."

"Believe me, I know the feeling," the other says.

"No, I'm serious," says the first. "They're killing me."

TONGUE BLISTER

"I've been making a lot of Freudian slips lately," a guy says to his friend.

"Like what?" asks his buddy.

"Last week I asked the train conductor for two pickets to Tittsburgh."

"I did something similar the other day," says the friend. "My wife and I were having breakfast, and instead of saying, 'Honey, pass the butter,' I said, 'You fucking bitch, you ruined my life!'"

Q How many midgets does it take to screw in a light bulb?

None. Midgets don't use light bulbs; they have night vision. **A**

CRYING GAMES

After a particularly wild one-night stand, a man notices that there's a framed photograph of another guy on his conquest's dresser.

"Is this your husband?" he nervously asks.

"No, of course not," she replies, snuggling up to him.

"Your boyfriend?"

"No, silly," she says, giggling and nibbling away at the guy's ear, "Not even close!"

"Is it your dad...your brother?"

"No, no, no!" she answers.

"Well, who the hell is he?"

"That's me before the surgery."

BEAT THIS CAPTION

Losing the swimsuit competition was especially degrading this year.

THIS KAWASAKI BEAST-CYCLE COMES IN AT A WALLET-BUSTING $25,000.

TO ENTER

1. Show the world you are the King of All Captions at Maxim.com/contests. (For complete rules, see Maxim.com.)

2. One incredibly lucky jokester will have his mailbox crammed with this custom Ninja ZX-14 courtesy of Rockstar Games!

3. Think your caption has what it takes to win? Then why are you still reading? Clickedy-clack on Maxim.com to find out if you're the champ, chump.

CHICKEN, PETSTOCKBOYS/ALAMY; BUTTER, JAMES WORRELL/GETTY IMAGES; SANTA CLAUS, JOSE LUIS PELAEZ/GETTY IMAGES; LIGHT BULB, FRANK CHMURA/ALAMY; CORN, BLUEMAGENTA/ALAMY; BEAUTY CONTESTANTS, RHEA ANNA/GETTY IMAGES

TERMINALS SO NICE,

IT'S ALMOST A SHAME WHEN IT'S TIME FOR YOUR BUS TO LEAVE.

ALMOST.

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THE NEW GREYHOUND
WE'RE ON OUR WAY

Editor's Letter

DECEMBER 2008

You know those mornings when you wake up not really sure what happened the night before? Then, as the Ambien haze begins to lift, alternately amazing and horrifying scenes pop into your consciousness? That's how I feel about 2008. It's been exactly one year since I took the helm here at *Maxim*, and it's hard to imagine a crazier time to be alive. (Except maybe when they used to play the Olympics in the nude. Really, what the hell was that all about?)

Let's just skip the election, because seriously, if I hear Wolf Blitzer utter one more syllable about battleground states I am going to spontaneously sprout a beard. But can you believe that, um, *that* candidate won? What with his wacky running mate and policies and ties to people with questionable moral compasses and stuff? Crazy.

When it comes to hellish introspection, we'd prefer to focus on our core obsessions. First up, sports. This year Favre returned from the dead and O.J. got sent to jail for trying to make more people dead—for a list of 2008's other wild highs and lows, turn to page 45. Next up, conspicuous consumption. Flip this special issue to see 14 pages of the year's most incredible gear. The best way to deal with a global recession? Shell out for a $150K handmade shotgun or a $700 "digital volcano." (We're not sure what that one does, but it sure looks cool!) Want pop culture? For the best of 2009's movies, music, TV, and games, devour "The Next List," page 100. (A hint: It's going to be a very special time to be a beaver fan!)

Over the course of leading this magazine, I've learned a lot about the men and women who make it. I've learned that creative director David Hilton weeps uncontrollably during the opening credits of *E.T.*, that senior designer Chandra Illick is a fanatical Jethro Tull fan, and that deputy editor Chris Wilson dates "supermodels." Mostly I learned that this staff will stop at nothing to bring you the best in print entertainment. And they do so despite having to work through some deep-seated childhood issues, many of which came out while we were compiling a list of the worst Christmas gifts they'd ever received:

"When I was 12, I begged all year for a Raleigh three-speed bicycle, maroon. When the big morning arrived, there it was by the tree—not a cool Raleigh, but a seriously uncool Murray, flat gray. Mom was never good with the details. I shoveled neighbors' driveways until I could buy my own. The Murray got...stolen."—*Editor-at-large Steve Garbarino*

"My dad gave me a box of quarters. That was just really mean."—*Senior associate editor Mike Dawson*

"All I wanted was a My Little Pony So Soft Crawling Pinkie Pie, and my stupid parents bought me a My Little Pony So Soft Scootaloo! God, I hate them!"—*Deputy editor Chris Wilson*

"When I was 19, Aunt Betty gave me a mug for Christmas. It had a pie chart showing percentages of 'Available College Men,' including '35% Hot Jocks,' '15% Rebellious Bad Boys,' and '2% Sensitive Hunks.' 2% sensitive hunks? Keep dreaming!" —*Executive editor Dan Bova*

Despite the occasional trauma, it's been a fun and fascinating year, a wild ride. Here at *Maxim* we're looking forward to continuing to deliver the best men's magazine anywhere. After all, who else would offer up not just the hottest Bond girl ever, but also a great 14-page package of *everything* Bond, so obsessive it would frighten Oddjob? Hey, it's what we do.

Happy holidays!

James Kaminsky
Editorial Director

Better Not Pout!

Celebrate the magic and splendor of the season by terrifying little children.

1 Production director Amy Fritch's happy-go-lucky nephews Max and Ethan infuse Santa's lap with holiday cheer—and busted diaper spillage.

2 Senior designer Chandra Illick's smiley cousin Kelsie finds the severed partridge head Santa left in her stocking and loves it!

3 Executive editor Dan Bova's son Henry, thrilled when told that he'll make a wonderful "elf" back at Santa's Nike factory in China.

4 Editor-at-large Steve Garbarino and his wife, Maddy, aren't too old to overwhelm Santa with gift ideas. Maddy asked for world peace; Steve, a Norelco shaver.

NIGEL PARRY (KAMINSKY); GROOMING, JENNA MENARD

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INCOMING

{IF IT'S OUT THERE, IT'S IN HERE}

MY FIRST TIME

Edyta Sliwinska

As the only professional dancer who's appeared on all seven seasons of ABC's *Dancing With the Stars*, Edyta Sliwinska has put the "fox" in foxtrot. But while she's achieved her career aspirations, nothing compares to the day the 27-year-old Polish superstar lived the dream of women across the globe: seeing Steve Guttenberg with his shirt off.

First Date
I was probably 15, and I was at dance camp. It was a very organized, disciplined camp, and this boy and I snuck out one evening. We went to a little café, talked, and came back way beyond our curfew. But nobody ever knew.

First Time I Knew Dancing Was My Life
Back in Poland I had to pass a test to get into high school. I had a dance competition that same day, and I took the test in full makeup, with fake eyelashes and a fake tan. But I wasn't even a little embarrassed, because I knew that dancing was what I wanted to do. Oh, and I passed the test and won the competition.

First Time I Was Mortified on National Television
It was the first season of *Dancing With the Stars*, and I wore a lime green and yellow dress. I was dancing with Evander Holyfield, but all I could think about was how terrible I looked.

First Celebrity Crush
When I was growing up in Poland, they would play two movies over and over—*First Blood* and *Police Academy*. So I developed a little crush on Steve Guttenberg. Here's the funny thing. I was in New York City last week walking through Central Park, and someone called my name. It was Steve Guttenberg, jogging with his shirt off. I thought, *If only it were 15 years ago.*
—*Jeff Pearlman*

Elle Macpherson bra
Forever 21 panties **L.A.M.B.** shoes
Agent Provocateur stockings

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRIS FORTUNA

THE COUNTDOWN

Five amazing, cool, and slightly alarming things we're obsessed with in December.

5

Martin Jetpack
This flying machine's gas-powered V-4 engine can rise to 8,000 feet and keep a grown-ass man aloft for half an hour. And for the low, low price of $100,000, it's all yours! *martinjetpackusa.com*

4

The Pig Bank
An oinktastic money holder that's cast from the carcass of an actual dead pig. Oddball designer Harry Allen's products are "sampled" from existing sources, which is what Porky was before he died (of natural causes—honest!). Made of plastic resin with a cork stopper in the belly for easy cash access. *$95, velocityartanddesign.com*

3

Badgift emporium.com
Finally, a site where you can publicly mock your most horrific holiday gifts, from the ceramic cat figurines creepy Uncle Vern gave you to the Mario Lopez workout video you're afraid to watch. Buy, sell, or just point and laugh. It's up to you!

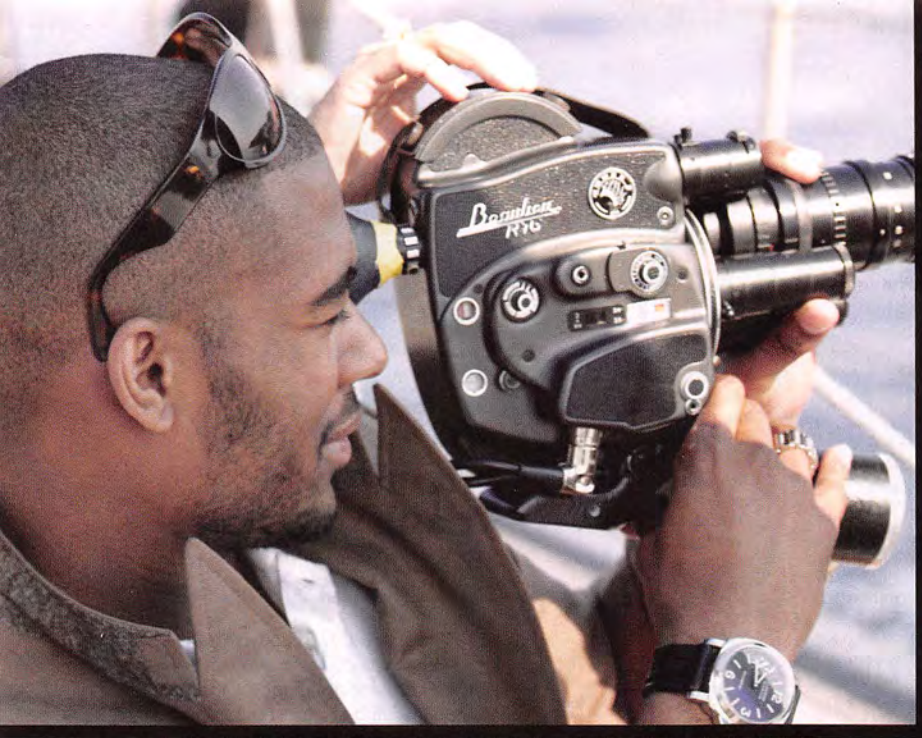
2

Guitar Praise
Tired of playing evil Slayer riffs on *Guitar Hero*? Noodle to Jesus-approved ax jams with this holy knockoff. *$100, digitalpraise.com*

1

Grace Park
Battlestar Galactica's sexiest spacewoman is the best reason to watch this guilty sci-fi pleasure. Don't agree? Go frak yourself!

PHOTOGRAPHS, MIKO LIM/CONTOUR BY GETTY IMAGES (GRACE); PREVIOUS SPREAD: STYLING, MONICA ROSE FOR THEREXAGENCY.COM; MAKEUP, HIROMI INOKO FOR EXCLUSIVE ARTISTS; HAIR, AARON LIGHT FOR CELESTINEAGENCY.COM; MANICURE, MICHELLE SAUNDERS FOR CLOUTIERAGENCY.COM; PROP STYLING, DAVID ROSS FOR ARTMIXBEAUTY.COM



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Celebrity Chefs: Gross Profits

Here's some food for thought: The more money a celebrity chef pulls in annually, the less we can keep down their chow. Witness the compelling evidence.

Pockets increasingly flush with cash
Rachael Ray ($18 million) $$$$$
Oily, tasteless, and gag-inducing. So is her food.
Wolfgang Puck ($16 million) $$$$
"Wolfgang" is German for "greasy airport pizza."
Paula Deen ($4.5 million) $$
Crisco Queen makes her own duck butter climbing stairs.
Tom Colicchio ($2 million) $
Gramercy Tavern and Craft owner can't afford to eat at his restaurants.
Anthony Bourdain ($1.5 million)
Roving cook will eat penis soup for rent money.
Food increasingly tastes like ass

Wham! Bam! Thank You, Slam!

The basket-brawlin' spectacle SlamBall returns, but will anyone care?

Great news, everybody: SlamBall is back! What, you don't remember the mutant spawn of basketball and football, featuring trampoline jumping, massive dunks, and midair tackling? It was met with yawns during two seasons on Spike TV in 2002–2003, but after getting decent ratings while banished overseas, SlamBall is now rebounding onto U.S. airwaves. "It's the most poetic war in sports," declares Mob Team honcho Brendan Kirsch. "The agility, the finesse—it's a beautiful thing." While the launch of SlamBall bricked with viewers, creator Mason Gordon claims the second coming is here to stay. "We've made huge leaps forward," he says.

New coaches include ex-Knicks guard John Starks and ex-Nets point guard Kenny Anderson, while former 76ers boss and fitness mogul Pat Croce has been named SlamBall's commissioner. But the biggest boost has come from sports marketing behemoth IMG, which has invested $5 million in SlamBall's return. IMG's backing solidified the new deal with cable sports channel Versus. Next year the league expands from six teams to eight, and negotiations are already underway for franchise ownership. But will it become the next UFC or another XFL? "It's got more creative-expression possibilities than any other sport," says Gordon. "People keep asking: When's the video game coming out?"—*Tim Struby*

"Unnecessary tickling on number 23!"

TRENDSTOPPING

Monster T-Shirts

Slay that dorky dragon on your chest.

Affliction, the mook fashion behemoth that sponsors top MMA fighters, has lived up to its name by spreading the disease of what can only be described as "monster T-shirts." If you don't own a tee like this, you've undoubtedly seen an ass-clown wearing one: emblazoned with a huge dragon, eagle, serpent, or other mythical beast, it's the douchebag shirt du jour, inspired by the tattoo-art gear Von Dutch popularized a few years ago. The truth is, the only things these shirts scare away are girls who might actually have sex with you. For the love of God, cover up that creature!

BIG NUMBER

33

Percentage of adults in West Virginia missing at least six teeth, making it the most toothless state in the nation.

SATOSHI (T-SHIRTS)

web-physicians.net/hyperventilation

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TOYOTA
moving forward

The Year in Bacon Porn

Our ham-handed look back at 12 months of hot porcine pleasure can serve as your greasy guide to 2009!

JANUARY 2009

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
28	29	30	31	01	02	03
04	05	06	07	08	09	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

Our inaugural entry reviewed *The Bacon Cookbook* by James Villas. Much like the Bible, we read it every day.

FEBRUARY 2009

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
01	02	03	04	05	06	07

Mo's Bacon Bar blessed deep milk chocolate with apple-smoked goodness. Tastes like a unicorn's tears.

MARCH 2009

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15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31	01	02	03	04

Chicken-fried bacon is succulent strips of swine dipped in tasty batter. Don't forget the gravy, Mom!

APRIL 2009

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Experts say mice who ate bacon-preserving nitrates had healthier hearts than other mice. Eat a dick, oatmeal.

MAY 2009

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31	01	02	03	04	05	06

Lardo, the Italian delicacy of pure pork fat, became our salad topping of choice. Also, dogs *love* this stuff.

JUNE 2009

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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28	29	30	01	02	03	04

An edible bowl made from the world's greatest food? Hey, let's fill it up with even more bacon!

JULY 2009

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26	27	28	29	30	31	01

A salty-sweet treat on a stick, the maple-bacon lollipop should replace the lame-ass after-dinner mint.

AUGUST 2009

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30	31	01	02	03	04	05

Fusing our thirst for booze with our hunger for hog meat, bacon vodka intoxicated us with fine swine.

SEPTEMBER 2009

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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27	28	29	30	01	02	03

The Bacon Wallet is a far better way to carry your valuables than the "Bob Evans Breakfast Link" money clip.

OCTOBER 2009

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

Candied bacon ice cream is breakfast being deliciously molested by dessert. Hey, it's not your fault, bacon!

NOVEMBER 2009

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
01	02	03	04	05	06	07
08	09	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	01	02	03	04	05

N.Y.C.'s Crif Dogs' bacon-wrapped wiener, the Spicy Redneck, may be the porkiest meat missile ever.

DECEMBER 2009

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
29	30	01	02	03	04	05
06	07	08	09	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	01	02

Go to baconfreak.com to buy Boss Hog Country Bacon. So thick and smoky you'll want to brine yourself.

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Christina Ricci

Those lips, those eyes, those tattoos! We heap praise upon our favorite former goth starlet turned A-lister.

Dear Christina,

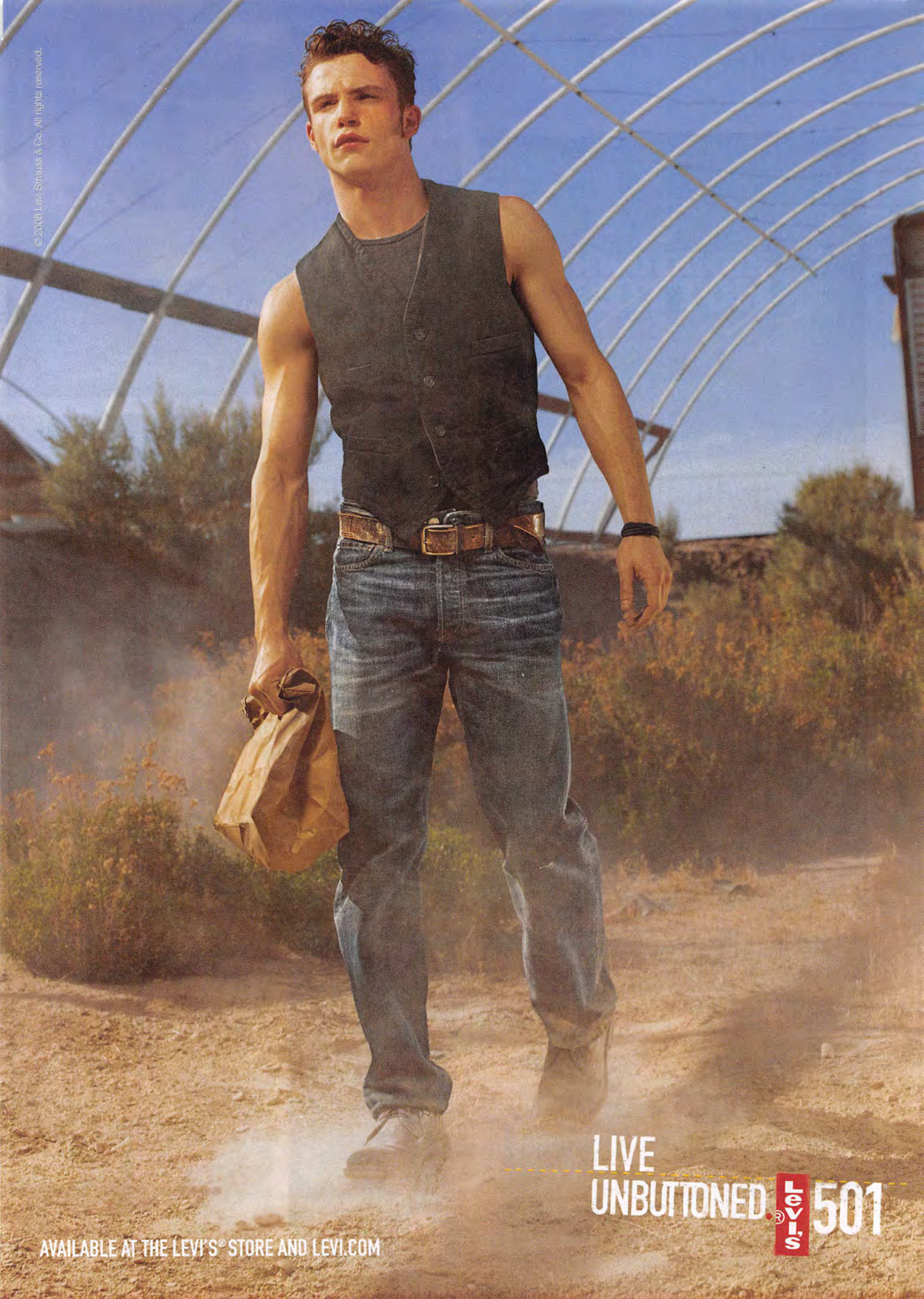
What a rare treat! We never imagined that we'd be excitedly ogling bikini pics of the ultimate late-'90s-era indie-movie ingenue. We always thought you were too dark and complicated to parade your impressive tat collection before the paparazzi, Britney-style. But we're glad our instincts were wrong, because you're looking incredibly lovely!

Not that you haven't always turned heads. We remember your kiddie-goth phase in the *Addams Family* movies and your turns as pleasingly fleshy sexpots in art house hits like *Buffalo '66* and *The Opposite of Sex*. More recently, you were the white-trash hellcat Samuel L. Jackson chained to his radiator in *Black Snake Moan* and the eye candy in *Speed Racer*. We're pumped for your next project, the romantic drama *New York, I Love You*. Hey, that's the name of our favorite LCD Soundsystem song! But you already knew that, because you're, like, the coolest chick ever. We've got tons of stuff on our iPod that you'd totally be into. In fact, our "Keepin' It Ricci" mix is already in the mail. Just don't send it back unopened this time!

Love Ya,
Maxim

Once killed a man for dissing Lynyrd Skynyrd.

PHOTOGRAPHS, REVOLUTIONPIX/INF PHOTO; PARAMOUNT CLASSICS/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION (INSET)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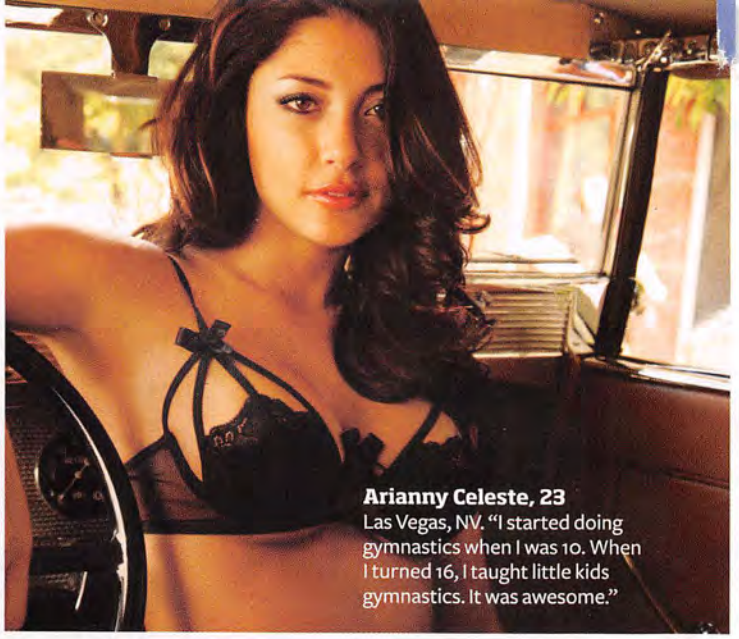
MAXIM HOMETOWN HOTTIES 2008

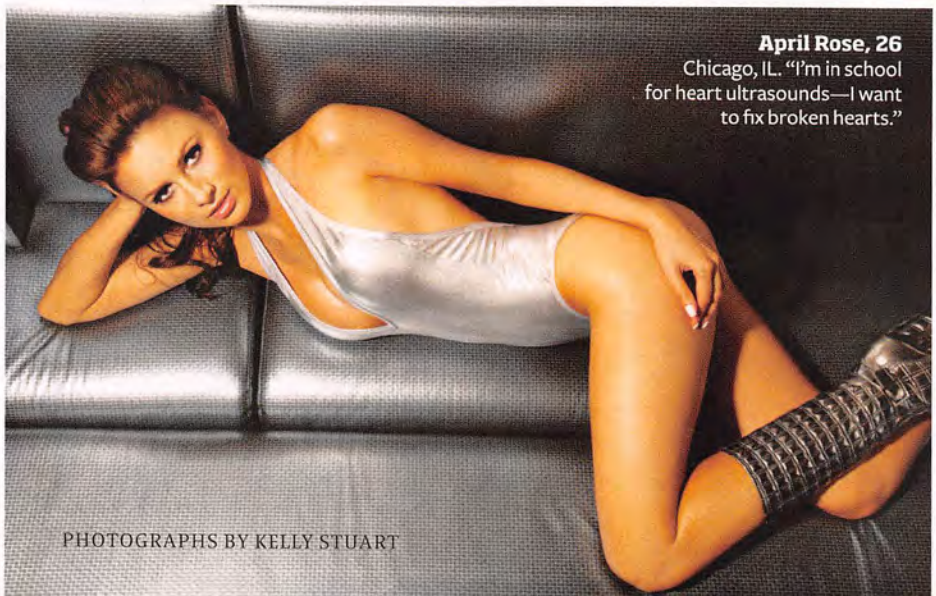
Behold, the 10 finalists in our search for America's most gorgeous girl next door.

For nearly a year we scoured sprawling cities, tiny towns, and sleepy suburbs to find the hottest women in America for *Maxim*'s sixth annual Hometown Hotties contest. Out of the over 20,000 sexy submissions, we painstakingly narrowed the field to 100. Then we asked our readers to vote for the hottest of the hot. The country's voice was heard, and from the finest field of contestants we have ever assembled a select few were picked to compete for the top spot. Here, before your unworthy eyes, are America's choice for the 10 finalists. This month the Hometown crown will be perched on the flawless head of one of the lucky lovelies pictured here. If you can't sleep tonight without knowing which hottie triumphed, go to Maxim.com to see exclusive photos and video of the winner. In the meantime, please pick your jaw up from the ground, stand up, and applaud the nation's top 10 neighborhood knockouts!



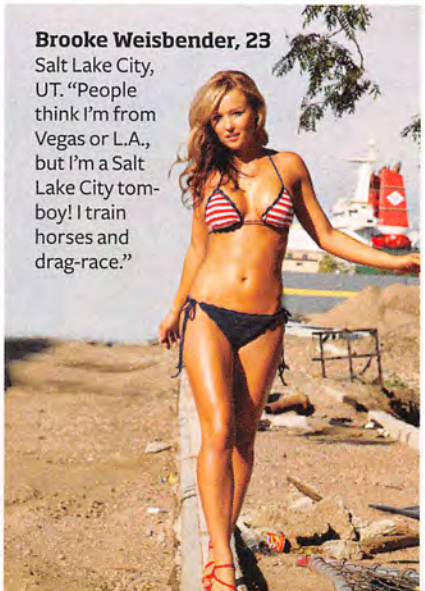
Arianny Celeste, 23
Las Vegas, NV. "I started doing gymnastics when I was 10. When I turned 16, I taught little kids gymnastics. It was awesome."

Rachel Kagay, 27
Abingdon, MD. "I'm definitely not trying to make it big . When they told me, 'You're in the top 10!' I was like, 'Is this a joke? Like, seriously? Am I being punk'd?'"

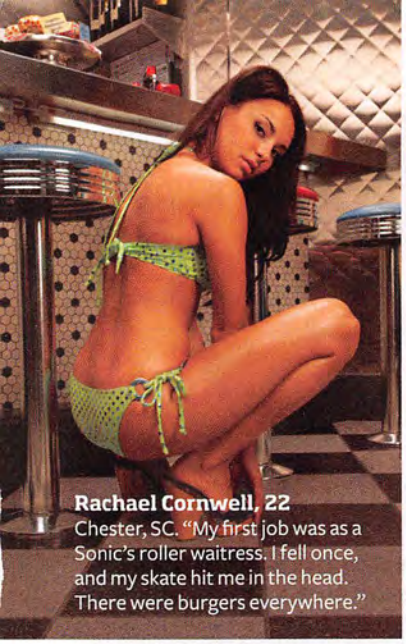


April Rose, 26
Chicago, IL. "I'm in school for heart ultrasounds—I want to fix broken hearts."

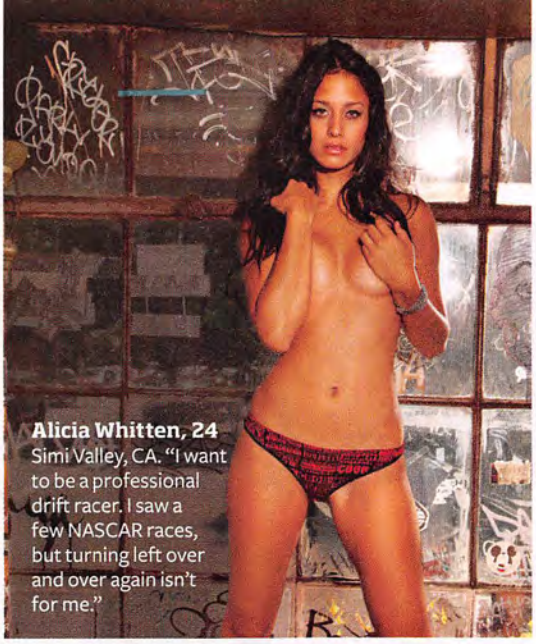
PHOTOGRAPHS BY KELLY STUART



Brooke Weisbender, 23
Salt Lake City, UT. "People think I'm from Vegas or L.A., but I'm a Salt Lake City tom-boy! I train horses and drag-race."

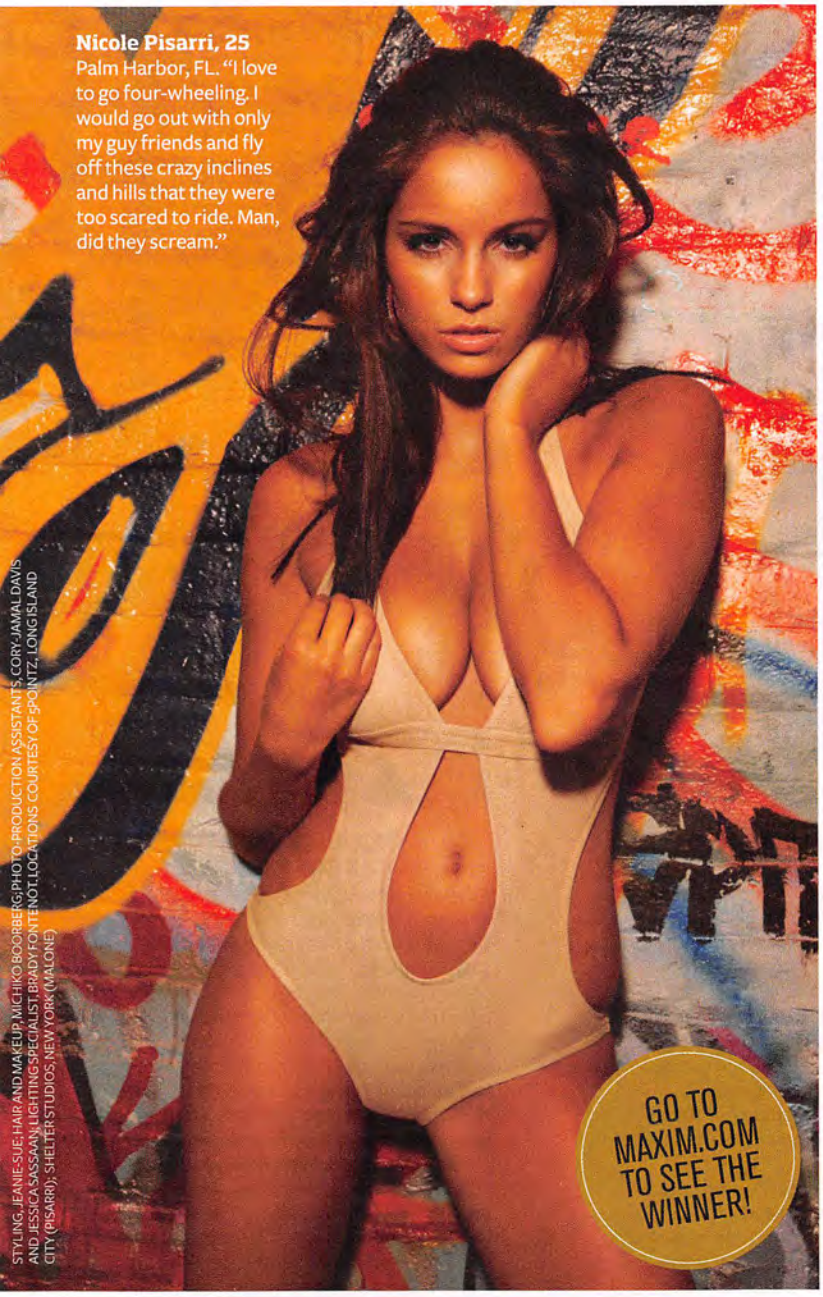


Rachael Cornwell, 22
Chester, SC. "My first job was as a Sonic's roller waitress. I fell once, and my skate hit me in the head. There were burgers everywhere."



Alicia Whitten, 24
Simi Valley, CA. "I want to be a professional drift racer. I saw a few NASCAR races, but turning left over and over again isn't for me."

Tiffany Stone, 23 White Lake, MI. "My town had dirt roads, and if the bus couldn't make it down one because of ice, school would be canceled!"



Nicole Pisarri, 25
Palm Harbor, FL. "I love to go four-wheeling. I would go out with only my guy friends and fly off these crazy inclines and hills that they were too scared to ride. Man, did they scream."

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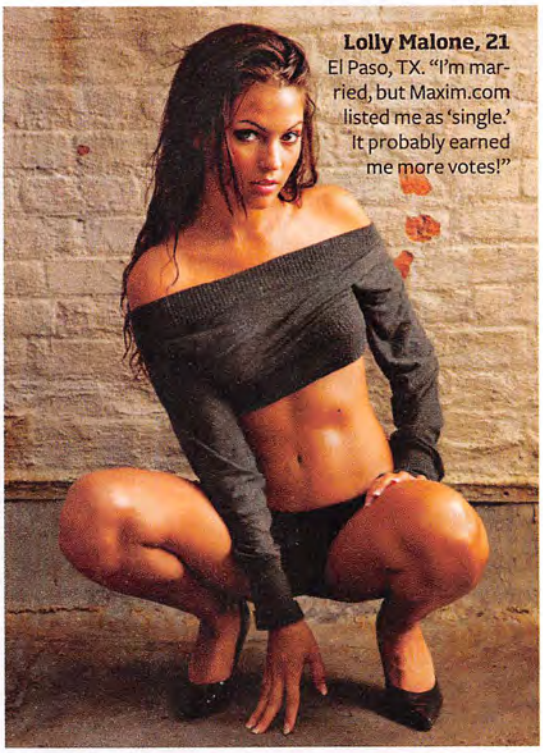
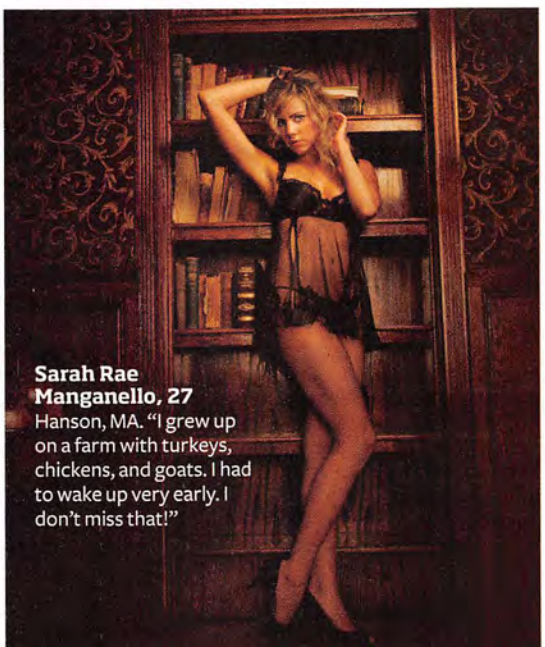


Lolly Malone, 21
El Paso, TX. "I'm married, but Maxim.com listed me as 'single.' It probably earned me more votes!"



Sarah Rae Manganello, 27
Hanson, MA. "I grew up on a farm with turkeys, chickens, and goats. I had to wake up very early. I don't miss that!"

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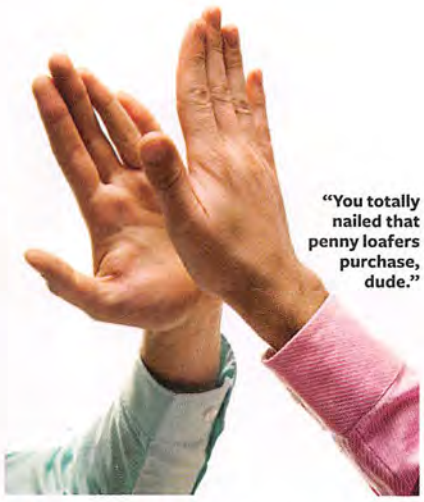

"You totally nailed that penny loafers purchase, dude."

WHO INVENTED THE HIGH-FIVE?

Gordon Azule, Santa Fe, NM

No one really knows the origin of this celebratory palm slap often employed after the execution of a killer keg stand. While it's appeared throughout history (the 1850 play *Among Combatants* and the 1944 movie *Cover Girl* both featured it), Lamont Sleets Jr. claims he coined the term and gave us the high-five we know today. As a kid in the '60s, Sleets witnessed his dad, a Vietnam vet, greet his 5th Infantry regiment, known as the Five, by extending his arm in the air and smacking their palms. The then-three-year-old Sleets copied the gesture and said, "Hi, Five!" when he addressed the soldiers. He continued doing the move and popularized it when he was a standout player on Murray State University's basketball team in 1979. And we've been enthusiastically high-fiving our buddies after yelling, "Bros before hos!" ever since.

WHY IS THE AIR FORCE'S NEW F-22 RAPTOR FIGHTER PLANE SO STEALTHY?

George Vasquez, San Antonio, TX

1. It's Edgy!
The Raptor is rife with serrated edges, which helps to scatter enemy radar. Further protection comes from a top coat of paint that absorbs those wacky waves. It's specially made by Boeing, so don't ask if they carry it in "Butterscotch" at your local Sherwin-Williams.

2. Missing Missiles
This airborne death machine's arsenal of explosives and its M61A2 Vulcan cannon are sneakily hidden inside the fuselage. As a result, its munitions can't reflect radar, making detection of the Raptor harder than masturbating in your flight suit.

3. Discreet Heat
The rear horizontal fins, while allowing for incredible maneuverability, mask it from heat-seeking warheads by deflecting the engine's hot blasts of smelly exhaust. If only *Maxim*'s office chairs were similarly equipped!

4. Fin Is In
The vertical fins deflect radar while simultaneously concealing the Raptor's internal antennas. The straight-up fins on the older F-15 were blamed for making it easy to spot on radar. Way to model a half-billion-dollar plane after the shark in *Jaws*, fellas.

5. Death From Above
Even if the Raptor is somehow detected, enemy pilots who dare to dogfight it are, like, totally screwed. In combat exercises against 40 types of enemy fighter planes in 2006, the Raptor had a 108:0 kill ratio. America, fuck yeah!

Our solar system, or just a really sweet van mural?

IF SPACE IS CONSTANTLY EXPANDING, WHAT'S IT EXPANDING INTO?

Adrien Gustavo, Birmingham, AL

Hold your horses, Professor Dorkenstein. Who said the universe was growing? "Nothing physical is expanding," says noted astrophysicist Jeffrey Bennett. "It's the distance between galaxies that's expanding." Uh, right. Want to slow it down a bit, doc? "Imagine a balloon," Bennett says (we can totally do that, no sweat). "Use a pen to make a few dots on the surface and blow the balloon up. The dots will grow farther apart, but you can't say the balloon expanded into any preexisting surface." What you *can* say is that it inflates into a three-dimensional space from a roughly two-dimensional one, just like our universe. Except our reality may be growing from the three dimensions humans perceive into some higher one. Pardon us for just completely blowing your mind, dude.

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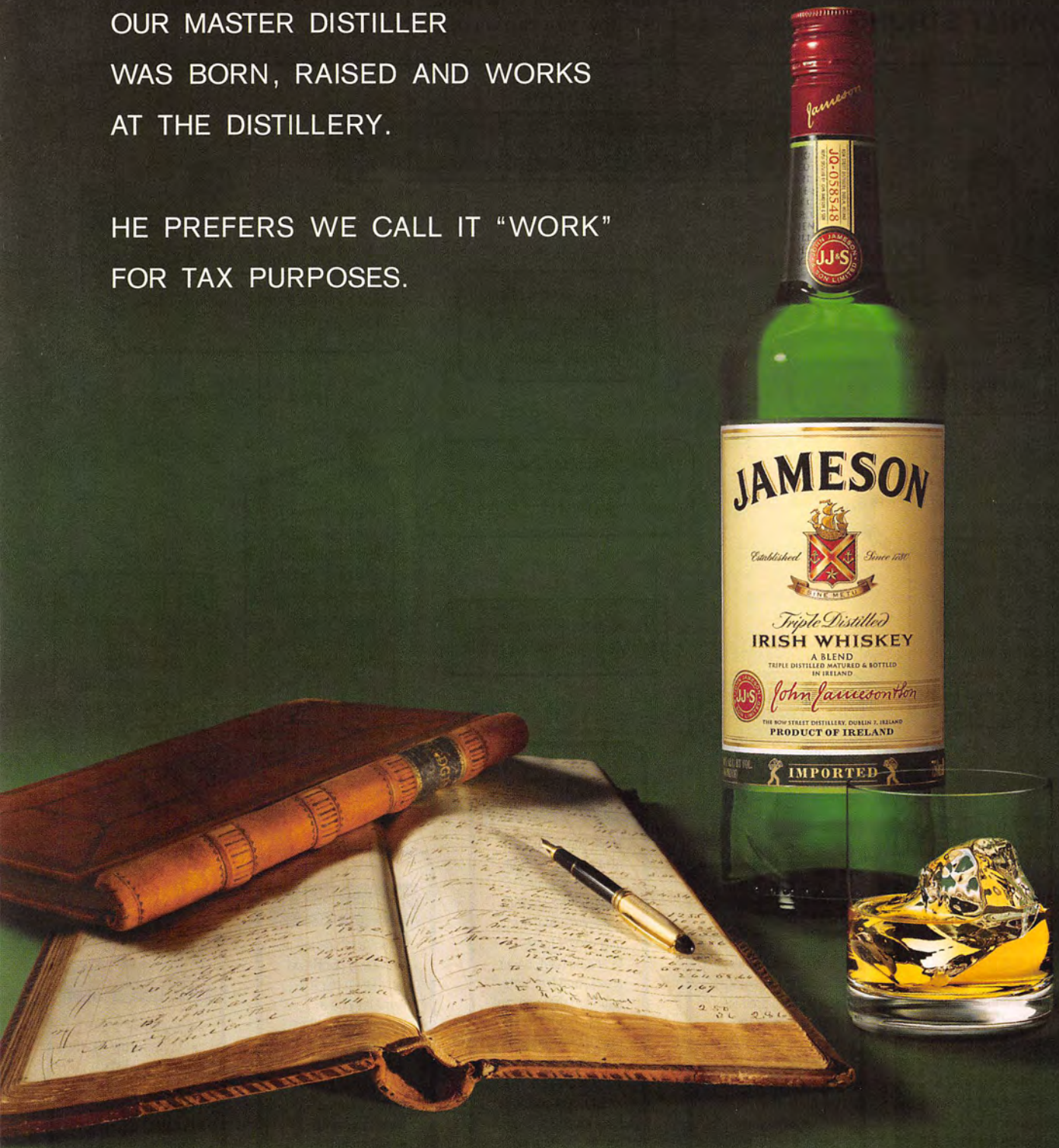

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Nah, you're more of an observer. You keep your friends entertained while they set up camp.

Watch movies and catch up on TV shows. What's on your DVR?

Do you prefer making home movies and taking pics or telling stories aloud to document your outdoor fun?

Bring on the legal dramas—if it's got a courtroom, you can't resist it. You always figure out each side's arguments before the actors do. And you're not a bad arguer yourself...

Yes, you enjoy complicated projects. If only you could get out of the office and work with your hands more often!

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You know those live surgery programs that make some people queasy? You can't get enough of them. Science has always been a passion.

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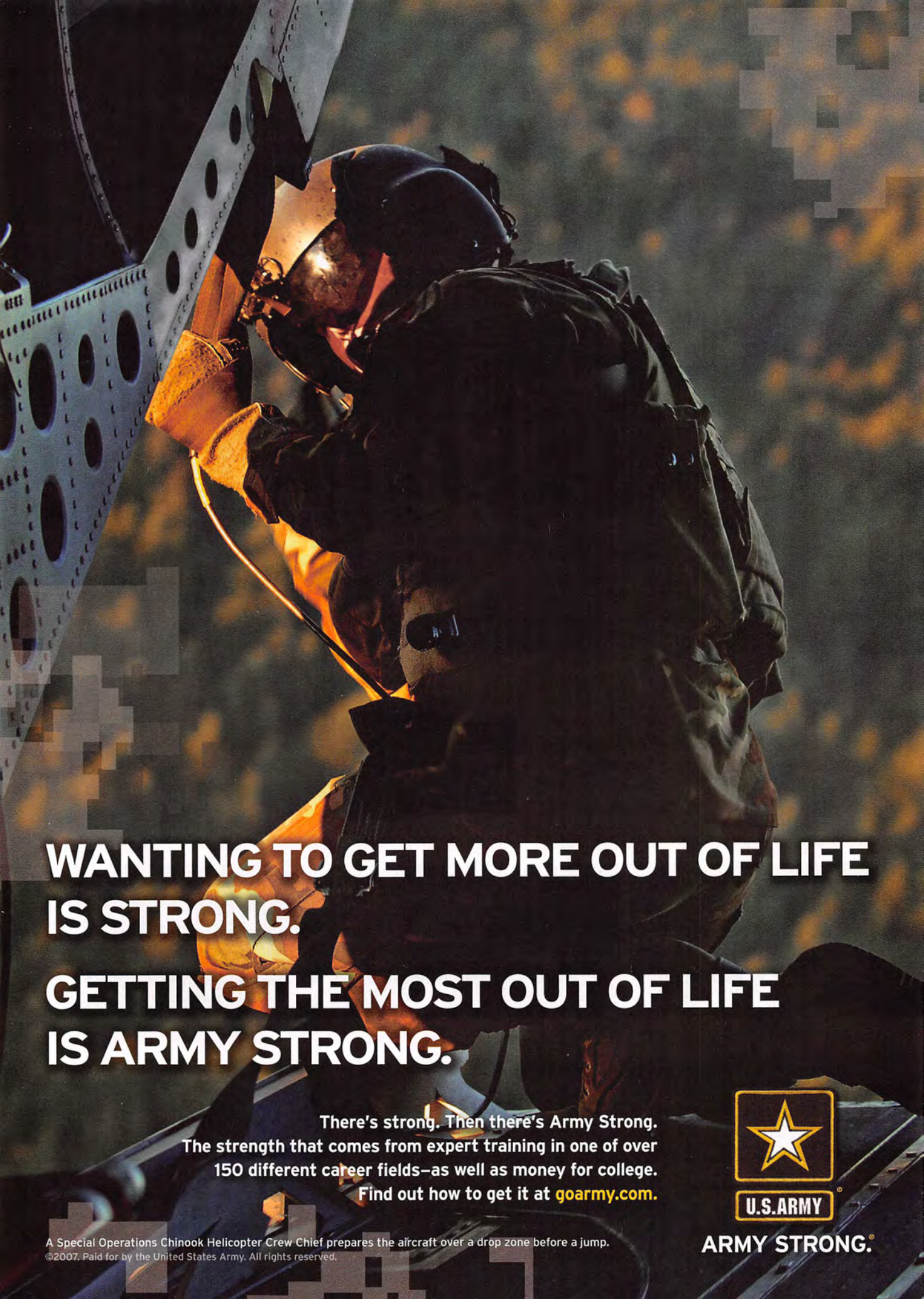
HEALTH CARE SPECIALIST

Do you thrive under pressure? **Army Health Care Specialists** are often the first medical responders on the battlefield, which means you'll have to bring your A-game every day.

These are just five of the more than 150 career opportunities in the Army. Check out the rest at goarmy.com.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UBISOFT

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PAGE 42 MOST WANTED JAMIE-LYNN SIGLER SIZZLES

RATED

{YOUR ULTIMATE ENTERTAINMENT [illegible]TY}

Killers Comeback

The boys from Vegas return to their dance-floor roots on their latest, *Day & Age*.

Killer-in-chief Brandon Flowers famously called his band's 2006 sophomore disc, *Sam's Town*, "one of the best albums of the past 20 years." While many critics cried foul, the album's platinum status proved that at least a few folks agreed. For the new *Day & Age*, the rockers dialed back the Bruce Springsteen worship and called in Madonna producer Stuart Price for a refreshingly unpretentious mix of massive choruses and plush beats that recall their breakthrough debut, *Hot Fuss*. Flowers opened up to us about muzzles, aliens, and covering himself in feathers.

GOT ANY GRAND PRONOUNCEMENTS THIS TIME AROUND?
Um, I haven't thought of any—not that I'm not proud of *Day & Age*! I've just got the muzzle on, I guess.

DID PRICE EVER MAKE A SUGGESTION THAT FELT *TOO* EURO?
Sometimes he took it a bit too far across the Atlantic, and we had to bring it back. It was good to be pushed, in the end. It sounds ridiculous, but that was a new thing for us.

THE TRACK "SPACEMAN" SEEMS TO BE ABOUT ALIEN ABDUCTION. IS THAT AN INTEREST OF YOURS?
I hear about it all the damn time from our drummer, Ronnie Vannucci. He's obsessed with conspiracy theories and that stuff. I think of these things as metaphors for my life.

CAN YOU SAY *WHAT* PARTS OF YOUR LIFE THEY ALLUDE TO?
[*Laughs*] No.

DO YOU WORRY ABOUT MAINTAINING YOUR SUCCESS?
What scares me is people who don't notice they've lost it. We're on a roll, and we're better than we've ever been, but I'm afraid of that day when I say that and it's not true.

DOES THE NEW SOUND MEAN A NEW LOOK, FASHIONWISE?
I've incorporated a lot of feathers into my attire. And I got a sequin tiger-print outfit; it's a real doozy.—*Nick Catucci*

Day & Age hits shelves and online retailers on November 25.

You don't even want to know where the sax player is.

PHOTO-ILLUSTRATION, HIROKI TADA!

Not the *most* efficient way to roast a marshmallow...

Duty Calls

Veteran first-person shooter series *Call of Duty* returns to the front lines.

Upon hearing that the follow-up to *Call of Duty: Modern Warfare*, 2007's best-selling game, was dropping the "modern" and returning to the battlefields of World War II, *COD* fans took up arms. After all, *MW*'s jump to the present from the WWII setting of previous installments breathed new life into the franchise. Well, doubters can put down their "Taps" horns. *Call of Duty: World at War* deserves a medal for taking the series to a whole new level.

"The game is extraordinary," says Gary Oldman, who lends his voice to a tough Russian soldier. "It looks like it was shot by an Oscar-winning cinematographer." Before you help defend Stalingrad with Oldman, *War*'s first campaign has you fighting in the Pacific as a U.S. marine. Using the new flamethrower, environments can be scorched, allowing you to immolate your foes. Next, gamers keep playing with fire (in Molotov cocktail form) as a Russky in the Soviets' infamous march on Berlin. All this skin-searing fun is playable in split-screen or four-person online co-op, both *COD* firsts.

Game play never disappoints, with B-52s crashing, tank skirmishes, and even moral dilemmas. "Sometimes I see better writing and acting in my living room than in a movie theater," says Oldman. He's clearly never seen Ms. Pacman do Lady MacBeth's "Out, damned spot!" monologue. Yeesh.—*Jesse Brukman*

Nail Biters Anonymous' hottest spokesperson

Show Stopper

Olivia Munn breaks down G4's guy guide *Attack of the Show!*

HOMEGROWN

"We like to make the same jokes our guys do," says the stunning hostess of the tech/gaming/movie-oriented news program (think *Access Hollywood* for the fanboy set). Case in point: Munn's infamous teleprompter goof, in which she called MC Hammer "McHammer" and then added, "I'm Ron Burgundy."

EASTERN PROMISES

Olivia and her cohost recently hit Japan to record the "Kevin and Olivia Attack Tokyo" special. So were there any *Lost in Translation* moments? "We got in trouble at a traditional tea ceremony," says Munn. "I introduced them to my horrible American tea. It was awesome TV, but we had to get out of there *quick*."

LIVE WIRE

AOTS is broadcast live, which leads to some...interesting dialogue. "I kind of compared a funny video to Hitler and the Nazis," admits Munn. "It's always too soon for Hitler jokes. Good thing there aren't too many Jews in Hollywood!"—*JB*

Film Checkup

Sifting through the cinematic heap.

	Assassins aplenty	Fanboys, brace yourselves	The Hills with fangs	One figure stands alone	Will have the ACLU cheering	Will have UPS cheering	Our Take
Twilight Adapted from the scarily popular series of novels, this *Lost Boys* redux follows dreamy teen vampires.		✓	✓				If *Interview With the Vampire* was for lonely fortysome-things, this is for goth tweens who cut themselves while pining for Good Charlotte.
Transporter 3 Jason Statham returns as the enigmatic driver capable of great feats of kicking ass and burning tires.	✓			✓		✓	Statham never disappoints, but the wrist-strapped-bomb gimmick makes this flick look more like *Crank* 2. Still, we're along for the ride.
Milk Gus Van Sant directs Sean Penn in the true tale of the first openly gay man elected to public office in the U.S.	✓			✓	✓		Next to portraying the mentally challenged, playing a murdered gay man is the surest bet to score an Oscar nod. You go, Sean!
The Day the Earth Stood Still Keanu Reeves is an alien-in-a-human-body messenger of doom in this remake.		✓		✓			Keanu is well cast as the emotionless harbinger of death, but expect an overt environmental message. We smell an Al Gore cameo!

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Madden NFL 09

It's a good idea to use your EA Rewinds like time-outs, saving them for crucial situations.

NASCAR® 09

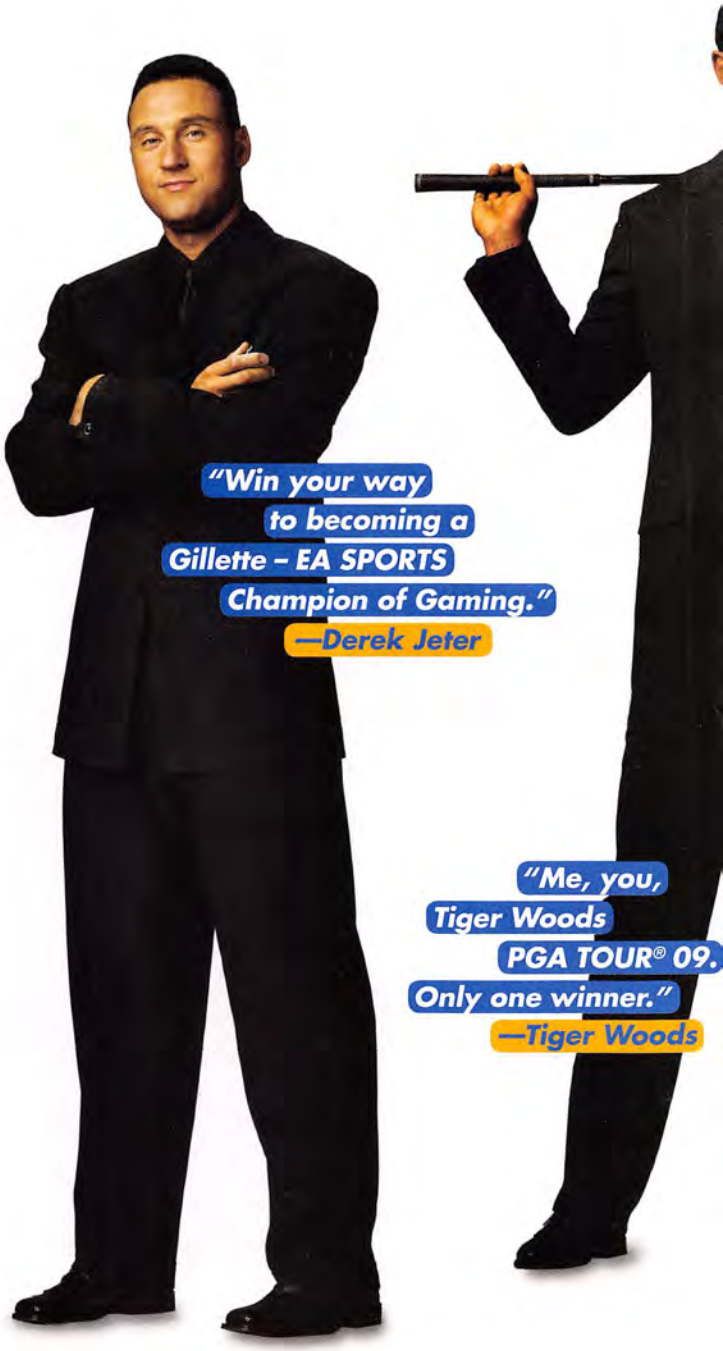
If you are having problems getting around the track, try the normal driving mode and make sure your assists are on—they will help your car handle better.

Tiger Woods PGA TOUR® 09

For better putting, be sure to use the "roll/loft" option during your setup when you're in between putter distances. By using the right thumb stick on the controller, you can push up/forward to add "roll/loft" to your putt, or push down/back to subtract "roll/loft" from your putt. Doing this will allow you to fine-tune your power and speed, making it easier to position yourself for a full-putter swing. You'll be draining everything in no time.

NBA LIVE 09

To increase your success with Pick & Roll Control, read what the defense is giving you. Call for a ball screen by holding down the left trigger and locate the screener's defender. If he's playing up high and looking to trap or hedge, release the trigger immediately to have your teammate slip the screen and dive to the basket. Pass him the ball at the right time and you may get an uncontested dunk or lay-up. However, if the screener's defender is playing far back and your screener is a decent shooter, hold down on the left trigger until the meter fills up to the red. This'll make your teammate pop high for an uncontested jumper.



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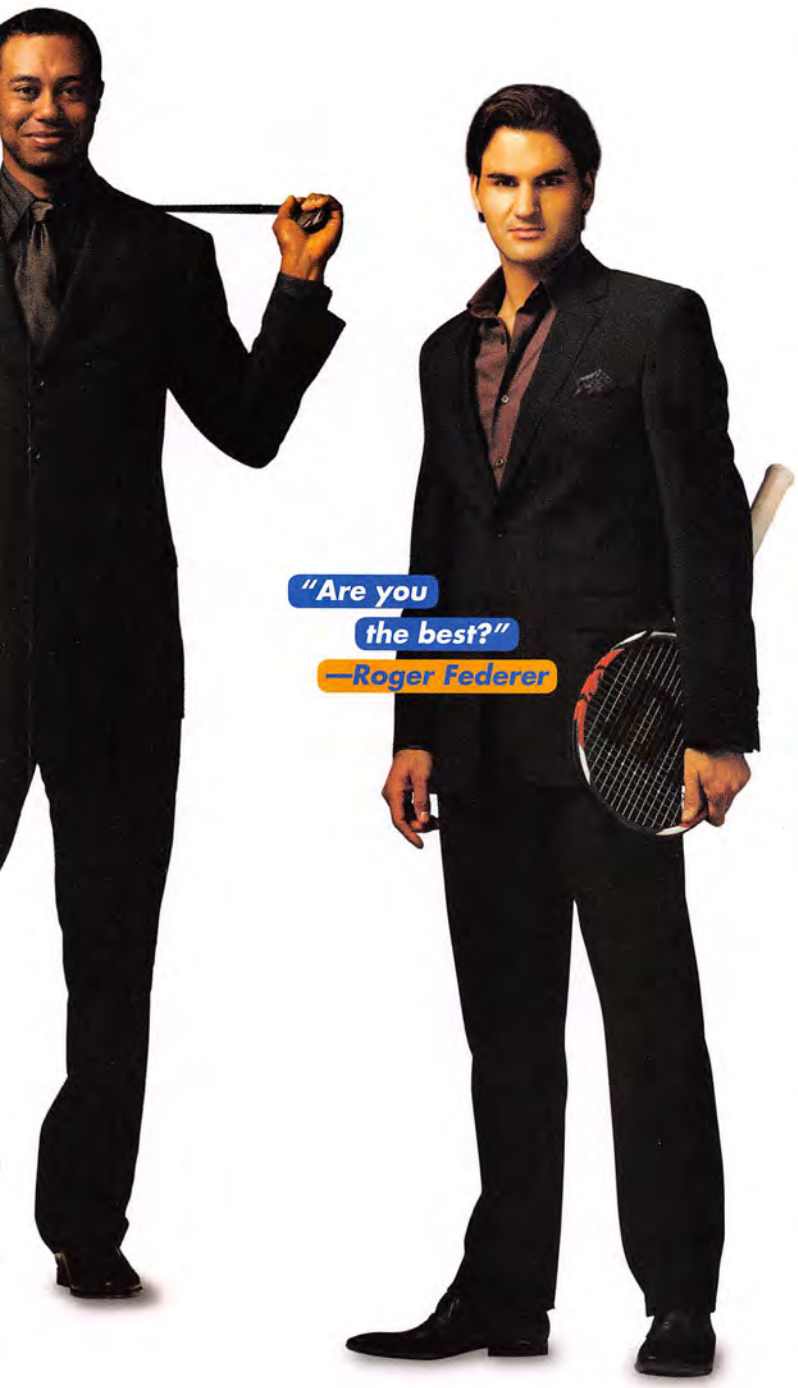

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Michael Chiklis

As the final episode of *The Shield* looms, its tough-guy star ponders kicking the bucket.

SO HOW DO YOU WANT TO GO?
At the end of a great take on set. The director calls out, "Cut, print that," and I drop dead on the spot.

DO YOU HAVE ANY DEATHBED CONFESSIONS?
I cried at *Fried Green Tomatoes*.

WILL YOU BE GOING TO HEAVEN OR HELL?
Check back in a few years—my midlife crisis is just starting.

IS THERE ANY COMIC BOOK CHARACTER, BESIDES THE THING, YOU WISH YOU WOULD HAVE PLAYED?
Well, Captain America...obviously.

IF YOU REALLY HAD THE THING'S SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH, WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE WITH IT?
I *do* have the Thing's superhuman strength!

YOUR *SHIELD* CHARACTER, VIC MACKEY, USES SOME UNORTHODOX TACTICS WHEN DEALING WITH HIS SUSPECTS. WHO WOULD YOU HAVE TORTURED IF YOU'D HAD THE CHANCE?
I'd be able to answer that question if I'd only stop torturing myself.

WHICH OF YOUR SHOWS PLAYS OVER AND OVER IN HEAVEN?
The Commish.

WHICH PLAYS OVER AND OVER IN HELL?
The Shield.

AFTER STARRING IN A FEW BIOPICS YOURSELF, ANY THOUGHTS ON WHO WOULD PLAY YOU?
Brad Pitt, definitely. It could happen.

WHAT SONG PLAYS AS YOU DIE?
"The Show Must Go On," by Queen.

WHAT'S YOUR LAST MEAL?
Anything with carbs.

WHILE ALIVE, WHAT DID YOU SPEND THE MOST MONEY ON?
Too easy: my wife.

NAME ONE THING YOU'RE GLAD YOU'LL NEVER HAVE TO DO AGAIN ON EARTH.
Put on the Thing makeup!

GOT ANY LAST WORDS?
"I tried."

WHAT ARE YOUR FRIENDS AND FAMILY SAYING OVER YOUR CASKET?
Where's the after-party?

Catch Chiklis as Detective Vic Mackey on the final season of *The Shield* Tuesdays at 10 P.M. on FX.

PHOTOGRAPHS, NIGEL PARRY/CPI (CHIKLIS); LEON CHEW/GALLERY STOCK (BACKGROUND); GETTY IMAGES (BACKGROUND)

Jamie-Lynn Sigler

Tony Soprano's little girl becomes a made woman on *Entourage*.

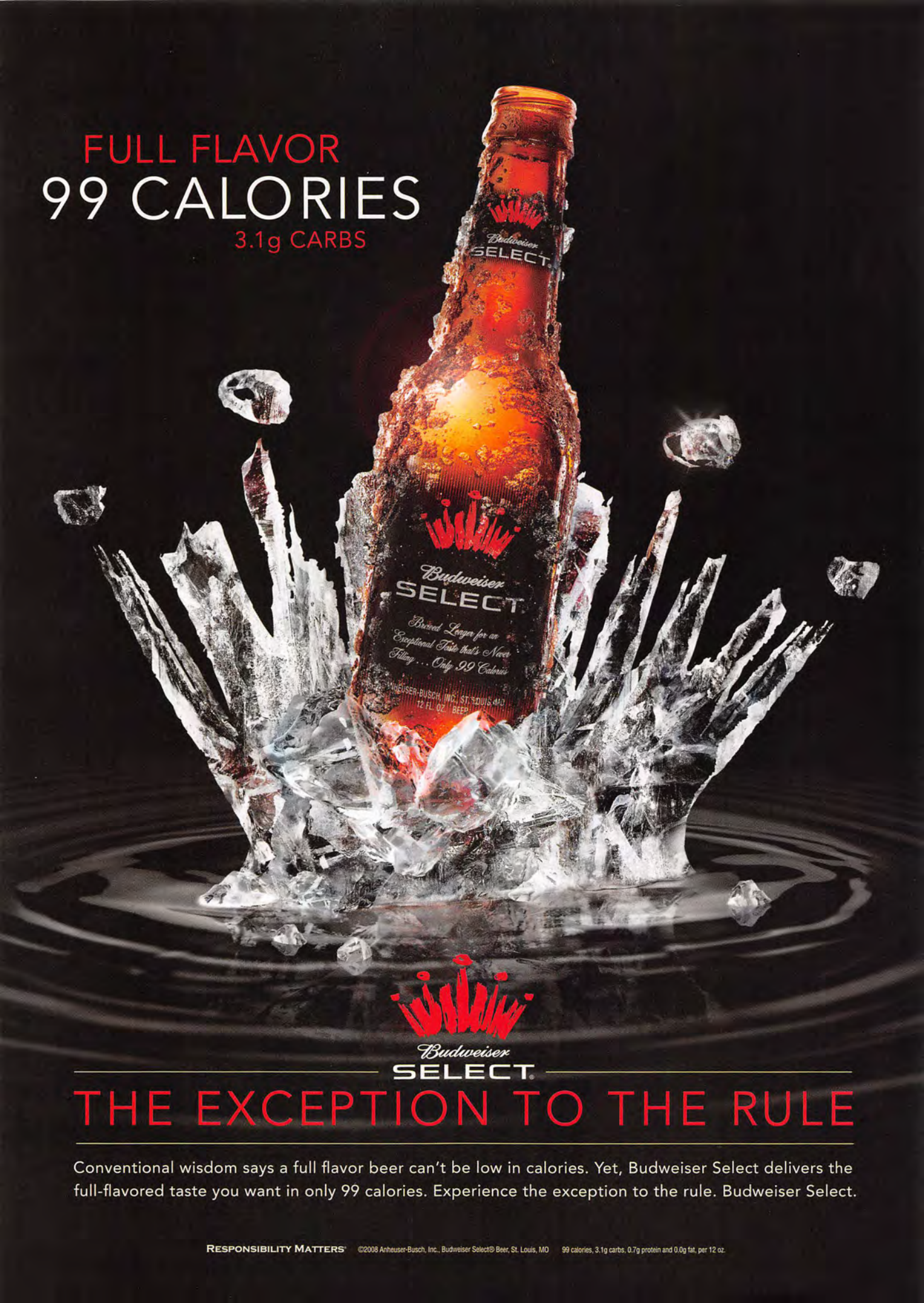
The last time we saw Jamie-Lynn Sigler, she was clumsily parallel-parking her Lexus outside a New Jersey diner as Mob princess Meadow Soprano. While the show's cryptic, Journey-soundtracked ending left some fans cold, the Long Island native always kept temperatures at a boiling point. Now she's teamed up with a different group of wise guys as one of *Entourage*'s primary guest stars this season. The HBO alum not only feels relaxed at the network that made her a star but thrives on the testosterone-laden atmosphere. "I've been 'one of the guys' my whole life," she laughs.

She was less comfortable, however, appearing as herself—a role Jamie-Lynn found surprisingly tough to execute. "I thought it would be a piece of cake," she says, "but it's almost harder than playing a fictional character." So how does she feel about *Entourage*'s references to the series where she made her bones? "Of course there are some *Sopranos* allusions," she says, "but the producers have a great way of not letting it define me." As for details of her story line on the show, at press time she was keeping her mouth shut tighter than a Mafia capo.

Aside from shaking things up with L.A.'s most eligible fictional bachelors, Jamie-Lynn is adapting to her real-life move from New York to Hollywood. Though currently shooting the indie flick *Son of Mourning* with Heather Graham and fellow *Sopranos* gang member Lorraine Bracco, she confesses, "After doing *Entourage*, I really miss TV." Needless to say, our TVs missed her right back.—*Lauren Ciraulo*

Entourage airs Sundays at 10 P.M. on HBO.

PHOTOGRAPH, MARC BAPTISTE/CORBIS OUTLINE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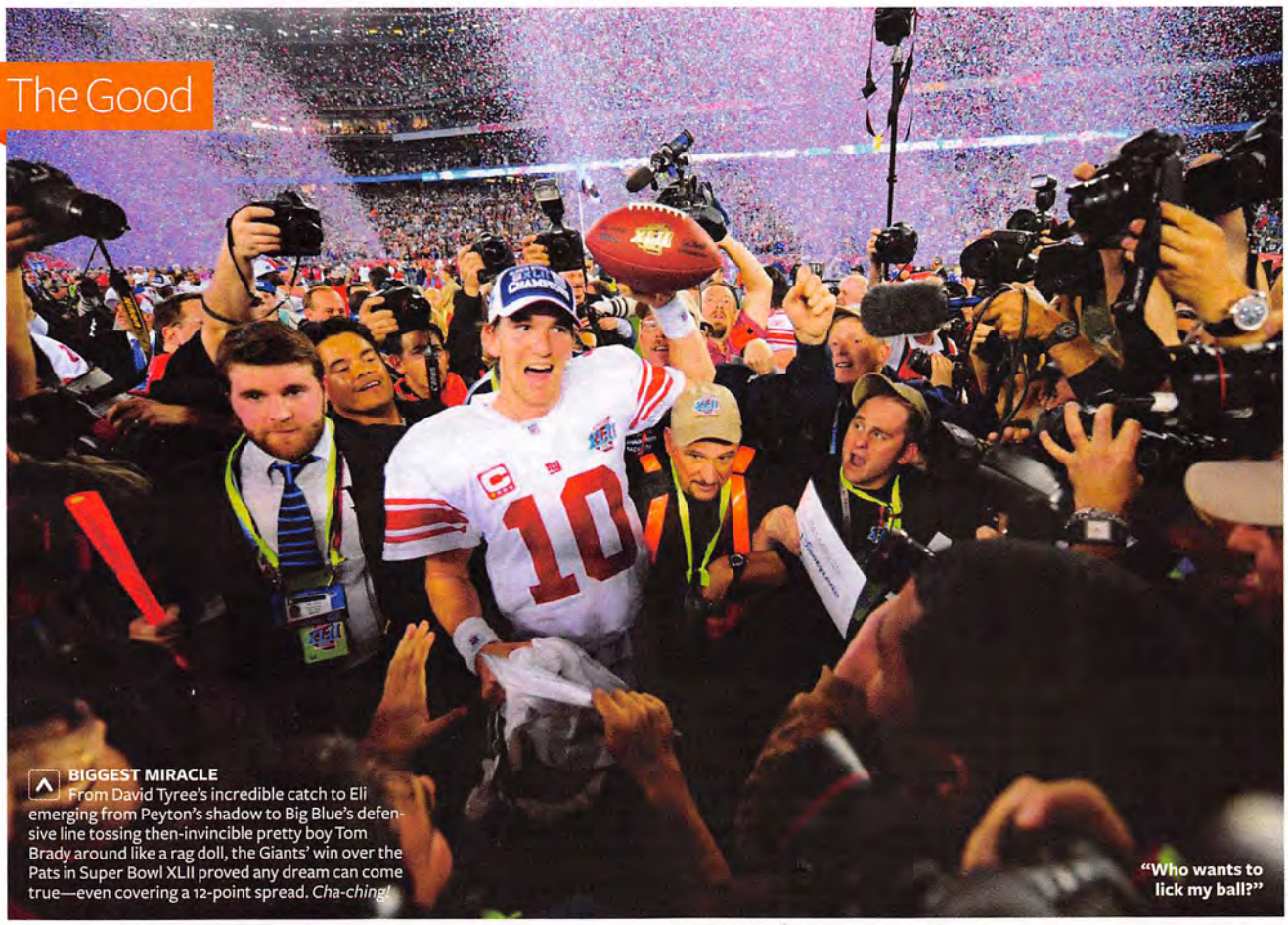
Stunning upsets! Crushing defeats! Hideous beards! Take a look back at the year in sports.

The Good



BIGGEST MIRACLE
From David Tyree's incredible catch to Eli emerging from Peyton's shadow to Big Blue's defensive line tossing then-invincible pretty boy Tom Brady around like a rag doll, the Giants' win over the Pats in Super Bowl XLII proved any dream can come true—even covering a 12-point spread. *Cha-ching!*

"Who wants to lick my ball?"

BEST. GOLFER. EVER.
In June Tiger Woods grinded out a five-day, 91-hole victory in the U.S. Open with a double stress fracture in his tibia and a shredded left knee. Actually, he'd been swinging on a torn ACL for 10 months, which is probably why he only won nine of 12 tourneys in that span. What a pussy.

BEST EXCUSE TO SMELT
We're suffering from Michael Phelps fatigue as much as the next guy, so we'll just point out one overlooked upside to all of his freakish, Olympic-record-setting success: The 146 grams of silver and six grams of gold in Phelps' eight Beijing medals make each one worth about 230 bucks. Hey, that dude's *rich*!

Best '80s Revival

OK, so it wasn't Bird versus Magic, there was no surprise appearance by Scott Wedman, and everybody's shorts were much longer. But this year's Celtics-Lakers NBA finals did feature the following super-awesome highlights:

Game 1: Boston's Paul Pierce falls down, gets carried off the floor and rolled into the tunnel in a wheelchair... then reemerges minutes later, totally fine!

Game 4: The Celts stage the biggest comeback in NBA championship history, clawing their way back from a 20-point third quarter deficit.

Game 6: The Celtics blow the Lakers out by 39 points to clinch the series, prompting former Celtic and Laker Bill Walton's head to explode. OK, not literally.

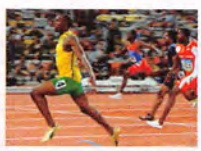
The Good

Two days later Anna Kournikova still hadn't shown up.

Most Epic Battle

Roger Federer had won five straight Wimbledons, and Rafael Nadal had been the loser of the last two. But at the end of their five-hour, five-set match this year—it lasted through three rain delays and ended in darkness—Nadal had the trophy; Federer, nothing but his $100 million Nike contract. Even John McEnroe called it the greatest match ever.

MANLIEST CHICK FIGHT
The Detroit Shock and Los Angeles Sparks left their estrogen in the locker room on July 22 when they squared off in the WNBA's first-ever big-time brawl. When the dust settled, 10 players got suspensions, Shock assistant coach Rick Mahorn was disciplined, and we developed a fleeting interest in the WNBA!



BEST LEGS
The world's new fastest man has a towering 6'5" frame and a last name that's every lazy marketer's wet dream. Jamaican sprinter Usain Bolt obliterated records in both the 100-meter and 200-meter races in Beijing and led his team to gold in the 4x100-meter relay, all without even trying.

BEST REASON TO GAMBLE WITH COWORKERS
After Kansas stunned UNC and Memphis spanked UCLA in the Final Four, the stage was set for an all-time March Madness classic. Memphis led with 2.1 seconds left, until Kansas' Mario Chalmers drained a three to tie. The Jayhawks took it in OT, and that freaking IT guy took the pot, again.

BEST ACCIDENTAL PORN
NBCOlympics.com's "photo essay" on beach volleyball hand signals, which basically amounted to a photo gallery of superhot asses.

BEST VILLAIN
At 23, Kyle Busch is already the most hated driver in NASCAR—but he may also be its best. He won seven Sprint Cup contests leading up to the season's final 10-race showdown...plus 11 races in the Nationwide and Craftsman Truck series. That's kind of like an NFL quarterback dominating the CFL and professional rugby in his spare time.

BEST REDEMPTION
After humiliating losses in the last two World Championships and a bronze in the 2004 Olympics (thanks, Stephon Marbury!), LeBron, Kobe, and Co. went to Beijing and won our swagger back. Deal with it, world. We're dicks again!

More Highs

- Texas Rangers outfielder Josh Hamilton lights up the Home Run Derby with a record-breaking 28 first-round dingers.
- Danica Patrick becomes the first woman to win an IRL race. And the first woman to speed without causing a 10-car pileup.
- Hideki Matsui announces his marriage at a press conference by holding up a *sketch* of his wife.
- Retired NBA journeyman Christian Laettner is inducted into the National Polish-American Sports Hall of Fame!
- The Giants and Dolphins play a regular-season game in London—to teach those limey bastards what "football" means.

BEST REVERSAL OF FORTUNE
For the first time in 13 years, the New York Yankees didn't make the playoffs. And for the first time ever, the Tampa Bay Rays did. See, baseball fans? There is a God, and He is listening.

The Bad

First dance at the wedding from hell

Most Unnecessary Side Job

We thought we'd go our whole lives without seeing Dallas Mavericks owner Mark Cuban do a mambo in a sleeveless shirt, but that hope was shattered when he appeared on *Dancing With the Stars*. We asked the NBA renegade about wiping the floor with Wayne Newton.

Q: Please rate your performance.
A: Much better than expected.
Q: Would you like one last chance to rub it in to Newton that you beat him?
A: No, Wayne is a great guy. But I do let Floyd [Mayweather] know who was better every time I see him. OK, maybe not every time, because he would beat my ass.
Q: What was your favorite ridiculous shimmery outfit?
A: What I wore when I danced the jive—kind of a '40s look. Watch for it at a Mavs game!

CHEATIEST CHEATERS
First the Chinese jailed protesters before the Olympics. Then, at the opening ceremonies, they digitally enhanced fireworks and replaced a homely seven-year-old singer with a cute little lip-syncher. But when they trotted out a women's gymnastics team full of prepubescent freaks, the world was finally forced to call bullshit.

WEAKEST TRASH TALK
"I'll be in the winner's circle when they get to the quarter pole." So promised Big Brown's trainer, Rick Dutrow Jr., before the "foregone conclusion" of a win at the Belmont Stakes and the first Triple Crown since 1978. Instead, his star colt finished dead last—with nary an injury to blame.

MOST DELAYED REACTION
October 14, 2003: Steve Bartman seemingly knocks a foul ball from the glove of Moises Alou during the 2003 NLCS. The governor of Illinois seriously suggests he enter witness protection. **April 1, 2008:** Alou muses, "You know what the funny thing is? I wouldn't have caught it anyway." Hilarious!

STICKIEST FINGERS
Angered over being cut by the Detroit Lions (apparently someone actually *wants* to play for them), running back Tatum Bell took the next logical step and swiped the luggage of his replacement, Rudi Johnson—in front of a security camera!

MOST IMPRESSIVE WASTE OF MONEY
When a Red Sox–worshiping construction worker buried a David Ortiz jersey in the foundation of their new stadium, the Yankees had two choices: (1) Ignore it. (2) Hold a five-hour, $50,000 "excavation ceremony" to dig it up. Guess which one they chose.

BEST USE OF IRONY
The NBA's Rookie Transition Program teaches fresh-faced innocents about the perils of drugs and groupies. Apparently, Mario Chalmers and Darrell Arthur weren't taking notes. Hotel security busted the pair in a room with at least two women, the smell of pot, and someone locked in the bathroom repeatedly flushing the toilet.

MOST EXCITING MOMENT IN BASEBALL THAT NEVER HAPPENED
The Seattle Mariners proved they aren't fans of girl-on-girl action when Sirbrina Guerrero and her partner were asked to leave Safeco Field for "making out." Bigots!

MEDIA SENSITIVITY AWARD
First Golf Channel anchor Kelly Tilghman said the only way Tiger Woods' opponents could stop him would be to "lynch him." Then *Golfweek* smartly reported on the controversy...with a cover shot of a *noose*. Tasteful!

DUMBEST REASON TO GO TO COURT
What's worse: legally changing your name to Ocho Cinco or forbidding Chad John—er, Ocho Cinco—from putting that name on his jersey until the NFL's inventory of Johnson jerseys sells out? (c) Being a Bengals fan.

More Lows

- The Seattle Sonics are shipped off to Oklahoma City, renamed the Thunder, and given the sorriest logo in the NBA.
- Parachute jumpers looking to pump up a college football crowd land in the wrong stadium. Sorry, UNC!
- The city of Miami considers *un*-naming Jose Canseco Street.
- Champion bull Big Bucks is tested for steroids, scandalizing the rodeo world.
- Al Davis' bizarre press conference lambasting fired Raiders coach Lane Kiffin.
- The disgusting (yet catchy!) refrain of Shaq's freestyle rap after the NBA finals: "Kobe, tell me how my ass tastes."

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FOREVER AND A DAY

If we had our way, all of our favorite things would last forever and our cologne would last the whole day. At least Lacoste has the cologne part covered with their patented Time Release Technology.

THINGS WE WISH WOULD LAST FOREVER

1. Episodes of *Mad Men*
2. Bottles of shampoo

3. LAST CALL

Time for your last drink of the night and to seal the deal with that cute blonde you've been chatting up all night. There's nothing sweeter than knowing that the real fun is just beginning at last call.

4. Juicy steaks
5. Fresh-cut grass
6. Football season

7. HOLIDAY BONUSES

If only there was a way to make that extra-fat paycheck last forever instead of blowing it all on a bar tab the same night.

8. Workout highs
9. Nachos
10. Fantasy-football win streaks

11. CLEAN-SHAVEN FACE

There's nothing like splashing cool water on your face just after you shave. We wish the stubble just decided to never grow back...

12. DISCOVERING YOU HIT A HOLE-IN-ONE

You feel the 7-iron connect at just the right spot, and some part of your brain just knows that little ball, against all odds, landed directly in the hole. Result? Utter elation.

13. Green lights
14. Your boss's vacation
15. Guys' night out

16. MARDI GRAS

Beads, free-flowing drinks, and gorgeous uninhibited women? Sounds like the type of place we'd like to spend eternity.

17. Egg sandwiches
18. Your morning shower
19. Cold beer

20. SATURDAY

Shut off the alarm and go back to your amazing dream, buddy: It's finally Saturday.

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Most traditional colognes smell a certain way when you first apply them, but as the top-note oils evaporate from your skin, the scent changes and fades quickly. Lacoste Essential's **patented Time Release Technology** traps the top-note oils in the fragrance, releasing them gradually, so you'll have that just-sprayed fresh scent all day long. Unless you count the eau de glazed donut lingering in your cubicle, Time Release Technology gives you the closest thing to a fragrance that lasts forever (and it's a good bet most girls prefer Lacoste Essential to the weird donut smell). With Lacoste Essential, you can be confident you smell irresistible from morning to night.

LACOSTE
ESSENTIAL
THE FRAGRANCE FOR MEN

The Ugly

Destined for a lifetime of peed-on egg rolls

Worst Impression Before Spain's men's basketball team took off for the Olympics in Beijing, the country's Basketball Federation published a "good luck advertisement" in newspapers featuring a photo of the entire team (including Lakers star and Spanish national Pau Gasol) making slanty eyes with their index fingers. (Get it?) Later, photos were uncovered of the women's basketball team and the country's Federation Cup tennis team posing the exact same way. You stay classy, Spain.

WORST SPORTSMANSHIP
After he was disqualified in the bronze-medal tae kwon do match, Cuban Olympian Angel Matos chased down referee Chakir Chelbat and kicked him in the face. An announcer noted that the move was "a strong violation of the spirit of tae kwon do," which is more about kicking the crap out of people.

MOST DISTURBING TEAM-BUILDING EXERCISE
With the glorious sheen on that mustache, it's easy to forget the other weapon in Jason Giambi's slump-busting arsenal: a gold lamé thong. The glimmering banana-hugger worked so well, Giambi even shared it with underperforming teammates like Johnny Damon and Derek Jeter.

MOST EGREGIOUS MISUSE OF FACIAL HAIR
Washington Wizards guard DeShawn Stevenson (left) defeated pal Drew Gooden of the Cleveland Cavaliers in an epic, kind-of-gross-to-look-at beard-growing contest that lasted the *entire NBA season*.

GEEKIEST REACTION TO AN INJURY
Tom Brady's knee injury had major implications in the fantasy world. Estimates say the Pats star's torn ligaments could take $150 million in winnings out of the pockets of fantasy owners who selected the dreamy QB instead of a top-flight running back. Still no word on how it impacts the Dungeons & Dragons market.

MOST BIZARRE HIRE
Ashton Kutcher: prankster, cougar lover...football coach? Last summer the actor began moonlighting as an assistant for the freshman team at L.A.'s ritzy Harvard-Westlake School. How many times a day do you think they asked him, "Dude, where's your car?"

SOREST CROTCHES
This season the bigs saw some big injuries. First there was Astros second baseman Kaz Matsui, who underwent surgery for an anal fissure (a tear in the lining of the lower rectum). Then Diamondbacks catcher Chris Snyder hit the 15-day DL with a fractured left testicle after taking a foul ball to the nuts. Commence crossing legs...now!

More Ugliness

- Filly Eight Belles is put down at the track after breaking her front ankles in the Kentucky Derby.
- A Philadelphia man tries to extort Tom Coughlin by threatening to tell his wife about a fake affair involving two women in a hotel room. [*Shudder*]
- A Wrigley Field–themed cemetery, complete with scoreboard and ivy-covered brick wall, is born. Cubs' Series hopes buried there.
- Herschel Walker's autobiography reveals he has multiple personalities and used to play Russian roulette. Does not explain why he kind of sucked in the NFL.

IRRITATINGEST DRAMA
Hear anything about Brett Favre during the NFL off-season? No? Allow us to summarize for you:
March 6: Favre officially retires.
March 24: Favre asks the Pack's offensive line coach if he thinks the team would take him back. Second thoughts are normal!
March 29: After the Packers happily agree to arrange for Favre's unretirement, he says he's not interested after all. Psych!
June 20: Commence clusterfuck. Favre calls Packers coach Mike McCarthy and says he might want to return. Seriously.
July 8: Favre is told that he can come back, but no longer as the guaranteed starter. Favre's agent asks for Brett's unconditional release.
July 26: McCarthy states that Aaron Rodgers will definitely be the Packers' starting quarterback. Rodgers continues to stab his Favre voodoo doll with pins.
August 3: Favre returns to Green Bay to watch a scrimmage from a luxury box. The entire state of Wisconsin collectively orgasms.
August 6: Favre is traded to the New York Jets. Rodgers mails his Favre voodoo doll to Chad Pennington.

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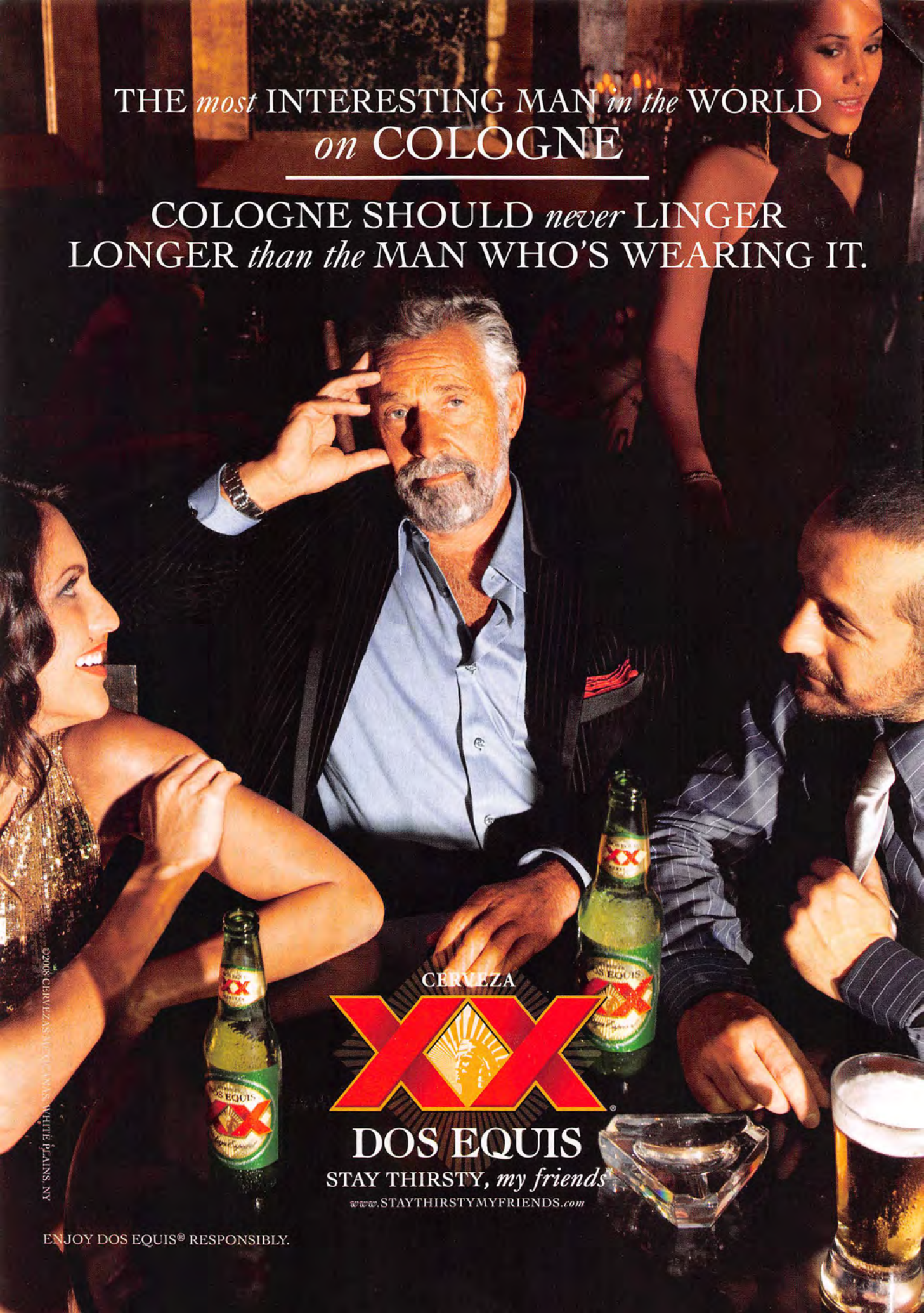
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BY ANNA DAVID

"I know my Bible is around here somewhere..."

Driving Miss Crazy

Thinking of jumping into bed with a girl who's enticingly off her rocker? Prepare to pay the price.

Not long ago my friend Steve*, a 33-year-old architect, began to date an incredibly attractive lawyer. Lisa was witty, cultivated, and adventurous between the sheets. But after just a month, her behavior started raising red flags. "Once she had a few glasses of wine, she'd start mocking me in front of colleagues," Steve recalls. She'd also become increasingly flirtatious with his guy friends—"to the point where their girlfriends were uncomfortable," Steve says. When he caught her checking his e-mail—and responding to his female acquaintances as though she were him—Steve was forced to admit that his dream woman had turned out to be a bit of a nightmare.

Of course, like many men who find themselves hooked on an unhinged woman, Steve had a difficult time breaking things off. "I didn't want to abandon her," he says. "Plus, the sex was amazing; I'd literally have scratches covering my back because she would dig her nails into me when she came. But I don't think that fully explains why I couldn't get out. Honestly, I still don't know."

The allure of the crazy girl is mysterious and inexorable. Some guys thrive on the thrill of their totally unpredictable behavior. Some are addicted to the no-holds-barred sex. (Yes, the cliché is true: Bad-insane in life typically translates to good-insane in the sack.) And as Steve notes, some men want to "save" these women as if they were wounded birds.

What most men don't realize at the outset, however, is that all crazy chicks aren't created equal. A woman who'll give you a hand job under the table at a board meeting is one thing. A woman who'll break into your home and crawl into bed clutching a Taser, a roll of duct tape, and a .38 is another. Through interviews with self-proclaimed "crazy girls" and some of their male victims, I've identified the four major types of madness and the perils and pitfalls of each. If you *must* ride the crazy train, at least find out what you're getting into first.

Temporary Insanity

Sometimes a crazy chick isn't really crazy—she's driven to irrational behavior due to certain circumstances. Maybe it's immaturity, maybe it's just a "wild phase," or maybe it's, well, *you*. Eleanor, a 31-year-old i-banker, says, "I dated this guy a few years ago who always told me he loved me but treated me like shit—took strippers home, stuff like that." Instead of telling Prince Charming to take a hike, however, Eleanor just...lost it entirely. "I started hacking into his e-mail, waiting for him at his office so we could have a 'talk,' Googling the names of anyone he associated with. It was like an out-of-body experience. I had never behaved like that before—and I haven't since."

I could certainly cast myself among the "temporarily insane" when I was in college. Being faithful wasn't a high priority, and alarmingly regular temper tantrums seemed like effective ways of expressing anger—including one in which I tore up $20 bills for no apparent reason. If you'd asked me then why I acted ▶▶

*SOME NAMES HAVE BEEN CHANGED. PHOTOGRAPH, PICDESK.COM.AU/JAN CUTTLER

that way, I probably would've torn up *your* money; in retrospect, all I can say is I didn't know any better. (Maturity—and therapy—helped me leave the craziness behind.)

Lindsay, a 30-year-old publicist, was similarly maladjusted during a period in her 20s when she dated a music attorney named James. "I'd sleep with his clients and then tell him how much I loved sucking their dicks," she recalls. Still, James somehow remained devoted to Lindsay, constantly telling her he would take care of her if only she'd let him—which any temporarily crazy girl will tell you is the worst thing you could do. "I only treated boyfriends badly when I knew they'd take it," says Adrienne, a 30-year-old set designer. "Honestly, the more I'd flip out on my ex Nick, the more he'd kiss my ass and the less I'd respect him."

Fortune-Cookie Crazy

This is the kind of woman who is normal on the outside, but soon reveals one major surprise that she keeps carefully hidden: She's *nuts* in bed. We're talking about the librarian type who replaces her glasses with a gag and chain or the girl who meets your mom, prompts her to say, "What a lovely girl," and then gives you a blow job while Mom's taking out the garbage.

Thirty-three-year-old Matthew thought the sweet woman he started talking to at the Coffee Bean was the unassuming dental hygienist she seemed to be—only to take her home and be subjected to a full-on assault. "She started biting me, hitting me, and taunting me to hit her back," he says. "I was completely turned on by how animalistic she was."

It's every guy's fantasy—until the encounters turn nightmarish. Jared, a 33-year-old producer, met a buttoned-up lawyer who started demanding he choke her every time they had sex. "It really started to freak me out," he says. "I began to think she had some serious, deep-rooted problems. I had to break it off."

He may have been onto something, according to author and sex educator Jamye Waxman: "Often when a woman was abandoned, unloved, or had an absentee father, she engages in crazy sexual behavior to get the attention she lacked growing up." Still, if you can handle the intensity, it may be worth it. As Jared puts it, "The crazy ones tend to fuck like the world is going to end the next day."

Drama Queens

You can recognize this type from miles away: Her insanity doesn't unfold like a piece of origami; it's out there day and night. She's bound to be extremely hot (or else you'd never put up with her) but always on the verge of hysterics.

Jack, a 26-year-old ad copywriter, came across a prototypical drama queen online. Megan had "a flat stomach, huge boobs, and perfect pillowy lips"—and on their first date she launched right into dirty talk. "She said, 'I'm going to suck your cock right now, but you can't have my pussy until you stop staring at it like it's dessert,'" Jack recalls. "I should've known that wasn't exactly normal."

Over the five months they were involved, Megan burst into tears regularly, insisted Jack stop hanging out with a friend of his she didn't like, and even poured hot coffee on him during a fight. And yet Jack couldn't step away: "The truth is, I was really attracted to the unstable part of her. It hooked me and repelled me."

Gina, a 29-year-old makeup artist, puts herself in this category. "I've been told I'm overly dramatic, but I think I'm just very clear about what I want," says the girl who admits she once let the air out of her boyfriend's car tires when she didn't want him going to a Lakers game.

The way to manage this kind of woman is either to develop a superhuman level of tolerance or to just leave her to your more patient

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THAN YOU EVER THOUGHT.
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evolve ALL
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Now there's a place to express your opinion and inspire
others to help us become a more sexually healthy nation.
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brethren. As 23-year-old Nikki says, "No matter how difficult people say I am, I always manage to find men who will put up with me."

Bunny Boilers

This final category, immortalized in the classic 1987 movie *Fatal Attraction*, consists of women who are seriously, dangerously bat-shit crazy. Could-destroy-a-man's-life crazy. Think a Glenn Close encounter can't happen in the real world? Think again.

"I dated a girl for three weeks who turned my life into a living hell after I broke up with her," says Kevin, a 29-year-old editor. "First she started showing up on my doorstep, drunk, to tell me she'd just fucked someone." Then it got scary: "Periodically, she'd call me at 3 A.M. saying she was going to kill herself if we didn't get back together. I was always terrified it was more than a threat, so I'd go over to her place—which was exactly what she wanted."

Perhaps needless to say, these are the women you must avoid at all costs. Disturbingly, they can't always be identified immediately. "Most of the time, the lunacy is revealed *after* you've taken the plunge," cautions Mike, a 33-year-old writer who's dated a series of cuckoo's nesters, including one who came at him with a knife when she suspected him of cheating and another who vandalized his office when he was at lunch. Why Mike kept dating these women is anyone's guess. But according to Waxman, this kind of relationship "may be easier for some men than actually engaging in real intimacy."

That diagnosis probably comes too late for guys like 32-year-old Sam, who's been dating a woman on and off who makes him "more miserable and happier than anyone else." She berates him in public, calls him up to 30 times a day, and has managed to cut him off from many of his friends and family. "People have said, 'If you're going to be around her, I can't be around you.' But I can't help it. She's under my skin." In cases like that, I say you get whatever you have coming. But just a word to the wise: Better sleep with one eye open. ●

Crazy Train

The modern psycho is descended from a long line of hot, crazy mamas.

Eve
Just *had* to act out and break Daddy's only rule, ruining man's life.

Cleopatra
Used her hot Hellenistic bod to gain power, then killed herself.

Frida Kahlo
Her volatile marriage included multiple bisexual affairs. And lots of tequila.

Lorena Bobbitt
Cut off her hubby's penis after suffering flashbacks of domestic abuse.

Britney Spears
So she shaved her head once. You'd still do her—and so would we.

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Plus it comes with a free condom.
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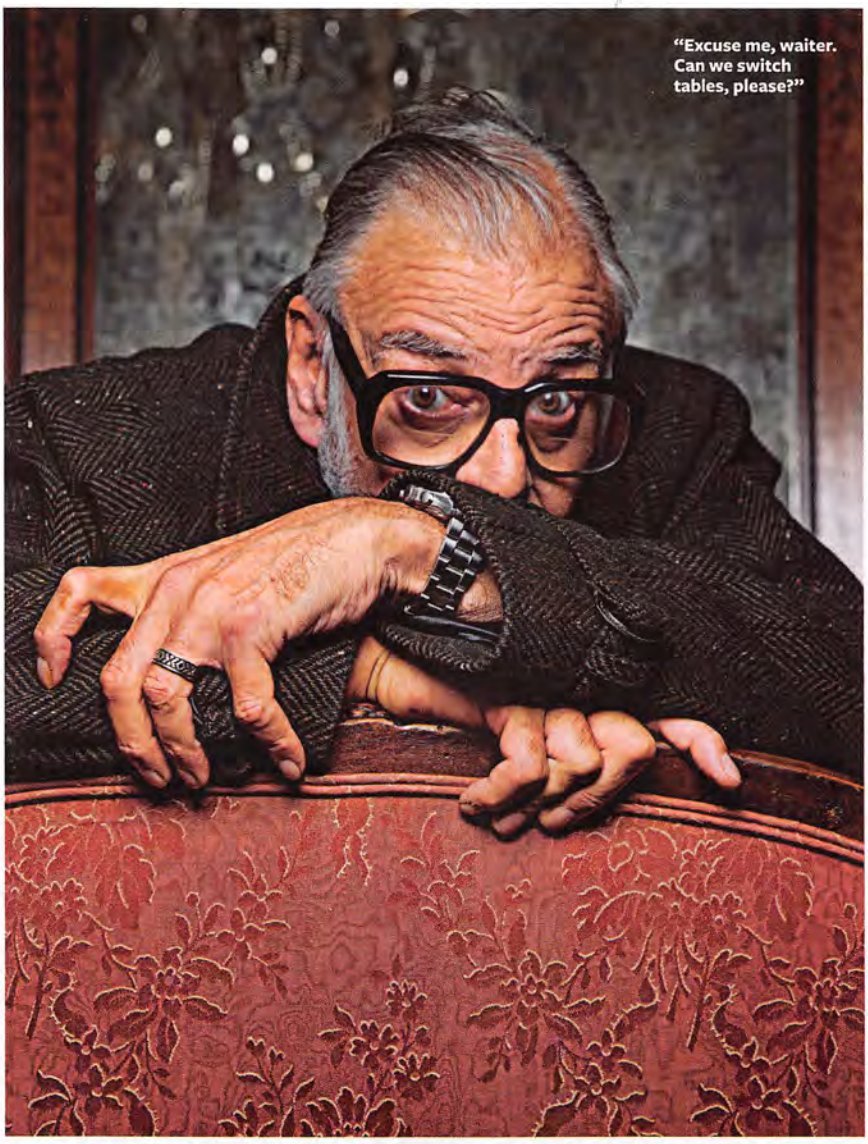
BY CHRIS NORRIS



"Excuse me, waiter. Can we switch tables, please?"

Lord of the Dead

Horror god George A. Romero looks back on four decades of fright.

The basic traits are well-known. Their speech is unrefined. They dress poorly. They eat the living and congregate in malls. And while they usually stagger around shedding body parts, some have been known to run.

Right?

"Wrong," says George A. Romero, shaking his head. "If they're zombies, they move slowly. Their muscles have atrophied, some rigor mortis has set in. Plus, it's just scarier that way: When they're slow but unstoppable."

The 68-year-old dean of Zombie Studies is weighing in from a plush sofa in Toronto—hundreds of miles from his beloved former home of Pittsburgh, 40 years from the low-budget film that cemented his status as horror mandarin. His oversize glasses, scraggly beard, and ponytail suggest a tenured radical at office hours.

Forty years ago, on October 1, 1968, Romero's debut film, *Night of the Living Dead*, first rose from the gurney to give birth to the modern horror film. In his memoir, Stephen King demarcates the time before and after "George Romero's ferocious indie *Night of the Living Dead* came along and changed everything forever"—setting a new standard of explicit gore, primal terror, and social relevance that was soon taken up by a shock troop of young indie filmmakers like Wes (*The Last House on the Left*) Craven, Tobe (*The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*) Hooper, and John (*Halloween*) Carpenter, establishing the core syllabus.

Today "*of the Dead*" knockoffs number in the hundreds, and zombies gnash their way through films like *I Am Legend*, *Shaun of the Dead* (which Romero loved), and 2004's *28 Days Later* (which he did not, but abided since the fleet-footed monsters aren't dead but "infected"). Stalking through comedy sketches, music videos, Wii games, Facebook avatars, and undead flash mobs, the zombie remains the alpha-monster of the new century. But to Romero the undead aren't monsters but a métier. He himself reanimated the concept several times after *Night*—once to critique mindless consumerism (1978's hallowed *Dawn of the Dead*), once again to explore military groupthink ('85's *Day of the Dead*), and later to take on class warfare (2005's *Land of the Dead*). "I end up coming back to this franchise whenever I want to make a comment or take a snapshot of the time," says Romero.

Earlier this year, Romero released *Diary of the Dead*—his fifth installment in the opus that makes up his life's work. The film revisits the spirit and ideas of *Night* from a contemporary perspective, presenting itself as an ad hoc documentary by students at the University of Pittsburgh who—like a band of fledgling Romeros—were out shooting a student horror film when news of a grisly current event abruptly changed their focus. According to his longtime friend and collaborator, splatter effects guru Tom Savini, "He has not lost his ability to see what's going on in the world and incorporate it as a subtext into his film."

Romero's creative reflowering occurs at a poignant time. As he nears 70, Romero knows full well that *Diary* appears a bookend to an era and a life in American horror. These days audiences are more likely to get their frights from torture-porn creepfests like *Saw* and *Hostel* than Romero's nuanced, socially conscious offering. The recent film may examine the fracturing babble of the new-media world (the apocalypse seen via cameras of college film students), but its undercurrents lap up against something just as real and a bit more terrifying: death itself, which Romero happens to be viewing from his best vantage point thus far. ➤➤

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VINCENT SOYEZ

GEORGE ROMERO WAS BORN IN THE BRONX in 1940, the son of a Cuban-American commercial artist and a Lithuanian mom. "My father was Cuban, so I was considered Latino," he says. "In an Italian neighborhood, I was the Shark among Jets." Romero grew up in the age of Gothic studio horror films. "Traditional scoring, traditional spooky settings, haunted houses—something just jumps out of the dark at you. It's that primal idea that something's in there—don't open the door, don't go in the attic—those tried-and-true values that still really work."

As a teenager Romero was transfixed by the lavish 1951 cinematic opera, *The Tales of Hoffmann*, and soon he made a habit of renting a projector to take out a print from the Janus movie house. "There were only a few places that you could do that," he recalls. "And if *Tales of Hoffmann* was ever out—and this was a movie no one took out—it was always this one kid who had it. This kid Marty Scorsese."

Like his beetle-browed Manhattan counterpart, Romero picked up directing early. For his 14th birthday, he received an 8 mm camera that soon led to his arrest for throwing a burning dummy off a roof—part of an early directorial effort called *Man From Meteor*. ("It wasn't worth it," Romero says. "The shot wasn't very good.") Romero doesn't remember any unconscious hobgoblins from the time other than the era's standard nightmare. "What scared me was the bomb," he says. "I lived in New York and was in the zone that Ed Sullivan would show in concentric circles—'This part is certain death,' 'This part is probable death...' We were sort of in the third ring, so it was a tossup."

Romero studied art and design at Carnegie Mellon University, then learned the film craft shooting commercials, industrial shorts, and one particularly hair-raising segment for *Mister Rogers' Neighborhood*—a clip that captured Mister Rogers' tonsillectomy, a work that some consider Romero's entrée into horror. By the later '60s, he began toying with an idea for a narrative film. "I thought about dead people coming back to life," he says. "I thought about how other people would find it hard to believe, how they would refuse to believe it, how they wouldn't know how to respond to it, how they'd try to ignore it."

Night of the Living Dead used stark black-and-white images of staggering corpses and lynch-mob posses to create an eerily plausible vision of plague and social disorder that merged seamlessly with news footage of Vietnam, civil-rights rioting, and other real-life nightmares of the 1960s. The film hits the gas the moment one shuffling figure in an overcast cemetery stops and—as UC Berkeley professor (and leading academic in the field of horror) Carol J. Clover says—"turns into a horror icon with one sudden whirl toward the camera." And the assaults on convention just kept on coming.

Mixing social realism, shock-value gore, and the kind of creepy ambiance possible only in grainy, high-contrast black-and-white, *Night of the Living Dead* not only became a horror classic and one of the most profitable films ever made but also wound up in the Library of Congress' National Film Registry—one of the essential works in American cinema.

But not without putting its own curse on the director. "Our original title was *The Night of the Flesh Eaters*," he recalls. "But there had been a movie called *The Flesh Eaters*. So when the studio picked the film up, they changed the title..." He trails off and takes a drag of his cigarette.

Thus began...?

He nods slowly and gives a rueful smile.

Thus began his nightmare.

****

THIS WOULD NOT BE THE NIGHTMARE THAT befalls seven strangers trapped in a zombie-besieged farmhouse, but the one that befell the director shortly after his debut feature was released. When the studio made the last-minute title change, it neglected to include a copyright notice. Thanks to this omission, Romero now owns no rights to a movie that launched an entire subgenre of film and grossed more than $30 million worldwide—of which the director sees not a cent.

In a way this Kafka-esque typo inaugurated Romero's lifelong career as an outsider, somebody who identifies as much with the zombie—whom he calls "the blue-collar monster"—as he does with the healthy, happy, witless humans. And while he maintained a steady career—working with Stephen King on *Creepshow*, directing the King-penned *The Dark Half*, making 2005's big-budget *Land of the Dead*—Romero has shared the fate of his hero Orson Welles, who lived his career in the shadow of his debut, *Citizen Kane*.

"George does not suffer fools lightly," says Tom Savini. "He sits in meetings with these asshole producers, and if they say stuff that's off-the-wall ridiculous he'll just walk out. The idea that he's made so much of what he's made outside of that system is amazing."

In one crowning irony, the revolution Romero launched has since ossified into a Hollywood gore factory that's a nearly perfect inversion of the movement that made it possible: an army of film school dweebs with black dye jobs and studio budgets who crank out hit horror movies with none of the wit, invention, or social resonance that made the '70s classics cool in the first place.

Master of horror, pretty good at pocket pool

When I ask Romero to pitch one of the contemporary box office hits, he pauses for a moment. "I think it would be *Guy With Torture Implement*," he says. And as trailers keep arriving filled with the same closeups on twitching eyeballs, the same greenish lighting, the same oscillating film speeds and grainy production, it seems that horror itself is embalmed.

Yet the films just keep coming. "I meet hundreds of young people that are out shooting movies," says Romero. "And they're all horror! It seems like everyone who's shooting a little independent thing tries first to do a horror film. They'll all say, 'Oh, I love the gore, man.'"

In late February, the American Film Institute hosted a 40th-anniversary screening of *Night of the Living Dead* and held a question-and-answer session afterward. "They were the same questions from the audience I always get," Romero says. "'Where do you think it's all going?' Beats the shit out of me. 'Why are you so fascinated by zombies?' I'm not—any disaster would serve as well; zombies are just my ticket to ride. 'What scares you?' That's always a biggie. And it's always the same answer."

Romero's demons are, as ever, current events. "I'm blown away that a civilization with the size and wealth of the U.S. still has a populace that wants an Oral Roberts type to be their fucking president," he says, perched on his sofa. "Or the fact that if you don't have marquee personality or charisma you don't stand a fucking chance."

Indeed, the most terrifying horror story of all may be the one that's writing itself right now. It's an apocalyptic tale about an entire nation that slowly morphs itself into a lumbering, parasitic, multitentacled life form—called Hollywood. "I don't have any supernatural hobgoblins that I worry about," says the master of fear. "What scares me is life." ●

GROOMING BY HEATHER FOX FOR ARTIST GROUP LIMITED

BOND ROYALE:

THE SECRET FILES OF 007

Put down your Walther PPK, grab a girl with a sexy name, and shake yourself a martini. We've broken down everything you've ever wanted to know about the world's smoothest superspy.

The Director

Shooting Bond

Q & A

THE NAME IS FORSTER. MARC FORSTER. AS *QUANTUM OF SOLACE*'S DIRECTOR, CAN YOU EXPLAIN WHY THE FILM PICKS UP EXACTLY WHERE *CASINO ROYALE* LEFT OFF?

We left Bond in a very vulnerable place in the last movie. He's an assassin, but at the same time he lost someone he loved, and in a certain way he was betrayed. We're digging deeper into Bond and finding out who he is and how he deals with his emotions.

WHAT DID YOU TRY TO KEEP FROM THE OLD BOND FORMULA, AND WHAT NEW THINGS DID YOU WANT TO INTRODUCE?

I always loved the early Bond films, like *Dr. No* and *Goldfinger*. The production design was very much ahead of its time. So the Bond I wanted to create was a bit of a throwback to those Bonds of the '60s and '70s.

ONE OF THE PLACES YOU FILMED WAS A FLOATING STAGE IN AUSTRIA.

There's an opera set there that floats on a lake, but the audience watches from on land. In the scene, Bond is spying on the villain in the film, and the opera's set is this big, blue eye. The eye is watching them, like Bond is spying on them. It's a great Bond set—very metaphorical.

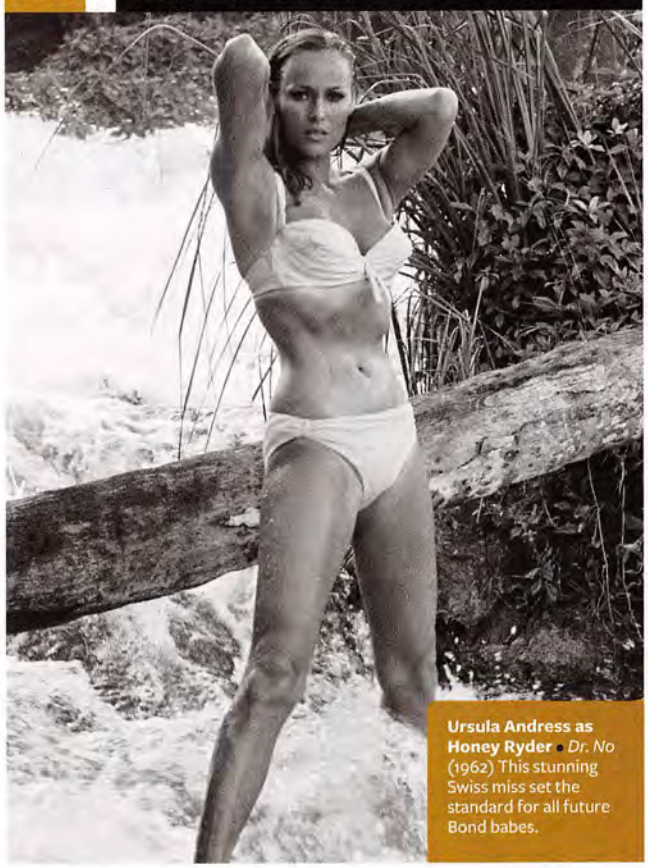
THE SHOOT MADE NEWS WHEN AN ASTON MARTIN CRASHED INTO A LAKE.

The press assumed the car was with our production because it was an Aston Martin, but it had nothing to do with our film. Really.

DOES *QUANTUM OF SOLACE* HAVE DOUBLE THE ACTION OF THE LAST FLICK?

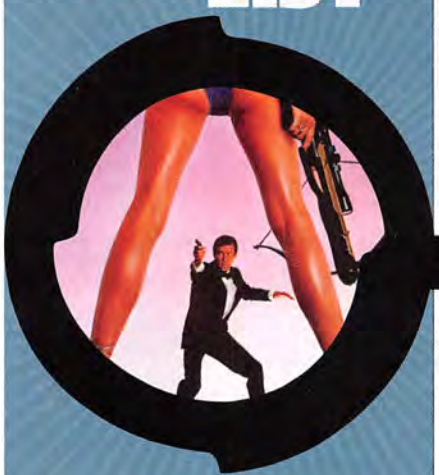
I haven't counted it, but it has more action. We've got all the Bond action elements: cars, boats, planes, and fire. It's an intense ride.—*Adam Winer*

#007 HOTTEST BOND GIRLS OF ALL TIME



Ursula Andress as Honey Ryder • *Dr. No* (1962) This stunning Swiss miss set the standard for all future Bond babes.

The HIT LIST



Sometimes Bond films' extreme elements work, and sometimes you get a gondola hovercraft. Here's the best and worst of 007.

BEST CAR
Lotus Esprit • *The Spy Who Loved Me* (1977)
Yeah, sure, a gadget-laden Aston Martin is *the* Bond automotive icon, but for fans who came aboard in the Roger Moore era, how do you beat a Lotus that turns into a submarine?

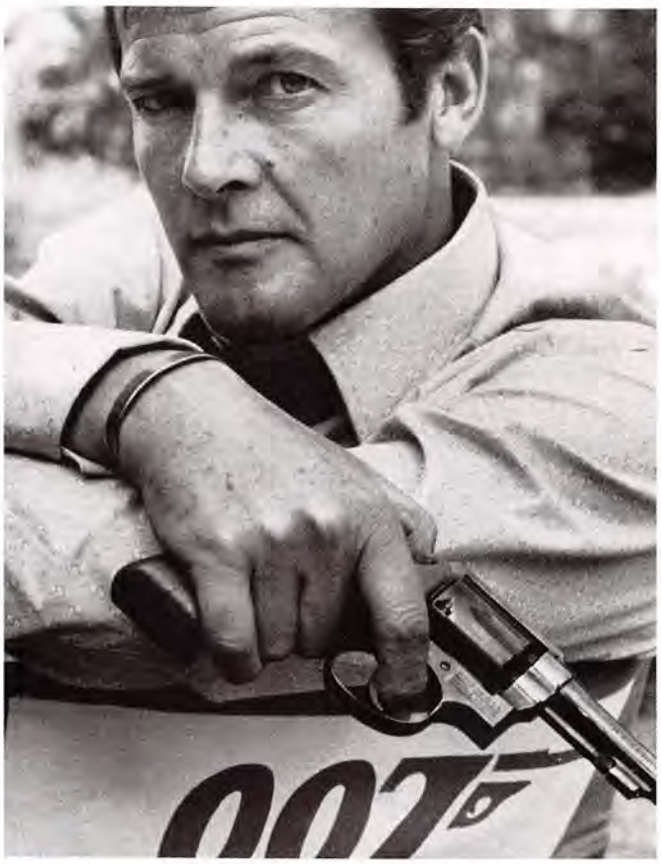
WORST STUNT
Bond surfs on a tidal wave created by a melted glacier • *Die Another Day* (2002)
This scene was so clearly computer-generated it would have looked more at home in an animated kid flick like *Ice Age*.

MOST LUDICROUS CAR
Invisible Aston Martin • *Die Another Day*
With its invisibility button, this Bond car officially passed into the realm of utter make-believe. Does the car also shoot lightning bolts and track unicorns?

MOST MEANINGLESS THEME SONG
"Thunderball"
"And he strikes like Thu-u-u-u-n-derball." Huh? Even composer John Barry admitted the words were absurd. Respect to singer Tom Jones, however.

BEST OPENING SEQUENCE

Casino Royale (2006)
It might not have had the outrageous stunts of many of its predecessors, but the black-and-white footage of Bond grimly executing his first two kills to obtain his 00 status packed more punch than any quasi-unbelievable action scene.



The Forgotten Bond

Moore or Less

Throughout the '70s and '80s, the dashing and understated Roger Moore *was* James Bond. With his candid and self-deprecating memoir, *My Word Is My Bond*, now on shelves, we placed the man who played 007 in as many films as Sean Connery in the hot seat. We found that the gentleman (who, of course, lives in both Monaco and Switzerland) could not be shaken nor stirred. And he remains, at 80, wonderfully dry.

Q & A

DESCRIBE YOUR INTERPRETATION OF JAMES BOND? WHAT DID YOU BRING TO THE PLATE?

I made him look like me and sound like me, and I did not have a Scottish or Australian accent. I could not treat Bond seriously. After all, he could walk into any bar or hotel in the world and the staff would recognize and greet him. Some secret agent!

THERE ARE SOME BOND PURISTS WHO FEEL YOUR 007 WAS TOO GENTEEL OR POLISHED. THOUGHTS?

Everyone is entitled to their opinion. I saw the funny side of Jim Bond. It obviously worked, as I did seven of the films.

AS AN ACTOR, WHAT WAS RESTRICTING ABOUT THE CHARACTER? WERE YOU LOCKED IN BY THE PRODUCERS TO CERTAIN BOND CLICHÉS?

As long as I was in the character, there was no interference. I stuck to the script, but otherwise I was free to add my own interpretation.

HAD YOU READ ANY OF IAN FLEMING'S JAMES BOND NOVELS BEFORE TAKING ON THE ROLE OF 007? IF SO, WHAT DID YOU THINK OF THEM?

I partly read one to see if there was a background to his character. Apart

#006

HOTTEST BOND GIRLS OF ALL TIME

Honor Blackman as Pussy Galore • *Goldfinger* (1964)
Evil mastermind Auric Goldfinger's plan to contaminate all the gold in Fort Knox could never have gotten off the ground without the help of the sexy pilot with the least subtle name in cinematic history.

UGLIEST AMERICAN
Sheriff J.W. Pepper • *Live and Let Die* (1973)
This redneck lawman enjoys shooting dogs, spitting tobacco, and arresting black people. For some reason that earned him a return cameo in *The Man With the Golden Gun*, in which he runs into Bond, oddly enough, in Bangkok.

LIVE AND LET DIE
Setup: Bond forces villain to swallow an air pellet, which causes him to literally inflate, then explode.
Bond says: "He always did have an inflated opinion of himself."

LAMEST PLOT TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD
By controlling the Earth's solar power • *The Man With the Golden Gun* (1974)
It's hard to get worked up about someone monopolizing a renewable resource.

PHOTOGRAPH, COURTESY OF *MY WORD IS MY BOND* (MOORE)

BOND'S WORST PUNS

COOLEST MOVIE POSTER •
For Your Eyes Only (1981)
This iconic poster frames 007 between a Bond girl's perfect legs. Added bonus: She's holding a crossbow!

BEST QUICK CHANGE
Bond peels off a wetsuit to reveal a crisp tuxedo •
Goldfinger (1964)
Hot damn, not even the bow tie got damp! Guess nobody could tell Bond that he was "all washed up," eh? Sorry.

FOR YOUR EYES ONLY
Setup: Bond sends the evil Emile Leopold Locque to his death by pushing his Mercedes off the edge of a cliff with his foot.
Bond says: "He had no head for heights."

THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS (1987)
Setup: Villain hangs out of an airplane clutching only Bond's shoe. Bond cuts his laces to send the man to his death.
Bond says: "He got the boot."

THE SPY WHO LOVED ME
Setup: Bond uses a giant magnet to catch Jaws by his metal teeth.
Bond says: "How does that grab you?"

MOST UNNECESSARILY ELABORATE ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT
Bond lowered slowly into a shark tank •
Live and Let Die
We'll spot you the sharks. But, really, wouldn't you at least consider tossing the dude in quickly?

Full keyboard for full expression.

With a slide-out keyboard, now it's easier to text exactly how you'd say it. Introducing the Samsung Propel and Pantech Matrix. Only from AT&T.

How would you say it?
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More bars in more places™

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from the fact that it said Bond didn't particularly like killing, I found very little. I enjoyed the book—though his character of Bond was far more intense and serious than I had in mind.

IS BOND A CARTOON, FLESH AND BLOOD, OR A MALE FANTASY TO YOU?
Yes, all three combined.

IF YOU WERE A THERAPIST, HOW WOULD YOU DESCRIBE JAMES BOND'S STRENGTHS AND WEAKNESSES?
The box office is his strength. I try not to analyze Bond too much. I saw him as a charmer, dedicated to his job, and very good-looking. I don't think he had any weaknesses.

HOW IMPORTANT IS THE SELECTION OF THE BOND GIRL? YOU WORKED WITH ONE OF THE ONLY AFRICAN-AMERICAN BOND GIRLS, RIGHT?
I worked with two in fact: Gloria Hendry in *Live and Let Die*, who was a delight, and then there was Grace Jones in *A View to a Kill*. The Bond girl is very important. After all, she carries the film along with Bond.

WHAT'S YOUR APPRAISAL OF DANIEL CRAIG'S NEW JAMES BOND?
I have not seen the new James Bond film yet. I did, however, see *Casino Royale*, and I thought he was excellent in it—and stronger than me.

DO JAMES BOND FILMS ACT AS MIRRORS OF THE TIMES?
They've never really been political. That's why they still stand up today—though they have moved with the times and dealt with the themes of the day, whether it be space travel, oil pipelines, or international terrorists. Bond adapts.

I READ YOUR MEMOIR. LIKED IT VERY MUCH. QUITE A LIFE YOU'VE LED.
How very kind of you to say so.—*Steve Garbarino*

#005 HOTTEST BOND GIRLS OF ALL TIME

Barbara Bach as Anya Amasova • *The Spy Who Loved Me* (1977)
This KGB agent was sent to kill Bond—but fell in love. Go figure!

BEST VILLAIN'S LAIR
Blofeld's volcano • *You Only Live Twice* (1967)
The standard by which all future evil masterminds would judge their hideouts. Blofeld's pad was inside a volcano, under a lake, and capable of firing a rocket into space.

BEST SEX
Zero-gravity humping • *Moonraker* (1979)
In this scene, Bond gave us a glimpse of what intercourse will be like in the future. Just remember: If the space shuttle is a rockin', don't bother a knockin'.

BEST VILLAIN
Ernst Stavro Blofeld • The leader of SPECTRE shows up in six Bond films, although twice as nothing more than a voice. He has inspired countless spoofs, from Dr. Evil to *Inspector Gadget*'s Dr. Claw.

BEST BOND SHOWDOWN: GOLDFINGER

1 Death by Laser
In the novel *Goldfinger*, Bond faced genital dissection from a rotating saw. To hell with that! Producers upped the ante by swapping in a laser—at the time an exorbitantly expensive tool that had been invented just a few years earlier.

2 Sweetest Dialogue
This scene includes what is arguably the greatest verbal exchange between Bond and a villain. Bond: "Do you expect me to talk?" Goldfinger: "No, Mr. Bond. I expect you to die."

3 Best Bond
Sean Connery was the perfect 007, except for one thing: His hairline was already getting thin. So that unflappable Bond who always looks suave even when facing death? He's aided by a toup.

4 Best Dubbing
The most sinister Bond villain after Blofeld, Auric Goldfinger (note the first two letters of his name, Au, are the chemical symbol for gold) was played by German character actor Gert Fröbe. But you're not actually hearing Fröbe's voice. Because his German accent was so thick, the filmmakers eventually decided to have all of his lines dubbed over by another actor.

BEST CAMOUFLAGE
Fake alligator in *Octopussy* (1983)
Got to sneak onto a remote island populated only by women? Clearly, the best thing to use is a tiny sub that looks like an alligator.

MOST NEBBISHY VILLAIN
Woody Allen • *Casino Royale* (1967)
In the orginal spoof version of the film, Woody Allen plays James Bond's nephew, Jimmy Bond, whose evil plan involves killing all men over 4'6".

KILLS
LOVE
LIFE
LOVE
LUCK
Ed Hardy
by Christian Audigier
Ed Hardy
by Christian Audigier
Ed Hardy™
by Christian Audigier
THE VINTAGE TATTOO INSPIRED FRAGRANCE
AVAILABLE AT MACY'S

The Music

Licensed to Rock

BY ROB SHEFFIELD

It's a name that strikes fear into the hearts of evildoers worldwide: Knight. Gladys Knight. Over the years 007 has inspired many bizarre theme songs, from '60s lounge singers like Tom Jones to young mods like Jack White and Alicia Keys, all going for the same suave jet-set vibe. The Bond theme is as cherished an institution as the Bond girl, and like Bond girls, they vary wildly in terms of quality: Some are Ursula Andress, and some are Denise Richards. The leather-lunged Welsh belter Shirley Bassey has done more themes than anybody, from the classic ("Goldfinger") to the not so classic ("Moonraker"). In the 1970s Bond peaked with Carly Simon's "Nobody Does It Better," which does everything a Bond theme should: It tells you how awesome 007 is, it has a big fat chorus, and it features a naked girl dancing over the credits. The kickiest one since then is Duran Duran's "A View to a Kill," although the video made a better Bond movie than the actual flick. The other themes break down into noble efforts (Madonna's "Die Another Day"), generic shlock (Gladys Knight's "Licence to Kill"), and vomit (A-Ha's "The Living Daylights"). But the absolute worst? "For Your Eyes Only," from the 1981 dregs of the franchise. With Sheena Easton shrieking the high notes, this is to Bond songs what Hervé Villechaize was to Bond villains.

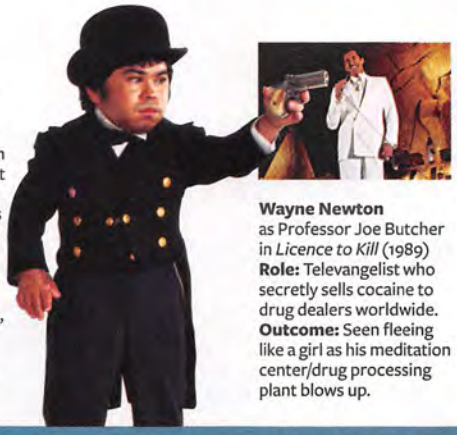
#004 HOTTEST BOND GIRLS OF ALL TIME

Kim Basinger as Domino Petachi • *Never Say Never Again* (1983) The future ex-Mrs. Alec Baldwin burst onto the scene as the gal pal of Bond nemesis Maximilian Largo.

MOST AWESOMELY UNREALISTIC DEATH
Jill Masterson covered in gold paint • *Goldfinger*
Bond explains that the paint caused his bedmate to die from "skin suffocation." Which totally doesn't exist. But it sure looked cool.

Christopher Walken
as Max Zorin in *A View to a Kill* (1985)
Role: Tech entrepreneur who plots to corner the microchip market by flooding San Francisco.
Outcome: Gets into it with Bond on the Golden Gate Bridge. Bad idea.

Hervé Villechaize
as Nick Nack in *The Man With the Golden Gun*
Role: Diminutive butler and henchman to the Man With the Golden Gun. Not particularly dangerous, although he does possess a talent for scrambling under furniture and kicking shins.
Outcome: Waits until Bond is about to have sex, then tries to kill him. In return Bond locks him in a suitcase. De shame! De shame!



Wayne Newton
as Professor Joe Butcher in *Licence to Kill* (1989)
Role: Televangelist who secretly sells cocaine to drug dealers worldwide.
Outcome: Seen fleeing like a girl as his meditation center/drug processing plant blows up.

MOST-FAMOUS PEOPLE YOU FORGOT WERE BOND CHARACTERS

HOTTEST WRESTLING MATCH
Gypsy-chick smackdown • *From Russia With Love* (1963) Two gypsies fight to the hot, skimpy-clothed death to see who will marry the chief's son. Even we'll admit this one is a *tad* gratuitous.

LAMEST TRANSFORMING VEHICLE
Gondola turns into a hovercraft • *Moonraker*
Converting a gondola into anything cool is an uphill battle. This particular transformation just looks like a canoe on an air mattress.

Benicio Del Toro
as Dario in *Licence to Kill*
Role: Creepy drug cartel enforcer who tilts his head to the side whenever he threatens people.
Outcome: Shredded to pieces after being pulled into a drug pulverizer.

Telly Savalas
as Blofeld in *On Her Majesty's Secret Service* (1969)
Role: Bond's nemesis gets his ass whupped by 007 in a bobsled chase.
Outcome: As vengeance, he has Bond's wife killed.

Teri Hatcher
as Paris Carver in *Tomorrow Never Dies* (1997)
Role: The future Desperate Housewife played Bond's ex, who is married to a baddie media baron.
Outcome: Her jealous hubby has Paris killed.

Jane Seymour
as Solitaire in *Live and Let Die*
Role: Tarot-card reader who can see the future if she remains a virgin.
Outcome: After nailing her, Bond saves her from dying in a voodoo ritual.

IF YOU RAISE YOUR PINKY, WE DON'T KNOW YOU.

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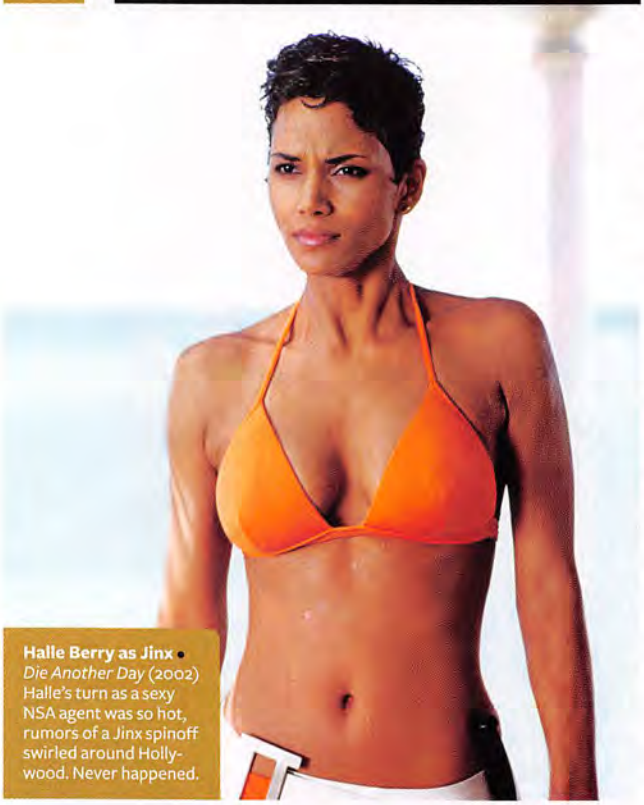
#003 HOTTEST BOND GIRLS OF ALL TIME



Halle Berry as Jinx • *Die Another Day* (2002) Halle's turn as a sexy NSA agent was so hot, rumors of a Jinx spinoff swirled around Hollywood. Never happened.

The Gadgets

Reality Check

Robert Wallace wrote the book on spy gadgets. The book is called *Spycraft*, and he penned it after spending four years in the lab as the director of the CIA's Office of Technical Service. "OTS is America's Q," Wallace says. "It makes all the gadgets used for espionage, from audio bugs to false documents to tracking devices." Here's his dossier on 007's doodads.

Rocket disguised as a cigarette • *You Only Live Twice* (1967) "We actually had a .22-caliber single-shot cigarette pistol developed during WWII. It didn't have much gunpowder, so to be most effective it would have to be up against the opponent."

Rolex that conceals a superstrong magnet and a rotating saw • *Live and Let Die* (1973) "The principle of concealing functions is very possible. We had a fountain pen that worked to write, but it also had an ultraminiature camera inside. As for a magnet that powerful in the watch, that might actually be beyond the laws of physics."

Little Nellie, a tiny armed helicopter that can be broken down to fit in four trunks • *You Only Live Twice* (1967) "In the '50s OTS developed an inflatable rubber airplane. You opened and used the air pump contained in the kit to blow the thing up."

Pen with a built-in grenade • *GoldenEye* (1995) "You can disguise a grenade in just about anything, and you could put enough explosives in a pen to do some damage."—*Adam Winer*

The jumps in *The Spy Who Loved Me* and *Live and Let Die*
TSWLM: Bond skis off a cliff, free-falls, and suavely lands with a Brit-flag parachute.
LALD: Bond's speedboat jumps levees *and* traffic.

Inspiration
TSWLM: The idea was stolen from a whiskey ad.
LALD: The script just said, "The most terrific boat chase scene ever seen."

BEST GADGET
Jet Pack • *Thunderball* (1965) Bond's jet pack was not only awesome but also, unlike most Q gadgets, real: For the flying scenes, production used a jet pack prototype developed for the U.S. military.

May Day
Sexual plaything to *A View to a Kill*'s murderous industrialist Max Zorin. Capable of lifting a man over her head. Fond of fashions that perhaps seemed like a good idea in the '80s. Victim of a misguided hairstylist.

Jaws
The strongman with metal teeth that can bite through steel appeared in *The Spy Who Loved Me* and *Moonraker*. Has survived a shark tank, speeding off a cliff, crashing in a cable car, and falling out of a plane.

CRAZIEST STUNT: TIE!

Obstacles
TSWLM: Film crew had to wait 10 days in Canadian ice for the right weather.
LALD: Producers got 26 speedboats to use for filming the scene; they wrecked 17 of them.

Final Result
TSWLM: Only one of three cameras captured the full fall. Luckily, that was all they needed.
LALD: The greatest boat chase ever filmed, whose jump set a world record.

BEST BARGAIN
No, it wasn't the 100-pack of exploding pens Q got at Costco. The iconic "dum di-di dum dum" theme was played in *Dr. No* by guitarist Vic Flick, who was paid just $15 for his strumming.

BEST HENCHMEN

Oddjob
Lethal enforcer, trusted manservant, and passable golf caddy to Auric Goldfinger. Armed with a razor-brimmed hat. Reported to know seven ways to kill a man with one blow. Doesn't talk.

Mr. Kidd and Mr. Wint
Merciless hitmen for Blofeld in *Diamonds Are Forever* (1971). Prefer complex forms of assassination that they find amusing. Often finish each other's sentences and seen holding hands.

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Eva Green as Vesper Lynd • *Casino Royale* (2006) The murder of Eva's character—whom Bond actually *loved*—ignites his quest for revenge in *Quantum of Solace*.

The Ultimate Bond Quiz

Break out your plastic-explosive-filled No. 2 pencil and get to it.

1 MATCH THE VILLAIN WITH HIS BIZARRE PHYSICAL DEFORMITY:

1. Dr. No
2. Le Chiffre
3. Stromberg
4. Scaramanga

a. Webbed fingers
b. Weeps blood
c. Mechanical hands
d. Third nipple

2 BAD CASTING ALERT! WHAT IS DENISE RICHARDS' JOB AS BOND GIRL CHRISTMAS JONES?

a. Aerospace engineer
b. Nuclear physicist
c. Marine biologist

3 OF ALL THE CARS GIVEN TO BOND BY MI-6, WHICH DID *NOT* HAVE ROCKETS?

a. Aston Martin DB5 in *Goldfinger*
b. Lotus Esprit in *The Spy Who Loved Me*
c. Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow in *Licence to Kill*

4 WHAT IS THE ONLY FILM SERIES MORE PROFITABLE THAN JAMES BOND?

a. Star Wars
b. Harry Potter
c. Rocky
d. Indiana Jones
e. Batman

5 WHAT DO THE LETTERS IN THE CRIMINAL ORGANIZATION "SPECTRE" STAND FOR?

a. Secret Program for the Execution of Crimes, Treason, Ransoms & Exchanges
b. SPecial Executive for Counterintelligence, Terrorism, Revenge and Extortion
c. Society of Powerful Executives Collaborating To Rule Earth
d. Supervillains Performing Evil Conspiracies That are Real Evil

6 FILL IN THE BLANK FROM *THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN GUN*: "MISS ANDERS...I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE YOU _____."

a. Without a gun in your hand
b. In those granny panties
c. With your clothes on
d. Without your Taco Bell uniform

7 BOND CAN SPEAK FLUENTLY WITHOUT AN ACCENT IN ALL THESE LANGUAGES EXCEPT ONE. WHICH IS IT?

a. Italian
b. German
c. Spanish

8 WHAT BELOVED CHILDREN'S BOOK DID IAN FLEMING WRITE?

a. *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang*
b. *The Five Chinese Brothers*
c. *Everybody Poops*
d. *Cloudy With a Chance of Meatballs*

9 WHO WAS RUMORED TO BE CONSIDERED TO PLAY BOND IN *DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER*?

a. Michael Caine
b. James Brolin
c. Mel Gibson
d. Malcolm McDowell
e. Burt Reynolds
f. Bea Arthur

10 MATCH THE BEAUTIFUL BOND GIRL TO HER NOTABLE FIRST:

1. Anya Amasova
2. Sylvia Trench
3. Tracy Di Vicenzo
4. Tiffany Case

a. First American Bond girl
b. First to marry James Bond
c. First to sleep with Bond
d. First to marry Ringo Starr

007 ANSWER KEY

Give yourself 2 points for each correct answer. 1. 1c, 2b, 3a, 4d; 2. b; 3. a; 4. b; 5. b; 6. c; 7. c; 8. a; 9. e; 10. 1d, 2c, 3b, 4a

0–9 *Dumb-Asses Are Forever*: Maybe a *Sisterhood of the Traveling Pants* quiz would be more your speed.

10–22 *Try Another Day*: You can hold on to your *Licence to Kill*, but no *Octopussy* for you.

23–32 *Man With the Golden Brain*: You've proved your ability to withstand hours of Spike TV marathons.

The Villains

Touches of Evil

BY RICHARD ROEPER

James Bond is a flesh-and-blood mortal with no costume, no utility belt, and no special powers—but he shares a plight with Superman, Spidey, and other superheroes: The bad guys he faces are always more memorable. Sure, Bond gets the cars and the women, but the villains get the best entrances, monologues, and costumes. Sometimes they even get their own titles, in effect pushing 007 to the background right from the jump. Think *Dr. No*, *Goldfinger*, and *The Man With the Golden Gun*.

The earliest Bond films, released during the Cold War, featured baddies who wanted to sabotage rocket launches, detonate atomic bombs, and incite World War III. In the 1970s and 1980s, many a Bond villain had a criminal dream so bizarre they might as well have been named Dr. Evil. Ernst Blofeld in *Diamonds Are Forever* was all about the death-ray laser satellite. Karl Stromberg in *The Spy Who Loved Me* hoped to obliterate civilization as we know it and rebuild the world—underwater, thanks very much. These nutballs were one quack away from being the Penguin.

When the decision was made to reinvent the franchise with *Casino Royale*, the filmmakers wisely gave villains Le Chiffre and Mr. White a ruthlessness grounded in reality—and a believable evil goal. These terrorists were all about the money. If you're going to have a more serious Bond, it makes sense to pair him with more realistic villains. Can you imagine if the Daniel Craig–era Bond had to face some of the old-school baddies who looked like they were at a Halloween party? It would be like seeing Dirty Harry come face-to-face with Jason from *Friday the 13th*. ●

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A VIEW TO A THRILL

If new Bond girl Olga Kurylenko's looks don't knock you dead, trying to pronounce her last name might.

BY RUTH HILTON PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHAN WÜRTH

Proenza Schouler top
Myla shorts
Jimmy Choo boots

Dreaming up ways to out-awesome *Casino Royale*, the best Bond flick in a long, long time, the producers of this month's *Quantum of Solace* came up with two ideas: Let's think of the worst title possible and cast the hottest Bond girl ever. Mission accomplished on both fronts, guys! Olga Kurylenko, the aforementioned 007 sexpot, began her journey to the big screen in the former Soviet Union. Discovered by a (most likely bearded) photographer in Moscow, Olga began a modeling career at the age of 14. She moved to Paris, where she worked to support her single mother back home, appearing on the covers of magazines such as *Elle*, *Marie Claire*, and *Vogue*. (You know, those other magazines you subscribe to besides *Maxim*.)

Modeling quickly morphed into acting, and Olga turned up in a bunch of artsy French films that we're not even going to pretend we know anything about. Then she launched her own personal *Red Dawn* and invaded America, snagging a role alongside Timothy Olyphant in the video game turned action flick *Hitman* in 2007. Not long after that, the Bond crew set their sights on Olga for the role of the least sexily named Bond girl to date, Camille.

We spoke with Olga on the set of this dangerously hot shoot and, luckily, were not attacked by any razor-blade-hat-wielding supervillains in the process. Phew!

TELL US ABOUT YOUR BOND CHARACTER.
Camille is a real personality, a real character. The thing is, it's a major, integral role; it's not just hanging out in the back while the action is going on. I think she's really interesting, especially for a Bond girl.

WHO IS THE BEST BOND OF ALL TIME?
Well, of course I think Daniel Craig is the best Bond.

WHAT KIND OF TRAINING DID YOU DO? THERE ARE OBVIOUSLY A LOT OF STUNTS IN THIS MOVIE.
I did body-flight training, which is like skydiving. It's amazing, addictive. I'd like to do it again. I learned about shooting guns, like how to aim and what position to hold it. I also learned how to strip a gun and put it back together. I'm proud to say I can now take a gun apart in eight seconds.

HANDY! SHOULD GUYS BE A BIT FRIGHTENED OF YOU BECAUSE YOU CAN NOW KICK THEIR BUTTS?
Depends if they ask for it.

DID YOU GET HURT DOING ALL THESE CRAZY STUNTS?
Of course there were bruises and scratches. I got hurt because I was almost doing it for real. Like when you see me get thrown to the floor, I'm actually smashing onto the floor. In the movie it's one second, but we do it for half a day, so you're falling again and again and again.

CAN YOU EXPLAIN WHAT *QUANTUM OF SOLACE* MEANS?
You don't understand what it means?

NOT REALLY. IT'S PRETTY CRYPTIC.
Really? These words don't exist?

THEY EXIST, BUT THE PHRASE DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE.
Solace is really like solitude.

UH, WE STILL DON'T GET IT.
I guess it's because Bond is looking to heal...his love. That's basically what...It explains that in the end.

OK, MOVING ON. DO YOU EVER GET EMBARRASSED DOING ANY OF THE DISROBING SCENES?
Yeah, you have to block it out. I really don't like taking off my clothes and running around naked.

APART FROM THE SHOWER, RIGHT?
No, I take my showers fully dressed! [*Laughs*] I would never go to one of those beaches, you know, the kinds where people take their clothes off. I'm too shy.

WHAT DO YOU LOOK FOR IN A GUY?
To me sexiness comes from the inside. It's what a man says, his movements, how he behaves, and it's all about these little things. Sexiness comes through the eyes. I can't really explain it. It's a feeling, a connection.

WOULD YOU EVER KISS ON THE FIRST DATE?
I've never done that.

YOU'VE *NEVER* KISSED ON THE FIRST DATE?
No, I've never done that. For me it takes weeks, sometimes months. I have to know a person that long. We have to become friends first. ●

STYLING, KAREN CLARKSON; HAIR, ROBERT FRAMPTON; MAKEUP, ALEXANDRA ROUGER FOR B4AGENCY.COM; MANICURE, TRISH LOMAX FOR ONEMAKEUP.COM; PROP STYLING, ALUN DAVIES; LOCAL LONDON PRODUCTION, JNPRODUCTIONS.NET

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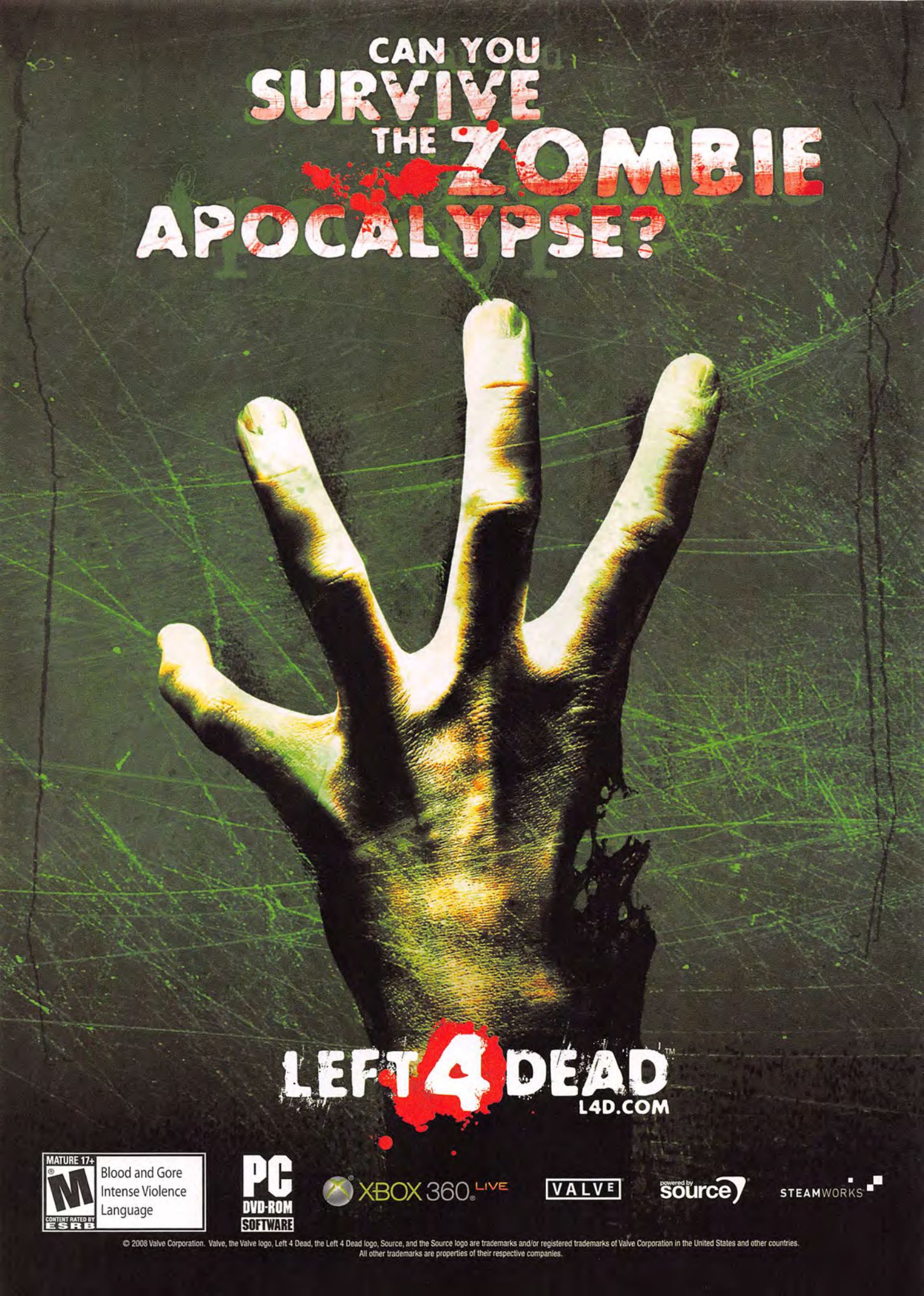
Christian Louboutin shoes



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"IT TAKES WEEKS, SOMETIMES MONTHS, BEFORE I KISS A GUY."

THERE'S NOT ENOUGH ART IN OUR SCHOOLS.

NO WONDER PEOPLE THINK

LOUIS ARMSTRONG

WAS THE FIRST MAN TO WALK ON THE MOON.

It's a long way from the Apollo Theatre to the Apollo program. And while his playing may have been "as lofty as a moon flight," as *Time* magazine once suggested, that would be as close as Louis Daniel Armstrong would ever get to taking "one small step for man."

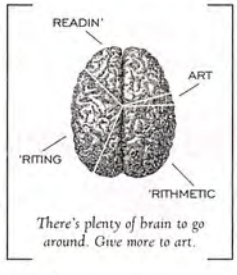
Instead of a giant leap, Louis Armstrong delivered one giant free-form crazy jazz groove for mankind.

But as the jazz musician of the 20th century, giant leaps were simply a matter of course for Satchmo. For no one has ever embodied the art form the way he did. It was he who helped make virtuoso solos a part of the vocabulary. It was he who was honored with the title "American goodwill ambassador" by the State Department. It was he who was the last jazz musician to hit #1 on the Billboard pop chart.

Armstrong left his footprints on the jazz world, wearing lace-up oxfords.

Not bad for a kid whose first experience with the trumpet was as a guest in a correctional home for wayward boys. If only today's schools were as enlightened and informed as that reformatory was.

Alas, the arts are dismissed as extravagant in today's schools. This, despite all the studies that show parents believe music and dance and art and drama make their children much better students and better people. If you feel like your kids aren't getting their fair share, make some noise. To find out how, or for more information about the benefits of arts education, please visit us on the web at AmericansForTheArts.org. Just like the great Louis Armstrong, all you need is a little brass.



There's plenty of brain to go around. Give more to art.

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JAMIE FOXX

The booty-calling Oscar winner cracks wise on broken teeth, Ping-Pong, and going homeless (and schizo) in *The Soloist.*

BY MATT DIEHL PHOTOGRAPH BY WARWICK SAINT

YOU WERE SO CONVINCING AS RAY CHARLES IN *RAY* THAT YOU WON THE OSCAR FOR IT. IN *THE SOLOIST* YOU PORTRAY NATHANIEL AYERS, A REAL-LIFE HOMELESS SCHIZOPHRENIC WHO'S ALSO A MUSIC VIRTUOSO. HOW DO YOU MAKE A TRANSFORMATION AUTHENTIC WITHOUT IT BECOMING AN IMPERSONATION?

I spend hours getting the nuances of the person, making him real. Doing an impression is like the curtain of the character. Then, as you go further, something angelic happens and you actually *become* that person. For Nathaniel I pushed things a bit. Not only did I have to learn how to play violin and cello, but I lost about 20 pounds, too. And I put a gap in my teeth.

HOW ON EARTH DID YOU DO THAT?

I had one chipped out with a chisel. My teeth are just so big and white—a homeless person would never have them. I wanted to break up my big, shining piano keys to give them a little character. Some might think I fucked up my grill for nothing, but I just wanted to come up with some shit to make the part unique.

WHAT WERE THE CHALLENGES OF PLAYING SOMEONE WITH EXTREME MENTAL ILLNESS?

I'll get back to it. I just have to find the right project. The thing is, if you're not the first at something, it's like, Why do it? When I first saw Chris Tucker, I was like, Damn, I cannot do that. I am not that good.

AW, YOU'RE PRETTY FUNNY.

Doing stand-up is how I refresh myself with what people are talking about and laughing at. I love getting out there and fighting with my jokes—that process generates everything from song ideas to movies and TV projects. I got a lot of heat from Bill Cosby about doing movies like *Booty Call.* He'd say, "You shouldn't do this filth," and so on, so I made a joke about him on David Letterman: "I've come to find out that Bill Cosby has an illegitimate child—I guess I wasn't the only one doing booty calls." It was a *great* joke. People started laughing, but then Letterman shot me down. He said, "Do not ever talk like that again." I spoke to Mr. Cosby after that, though, and everything was cool.

OF ALL YOUR ROLES, WHICH ONE DO YOU MOST IDENTIFY WITH?

I am a sports guy—basketball, volleyball, table tennis. So I had the most fun doing *Any Given Sunday.* It's just about football, talking trash, and having a good time.

"We're all crazy out here in Hollywood, but going to that edge was really scary."

We're all a little crazy out here in Hollywood, but going to that edge was really scary. The character hears voices in his head, and I had to submerse myself into that state. There were some scary moments: Sometimes I didn't know what was real. I'd go to sleep at night hearing the voices, and then wake up like, Oh, snap! You're still here, Foxx! Stay with us—don't slip into the deep end!

WE HAVEN'T SEEN YOUR FUNNY SIDE FOR A WHILE. WHEN ARE WE GOING TO HEAR JAMIE FOXX TALKING ABOUT THE CONSEQUENCES OF STICKING A FINGER IN A GIRL'S BOOTY AGAIN?

THAT WAS YOUR FIRST DRAMATIC ROLE. WHAT DID YOU LEARN FROM IT?

Oliver Stone was really hard on me. I came out of TV, so I was saying my lines too loud. He showed me how I could be more powerful by being quiet. As a director, he was a real kick: As soon as he'd yell "Cut!" we'd hit the clubs like *that*! We had some good times. You can fill in the blanks. Director Michael Mann also gave me a huge gift with the film *Collateral.* I was asking him when I got to do my "thing." He said, "Why don't you *not* do your 'thing'? Just be a cabdriver—somebody uneventful, somebody nobody knows."

TELL US SOMETHING PEOPLE DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU.

Very few know how great I play table tennis: I am *really* good. As I watched the Nigerians play America in the Olympics, I thought, If I wasn't doing what I do, doing that would be great. Michael Bolton, he's a nice guy and probably the best entertainer I've played. I've heard that Prince plays, too. I would love to play Prince in table tennis—*that* would be a game. Oh, and I used to have a deep karaoke problem.

WHAT ARE YOUR KARAOKE KILLERS?

"Do Me!" by Bell Biv DeVoe. Hit that, then go right in with "Y.M.C.A." and it's *over*!

YOU WERE BORN ERIC BISHOP IN SMALL-TOWN TERRELL, TEXAS. WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN JAMIE AND ERIC?

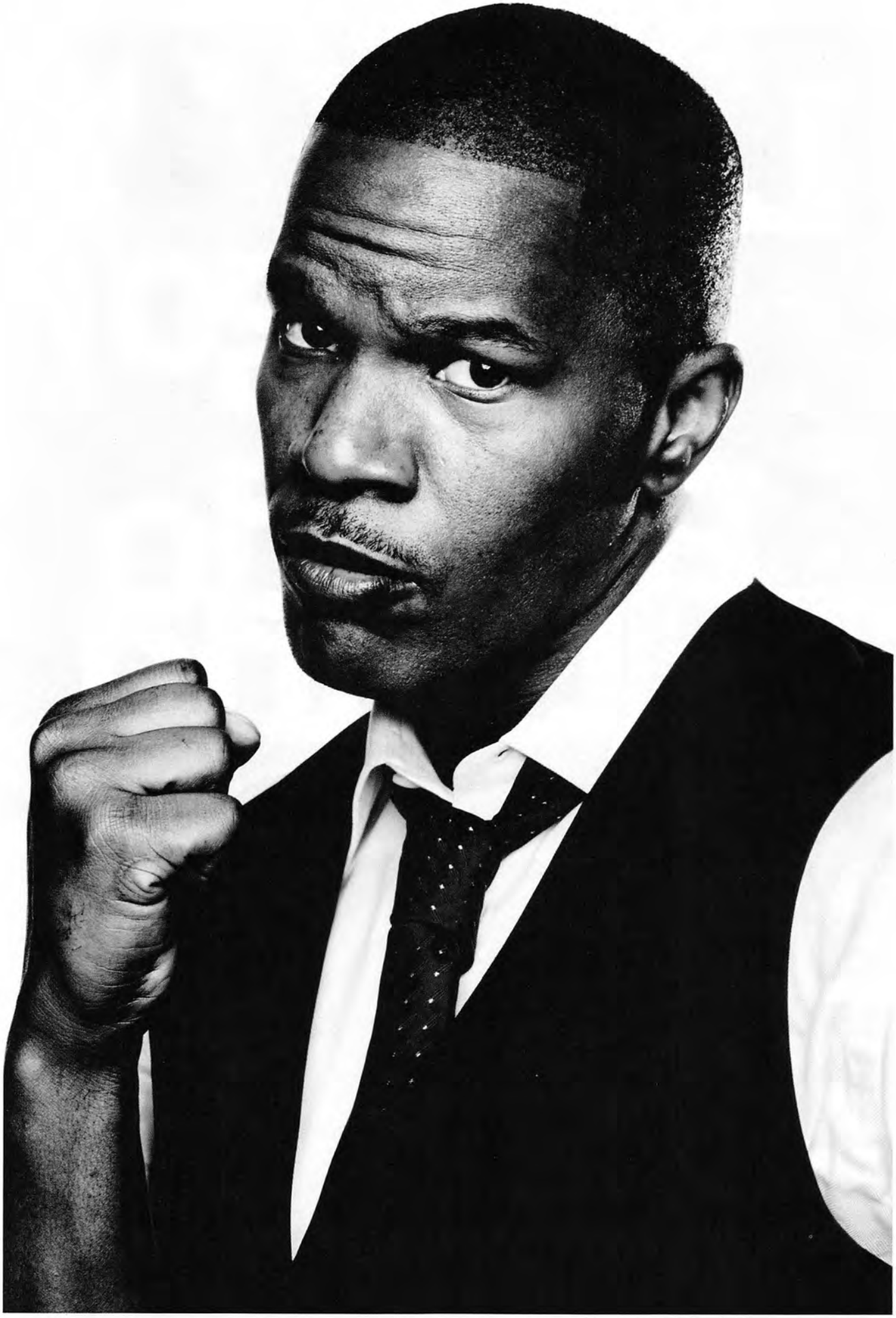
Jamie Foxx is the *persona*—the party-starter, the emcee, the guy who comes onstage with Kanye West and does whatever. Eric Bishop is the quiet guy who'll have a glass of wine somewhere quiet and play piano for just a few people. My sister has never called me Jamie Foxx. She always calls me Eric. She thinks that "Jamie Foxx" is a crock and always says, "I am not calling you that shit."

WHAT WAS THE CRAZIEST OUTFIT YOU WENT OUT AND BOUGHT WHEN YOU GOT YOUR FIRST HIT OF FAME AND MONEY?

I got an 8-ball leather jacket, matching Cross Colours shirt and jeans, and big Karl Kani boots, then topped it all off with a Kid 'N Play haircut. Next I bought a pearl white BMW with a blue ragtop, smoked windows, and alloy rims. I dropped a system in it and headed right to the Shark Club. It's the same today: If I can come up with a hit song or movie, I metaphorically get in that BMW again. Every little thing still gives me that taste of *wow.* ●

The Soloist is coming soon to theaters everywhere.

STYLING, SAMANTHA MCMAHON FOR THE WALL GROUP; HAIR, DEIDRA DIXON; MAKEUP, LALETTE LITTLEJOHN



Last Tango on Brando Island

BY JULIAN SANCTON
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SYE WILIAMS

Four years after his death, the ghost of the 20th century's most iconic actor continues to haunt his island sanctuary, a place of history, beauty, debauchery, and family tragedy. Inside the twisted legacy and strange future of a paradise lost.

TROUBLED WATERS: Teihotu Brando, Marlon's son, explores the lagoon of Tetiaroa.

OVERRUN WITH TROPICAL WEEDS, THE AIRstrip on Tetiaroa—Marlon Brando's private island in the South Pacific—is barely detectable from the sky. It was shut down in 2004, the year the actor died. Now it can only accommodate a helicopter. From above, the atoll, which consists of 13 white-sand islets encircled by a coral reef, shimmers like a turquoise amulet. Once the retreat of Tahitian royalty, it became the island kingdom of one of the 20th century's most enigmatic figures.

On the ground a Polynesian man dressed like an L.A. gangbanger waits for us to land. He is sitting in a wheelbarrow, a peculiar but fitting throne for the new king of Tetiaroa. At 45, Teihotu Brando, Marlon's third-born son, has his father's noble profile and a hint of his generous waistline. Teihotu lives on the remote island alone with his wife and the youngest of their three children, surviving on the fish he spears, the fruit he picks, and whatever provisions his occasional visitors can bring from Tahiti, 30 miles away.

The first to disembark from the helicopter is Dick Bailey, a Louisiana-born developer who is about to build a controversial five-star "eco hotel" called The Brando on Tetiaroa, employing Teihotu as its caretaker. Teihotu embraces him as a friend. Bailey has brought a bag of essentials that includes bread, fresh produce, and a Nintendo Wii, which Teihotu will plug into a generator, the only power source on the island. He packs the provisions into the wheelbarrow and navigates his way to a ramshackle cabin, the former staff quarters of the hotel his father had built decades ago and which has since fallen to ruin. The clearing around it is littered with lawn toys and coconut shells, which serve as food bowls for a dozen scrawny cats.

"Welcome to paradise," he says, rolling a cigarette. At first glance Tetiaroa indeed appears to have all the elements of a postcard Eden: the white sand, the coconut trees, the briny breeze, the limpid lagoon with schools of fish winding through mazes of coral.

But within its jungle—aside from rats, swamps, and swarms of mosquitoes and parasites—looms the tormented ghost of Marlon Brando. Like Charles Foster Kane's "Rosebud," Tetiaroa remains the key to understanding the late, great actor—a metaphor for his ravaged beauty and shattered dreams. And in the years since Brando's death, it has become the battleground for an epic struggle over his legacy. ▶▶

Julian Sancton is a Manhattan-based editor at Vanity Fair.

LAND OF THE LOST: Teihotu picks coconuts on the island his father bought in 1966.

WHEN BRANDO BOUGHT THE ISLAND, IN 1966, HE was at the height of a fame he never wanted, hailed as the finest actor of his generation but quickly becoming its most eccentric. On Tetiaroa, among his native children (including Teihotu and his younger sister Cheyenne), Brando transformed into a benevolent Dr. Moreau, concocting experiments he dreamed would save the world, most of which would remain castles in the sand. Brando had wanted to die on Tetiaroa, sitting under a coconut tree. But he never returned to the island after 1990, when a series of events—beginning with the conviction of his son Christian (from Brando's first wife, Anna Kashfi) for the killing of Cheyenne's Tahitian boyfriend and culminating in Cheyenne's suicide five years later—associated Tetiaroa, once his only sanctuary, with unspeakable tragedy.

Brando's final will made no mention of Tetiaroa. Two weeks before his death, the bedridden Brando signed a codicil appointing new executors to his estate: Hollywood producer Mike Medavoy, accountant Larry Dressler (who is Medavoy's brother-in-law and had reportedly never met Brando), and Avra Douglas, a former friend of Cheyenne's. In 2004 the new estate sold an interest to develop the island to Dick Bailey, a local luxury hotel developer who had worked with Brando on plans for a luxury eco hotel on Tetiaroa, applying some of Brando's wackier ecological concepts. "[Brando] had conversations with literally hundreds of investors and hoteliers," says David Seeley, a lawyer for the estate. "The furthest he ever got was with Bailey." After years of administrative and legal delays, construction is set to begin this month. If it happens, it will be the first successful project on an island full of pipe dreams—but it has outraged those who believe it violates Brando's wishes.

The abrupt transfer of Brando's estate triggered a slew of lawsuits, notably from the two dismissed executors: Alice Marchak, now 88, who had been Brando's secretary for half a century; and Jo An Corrales, his longtime friend and business manager. "The people who knew him the best knew what he wanted, and he certainly didn't want a big hotel project," says Bernard Judge, the architect of that first small hotel on the island. Judge also sued the estate, not for money but for the right to build a house on Tetiaroa on a lease Brando had purportedly granted him.

"Suddenly everyone knows what Marlon wanted," says Bailey. "What I know is that the estate wants the hotel, and the beneficiaries want it," he says, referring to Brando's nine surviving children, who would each see a portion of the hotel's profits. (Bailey has granted each of Brando's children the right to live on the island should they choose to.) Marchak, who knew Brando well and is a beneficiary herself, says, "The children didn't know anything about Marlon's finances. When they make statements that this is what their father wanted, I just have to laugh."

"This is a ship of fools, the whole deal," says Peter Manso, who wrote the authoritative biography of Brando. "There ain't too many heroes in this story, and it's a terribly sad one."

TEIHOTU KNOWS THAT BEING A BRANDO WILL MAKE HIM PART OF the draw of the new hotel—a living relic of Old Hollywood tucked away in the heart of darkness. "I'm not sure what my role at this hotel will be, but I think I'm already doing it," he says. Though he lives in the shadow of his father's legend, he knows a tranquillity Brando could only dream of. "This is my rolling chair," he says, pointing to his motorboat, "and this is my office." He sweeps his hand across the placid lagoon, protected from the crashing open sea by a ring of coral. Much of his job currently consists of keeping poachers at bay, mostly by throwing stones, since Bailey's company, Tahiti Beachcomber, has no legal rights over the water. As far as the poachers are concerned, Teihotu says, the lagoon is one big barrel to shoot fish in. "When I was 10 years old," he says, "you could catch fish with a knife, just slashing the water. Today you have to take the boat out with a spear and throw it." ➤➤

Islands Gone Bad

Tetiaroa isn't the only island paradise that's seen better days.

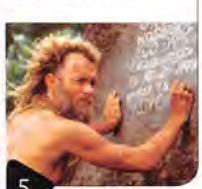
Gilligan's Island
Vision of hell in which bumbling, bucket-hat-wearing half-wit annoys the crap out of his fellow shipwreck survivors on a daily basis.

The Island of Dr. Moreau
Only thing more disturbing than the grotesque man-beasts is Brando's bloated performance as Moreau.

Lord of the Flies
It's blood, buggery, and pig-killing as British schoolboys try to govern themselves on a deserted island.

Rudolph & the Island of Misfit Toys
The red-nosed reindeer leaves the North Pole for a creepy, crudely animated world best experienced stoned.

Cast Away
Tom Hanks fishes with a spear, grows an awesome beard, and befriends a volleyball in his best role since *Bosom Buddies*.



Long Island
Soul-sucking region of New York famed for its hair-gel-addicted Guidos, tricked-out white Mustangs, and cheesy dance clubs.

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It certainly doesn't seem like stocks are depleted. A needlefish flits along on its tail fins as if walking on water, and an entire school of mullet spring through the air. There are sharks, too, but they rarely attack.

There is a small satellite dish on the island, but Teihotu only turns on the TV to stop it from corroding. In addition to spearfishing, he works out by pummeling a makeshift punching bag made from a sand-filled burlap sack. His old man taught him how to spar, passing on the moves he learned playing washed-up boxer Terry Malloy in *On the Waterfront*.

Teihotu spends the rest of his time exploring the atoll, some corners of which are still a mystery to him. No surprise: It comprises 1,400 acres of untamed land. His father believed that there are remains of encampments from the British sailors who, in 1787, overtook the HMS *Bounty*, threw the captain overboard, and set off with a group of Tahitian women in search of an island paradise where they could hide from the English crown. "They say the Spanish buried treasure here," adds Teihotu, "but I haven't found anything."

THE FIRST EUROPEANS ON TETIAROA FOUND THE VESTIGES OF A pagan sex cult. The Arioi Society, as it was called, had been a sort of traveling circus that worshiped the phallic deity 'Oro with explicit dances, raging orgies, and the occasional human sacrifice. After the cult was disbanded, Tetiaroa remained a vacation resort of the Tahitian royal family. It was acquired in the early 1900s by a Canadian dentist named Dr. Walter Williams, who made his fortune treating rotten Polynesian teeth. King Pomare V, a hard-drinking playboy, gave Tetiaroa to Williams as payment of a dental bill. When Williams set foot on Tetiaroa, the island was teeming with rats—thousands of them. He decided the best way to get rid of them was to bring in all the stray cats from Papeete, the Tahitian capital. They all but eradicated the rodents, but then they, too, multiplied. When they ran out of food, they began to eat each other in a kind of feline *Lord of the Flies*. Since then there have always been packs of feral cats roaming Tetiaroa.

English novelist Somerset Maugham, drawn to the mythical sensuality of French Polynesia like painter Paul Gauguin and Herman Melville before him, once spent two blissful weeks on Tetiaroa. Besides the cats, he was shocked to find a mysterious recluse snarling from a distance. This, Williams told him, was a leper who'd lived there for years.

When the good dentist died, in 1937, his daughter, Madame Duran, inherited the atoll. She lost her sight shortly after and, according to lore, would fire a rifle—blindly—at anyone she heard approaching. She was living alone on Tetiaroa in 1961 when Brando caught his first glimpse of the island from atop one of Tahiti's tallest mountains. By that time even she, blind and totally isolated, had heard of Marlon Brando.

IN 1960 BRANDO HAD ALREADY WON AN OSCAR AND BEEN NOMInated for four more. He had been set to star that year in two competing epics. One was *Lawrence of Arabia*, but, as he told one producer, "I'll be damned if I'll spend two years of my life on some fucking camel." The other was a remake of *Mutiny on the Bounty*, in which he'd play the role of Fletcher Christian, the dashing first mate who fell in love with the Tahitian lifestyle and spearheaded the mutiny. The prospect of six months shooting in the South Seas island won out.

The *Mutiny* shoot is still considered one of the most disastrous in Hollywood history. Six months turned into nearly a year and a half, and MGM lost exorbitant amounts of money thanks in no small part to Brando's prima donna antics, script demands, and frequent no-shows.

"He was a bit unwilling to learn his lines," says Tim Seely, the film's sole surviving principal cast member. Seely recalls one particularly frustrating scene in which Brando's character was supposed to be saying goodbye to his love interest, played by a local dancer named Tarita Teriipaia. "In the end they had to put little pieces of paper with his lines on her forehead. They were shooting over her shoulder."

Despite the difficulties, the shoot wasn't all hardships; in fact it quickly turned into a hedonistic free-for-all, with the star as a kind of local sex god. During breaks in shooting—and fucking—Brando explored Tahiti, a place he'd been fascinated by since flipping through old *National Geographic* magazines as a boy. It was on one of these excursions that he first spotted Tetiaroa as a sliver on the horizon. Well after the movie had wrapped, he couldn't get the sight out of his mind. He returned to Tahiti and hired a fisherman to take him to Tetiaroa.

Blind old Madame Duran was prepared to sell the remote paradise to Brando for $200,000 on the condition that he not cut down any of the indigenous tow trees. Brando vowed then he would always keep the island in as natural a state as possible.

> After Brando spotted Tetiaroa on the horizon, he couldn't get the sight out of his mind.

In his first trip to his new hideaway, with a keg of beer and some Tahitian friends in tow, Brando's dinghy crashed on the surrounding reef, and wave after wave scraped him across the coral, washing him up bloodied on the sand. Soon after he purchased the island, Brando fixed up the house of the old leper, who'd long since died. It was the first of his many pet projects on Tetiaroa, most of which he would never complete.

THE HORROR (clockwise from top left): Brando, shown with his "floating picnic table" on Tetiaroa in the '70s; supporting his son at Christian's manslaughter trial in 1990; Christian's mug shot; daughter Cheyenne in 1992; Brando's adopted daughter Raiatua; son Teihotu.

THE ONE WOMAN IMMUNE TO BRANDO'S CHARMS DURING THE filming of *Mutiny* was his costar, the beautiful 19-year-old Tarita. "The less likely I was to seduce a woman," Brando wrote in his 1995 memoir, *Songs My Mother Taught Me*, "the more I wanted to succeed." He never respected things that came easily to him, whether it was talent, Oscars, or women. Tarita also came to represent the myth of the unspoiled, noble savage and the purity of Polynesian life. And so he pursued her.

Brando eventually wore down Tarita's defenses through dogged insistence, and Tarita fell deeply in love. He wanted her to give him a Tahitian child, and within a year of *Mutiny*'s release, she gave birth to Teihotu in Papeete. Seven years later, though they were no longer sleeping together, Brando wanted Tarita to bear him a second Tahitian child, and in 1970 Cheyenne was born by artificial insemination.

Teihotu became Cheyenne's protector from the moment she was born. As Tarita wrote in her memoir, "He is constantly at her side to support her, holding out his arms, opening doors for her. Twenty years later, when Cheyenne would become ill, Teihotu would be the only one to have influence over her, the only one she would listen to, and to whom she would sometimes cry for help."

In 1971 Brando hired an architect, Bernard Judge, to build a small hotel on Tetiaroa to offset the severe toll the island took on Brando's continually troubled finances. Using primarily local wood and leaves, Judge erected 13 modest thatched fares (huts in the local style). Much of the hotel's handiwork over the years was done by Brando himself, along with his first-born son, Christian, whom Brando had reportedly stranded on Tetiaroa for extended periods of time to keep him from L.A.'s excesses. "Probably the two of them enjoyed their closest relationship while building Tetiaroa," says biographer Manso.

Brando relished his role as a Tahitian patriarch, ambling along the beach in traditional Polynesian sarongs. In 1977 Tarita had a child from another relationship, whom Brando adopted and treated as a daughter. He later adopted Raiatua, Tarita's niece, as well. "He was like my dad," says Raiatua, speaking in French. "He'd make fun of us because he spoke fluent Tahitian and we didn't." The Tahitian staff, recalls one guest, called him *le patron*, the boss: "They just about licked Marlon's shoe."

To Brando's chagrin, Tetiaroa became a destination for pilgrimages, with tourists clamoring to catch a glimpse of the actor. They hardly ever did, though now and again his celebrity friends made cameo appearances. Quincy Jones once stayed for a month to meditate. And hotel patrons were surprised to see Robert De Niro, a guest of Brando's in the late 1980s, amuse himself by waiting tables one night.

Increasingly, Brando viewed his island as a refuge from a preying public and a brutal industry. In the decade following *Mutiny*, word of Brando's behavior had made him an unhirable liability. He appeared in one humdrum project after the next until, in 1972, *The Godfather* catapulted him back onto the A-list and earned him his second Academy Award. Though he still belittled his profession, Brando could once again command exorbitant salaries, often for what amounted to cameo roles, such as in *Superman*, or in *Apocalypse Now*, where he played the half-crazed leader of a native jungle cult, a dark reflection of his Tahitian fiefdom. He would funnel much of his earnings into pet projects for Tetiaroa. "He once told me he was not an actor any longer," says his longtime friend and mistress Ellen Adler. "He was an inventor." (Brando has only one patent to his name: a mechanism to tighten drumheads.)

Brando's designs for Tetiaroa ranged from quirky—like a floating picnic table on the lagoon—to grand: He conceived of the island as a lab in which he could solve the world's ecological problems. He used his fame to invite scientists like Stewart Brand and Jacques Cousteau to Tetiaroa as advisors. He contemplated raising lobsters, pearls, sea turtles. He was especially passionate about aquaculture, the idea of harvesting crops in seawater, which could then go on to feed the Third World.

"He wanted to make it energy-independent," says alternative energy expert Jay Baldwin, who spent a month studying Tetiaroa in the 1970s.

"His ideas changed every day," recalls Teihotu. Most of his projects, however, were abandoned as he moved on to the next one. He built a group of thatched classrooms in the jungle in the hopes that students from around the world would come to his "university" to learn about Polynesia. Teihotu and Cheyenne would be its only students.

AS A TEENAGER, TEIHOTU WAS RESERVED, DISTANT, AND RESENTFUL of his father's absences. Concerned by his increasing drug use, Brando decided to send Teihotu to a hotel management school in Hawaii, where he could learn a useful trade, namely massage therapy.

Cheyenne dreamed of following him to America and pursuing modeling in Los Angeles, at her father's side. In the meantime she had taken up with Dag Drollet, one of Teihotu's friends and the scion of a prominent Tahitian family. The two soon lapsed into drugs as well. More alarmingly, Cheyenne began terrorizing those closest to her with random bursts of brutal violence, early symptoms of debilitating schizophrenia.

In 1989, following one of her fits, Cheyenne's car veered off the highway in Tahiti, tumbled down a ravine, and crashed into a tree. Surgeons managed to fix her broken jaw and reconstitute her torn ear, but Cheyenne's modeling days were over, and her mental illness worsened. ▶▶

HEART OF DARKNESS: Teihotu hopes to carry on his father's legacy; Brando as Colonel Kurtz in *Apocalypse Now*.

Less than a year later, believing that Drollet was beating the pregnant Cheyenne, Christian Brando shot him through the head at Brando's house on Mulholland Drive in Los Angeles. Brando tried to give Drollet mouth-to-mouth, but it was too late.

The media frenzy that followed shattered Marlon Brando's bubble of isolation, with reporters and paparazzi stationed outside his house 24/7. Christian was sentenced to 10 years for voluntary manslaughter; he served six. Dag's heartbroken father, Jacques-Denis Drollet, threatened to have Brando arrested if he ever set foot in Tahiti again. He never did.

Cheyenne returned to Tahiti during the trial, where she gave birth to Dag's son, Tuki, raised largely by Tarita as the increasingly unstable

It was a cruelty of fate that Teihotu was the one to find his beloved sister's body.

Cheyenne was interned at a hospital. (Tuki, 18, is now the face of Versace menswear.) Over the next four years, Cheyenne attempted suicide on several occasions, but Tarita was always there to save her. It was a cruelty of fate that Teihotu was ultimately the one to find his beloved sister hanging in her bedroom at their mother's house in Tahiti.

MARLON BRANDO NEARLY COLLAPSED ON THE SET OF *SCARY MOVIE 2* in 2001, and until his death he remained mostly bedridden and hooked up to oxygen, his once gorgeous physique bloated and grotesque.

In Brando's absence, the tiny hotel he'd built with his own hands fell into disrepair and its debts piled up. After his family called him for help, Brando consulted developer Dick Bailey, who had moved to Tahiti in the 1980s with his Polynesian wife. Bailey, who has the weathered good looks of a Hollywood stunt man, had just acquired the Tahiti InterContinental Hotel outside Papeete and transformed it into a world-class resort. Brando eventually invited Bailey to his home on Mulholland Drive to discuss a larger project. According to Bailey, a common vision emerged for a new hotel. Jo An Corrales, however, claims Brando would routinely meet with developers just to pick their brains and estimate how much his island was worth. Nevertheless, in 2002 Brando signed a building permit application allegedly based upon Bailey's early concepts.

Marlon Brando died of lung failure on July 1, 2004, and half his ashes were scattered over his island. "If I have my way," he wrote in his autobiography, "Teti'aroa will remain forever a place that reminds Tahitians of who they are and what they were centuries ago." In a will written in 1982, Brando expressed the wish that his island "go to my children and their issue...so that this property, to a large extent, will be owned by Polynesians in the future." But the will he wrote 20 years later made no mention of Tetiaroa.

In the end neither would happen. Two weeks before his death, suffering from pulmonary fibrosis and liver damage (as well as a lifelong dyslexia that required him to have many documents read aloud to him), Brando signed a codicil to his will, appointing three new executors. According to a 2006 lawsuit by his former housekeeper, Angela Borlaza, who allegedly wasn't allowed in the room, the only people present at the time were Larry Dressler, Dressler's lawyer, and Brando's Spanish-speaking handyman. The new executors would sell an interest in Tetiaroa to Dick Bailey's company for $2 million, plus $100,000 in rent and $450,000 a year to use the Brando name. According to Jo An Corrales and Alice Marchak, Brando had previously turned down offers of up to $60 million for the island. The most recent suit against the estate, filed by Deborah Brando—Christian's ex-wife—alleges that Brando's signature was a forgery. David Seeley, a lawyer for the estate, calls it "absurd...a frivolous lawsuit."

BACK ON TETIAROA, DICK BAILEY STRUGGLES TO UNFOLD A BLUEprint in the wind, then lays it out on the sand. In addition to the 40-bungalow hotel and houses for the beneficiaries, Bailey plans to build a research lab as well as residential lots. "We need to have some semipermanent residents," he says, "to help support the infrastructure." I ask if Tahitians will live there. "If they have enough money," he says plainly.

The developer says he is pursuing Brando's dreams of an ecological utopia, with plans to make use of wind and solar power as well as biofuels derived from coconuts. "[Brando] would be rolling in his grave if he knew it was to be called 'The Brando,'" says Bernard Judge. There is also opposition among local activists, who fear that construction would scare away the delicate fauna and damage ancient cultural landmarks.

"I'm not saying that everything we're doing would be what he wanted," concedes Bailey. "He was a dreamer."

What it comes down to, in the end, is conflicting interpretations of the desires of an inscrutable man. "People didn't know Marlon," says Marchak, his longtime secretary. "There's too much that was hidden."

Barring obstacles from either the U.S. courts or the Tahitian government, construction on The Brando is set to begin this month. Archaeologists were dispatched this year to help move *marae*—traditional Tahitian temples—out of the bulldozers' path. By government decree, religious experts have to ensure that ghosts no longer linger in them.

Even though Tarita, now 66, was specifically omitted from Brando's will, she hopes to return to the island permanently. Raiatua says she will come with her. "We grew up on this island," she says. "My mom lived all those years there, since she was 18 years old and left her family to be at Marlon's side. When he bought the atoll, she became invested in it."

Teihotu returned to Tetiaroa from Los Angeles, where he worked as a masseur, in 2002. He has no plans to leave. "If I didn't have Tetiaroa in my life, I don't know what I'd do. I'd be in L.A. County Jail." One of Brando's final unfinished projects was a TV series about Tahiti. In the outline he wrote for the pilot, he asks, "Why would a man born in Nebraska and raised in the Middle West decide that the best place to raise a family and while away the years of his life was on a pinch of land peeking out of the immensity of the Pacific Ocean?" Only a legend of Brando's stature could purchase a private island on the other side of the world for the privilege of just being a man. The passions he left on Tetiaroa ran deeper than anything he left on-screen, and they're sure to be unleashed, in one form or another, as bulldozers start kicking up sand. ●

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MAXIM PRESENTS

VERIZON WIRELESS GIRL OF THE MONTH

Think the Maxim Hometown Hotties have it easy? New Jersey beauty Jackie Danico is clearly a natural on film, but she's not just a pretty face—her many talents include bowling in a bikini and charming radio shock jocks.

Q: How do you get psyched up for photo shoots?

A: I blast music in my car and just rock out, get all pumped up.

Q: What do you like to do in your spare time?

A: I work out a lot, walk my two huge Alaskan malamutes, watch movies, spend time with my family and friends.

> "I like sports bars, wings, beer... But not meatheads."

Q: If you could add a magical feature to your phone, what would it be?

A: Food! If Italian food could just pop out the side of my phone...I'm not Italian, but I love Italian food.

Q: What's your mobile phone personality?

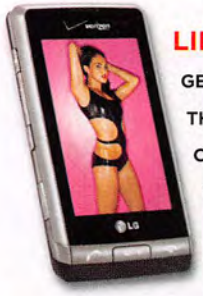
A: I like texting. Don't call me—I don't even listen to voicemails.

Q: Can you describe your ideal man?

A: Oh, yeah. Hot. Brown hair, light eyes, muscular. But no meatheads. None of that, please.

Q: What's your perfect date?

A: No dinner, no movies, no clubs. I like sports bars, wings, beer. Football is my favorite sport.



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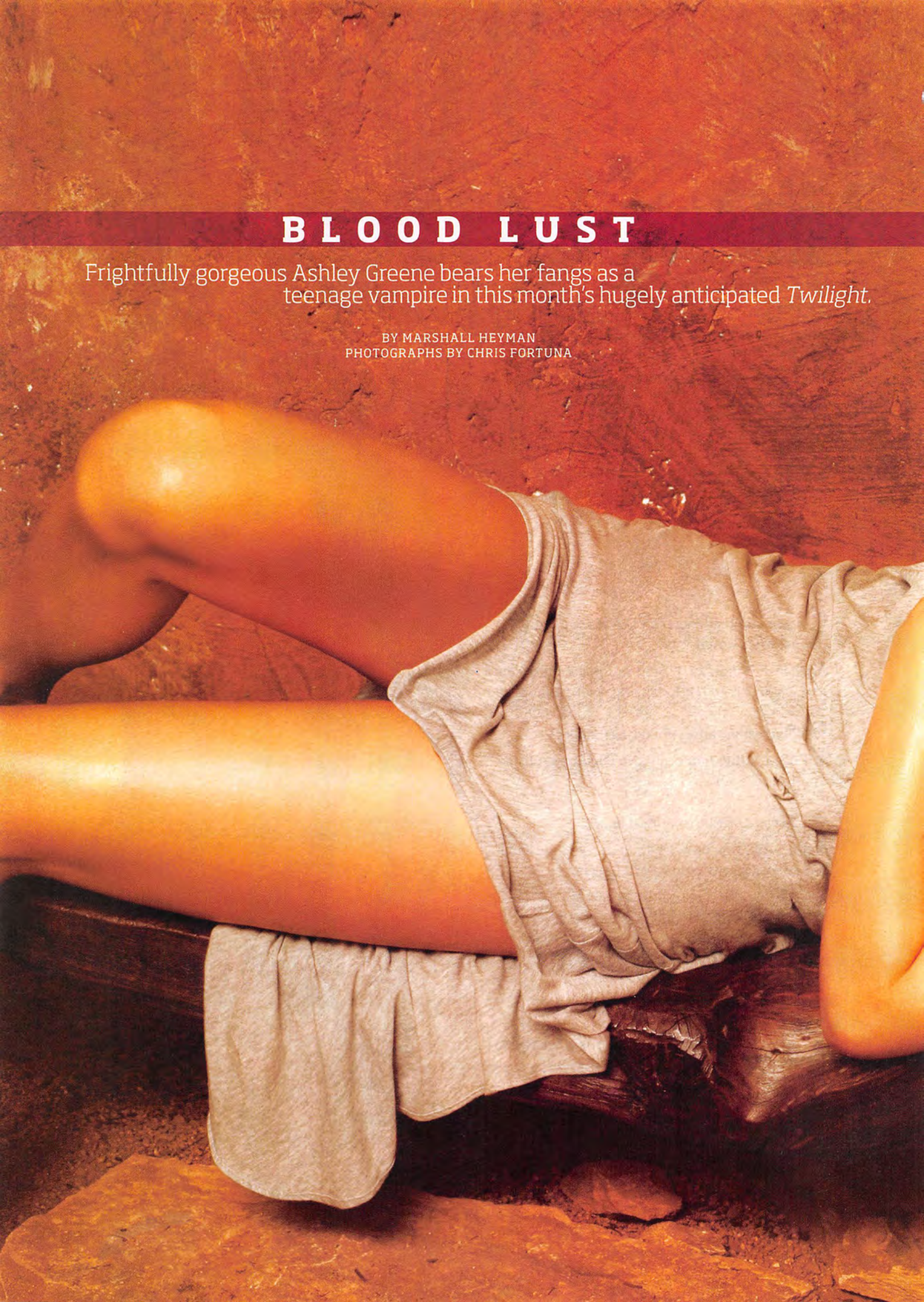
BLOOD LUST

Frightfully gorgeous Ashley Greene bears her fangs as a teenage vampire in this month's hugely anticipated *Twilight*.

BY MARSHALL HEYMAN
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRIS FORTUNA



Vionnet dress

THOUGH HER FIRST major movie role is playing a vampire in the tween horror/romance *Twilight* (based on Stephenie Meyer's mega-bestseller), Ashley Greene is not at all the dark, brooding type. Recently turned 21, the auburn-haired stunner is content to whip up meals with friends or cuddle with her pooch.

WE HEAR YOU'RE INTO TAE KWAN DO.
I did it when I was younger; I was such a little tomboy. Eventually I was like, Fighting girls is boring—can't I just fight the boys?

SO YOU STARTED TAKING ON GUYS?
I fought the boys, because I had beat up all the girls. I made this guy I had a crush on bleed. We were sparring, and I kicked him in the nose.

ARE YOU SCARIER KICKING THE CRAP OUT OF DUDES OR PLAYING A VAMPIRE IN *TWILIGHT*?
With all the hair and makeup and background music, I'm definitely going to go with the vampire. I'd have to get hardcore back into martial arts to be anywhere near as scary.

YOUR CHARACTER IN THE MOVIE CAN SEE THE FUTURE. WHAT DO YOU SEE IN YOURS?
No guys and lots of work.

YOU SEE NO GUYS IN YOUR FUTURE?
My managers and my agents and my mom are like, "No boys!" Sometimes I wish I had a boyfriend. We could watch movies, make dinner, and cuddle. But that's what girlfriends are for.

YOU CUDDLE WITH YOUR GIRLFRIENDS?
I cuddle with my dog. My dog, I would say, is the man in my life.

WAS THERE ANY INTER-VAMPIRE ROMANCE ON THE SET OF *TWILIGHT*?
Not to my knowledge, but you never know.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO MEET A REAL VAMPIRE?
If I wasn't alone, then maybe! Do people who say they're vampires really drink blood?

WE ASSUME SO.
I think I'll stick with the cast of *Twilight*. ●

Marshall Heyman, a former senior editor at W, is a freelance writer living in Los Angeles.

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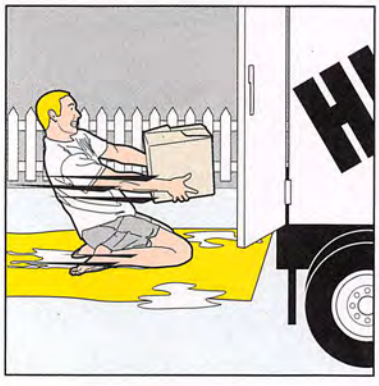

3 Expedite the shipping. Excluding your extensive action-figure collection, it's a good bet nothing you own is fragile. Set up a water slide across the lawn to get your furniture to the van.

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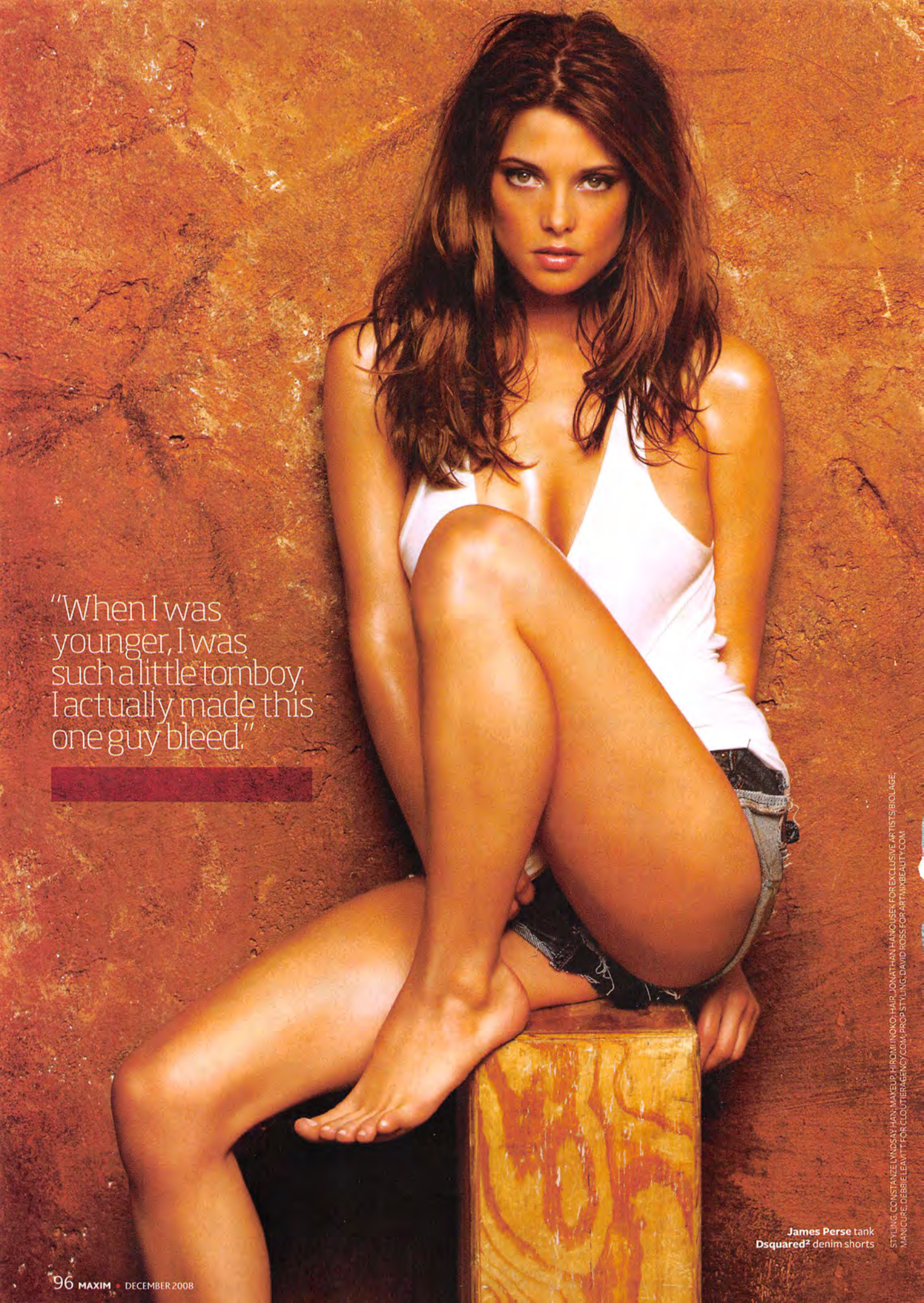

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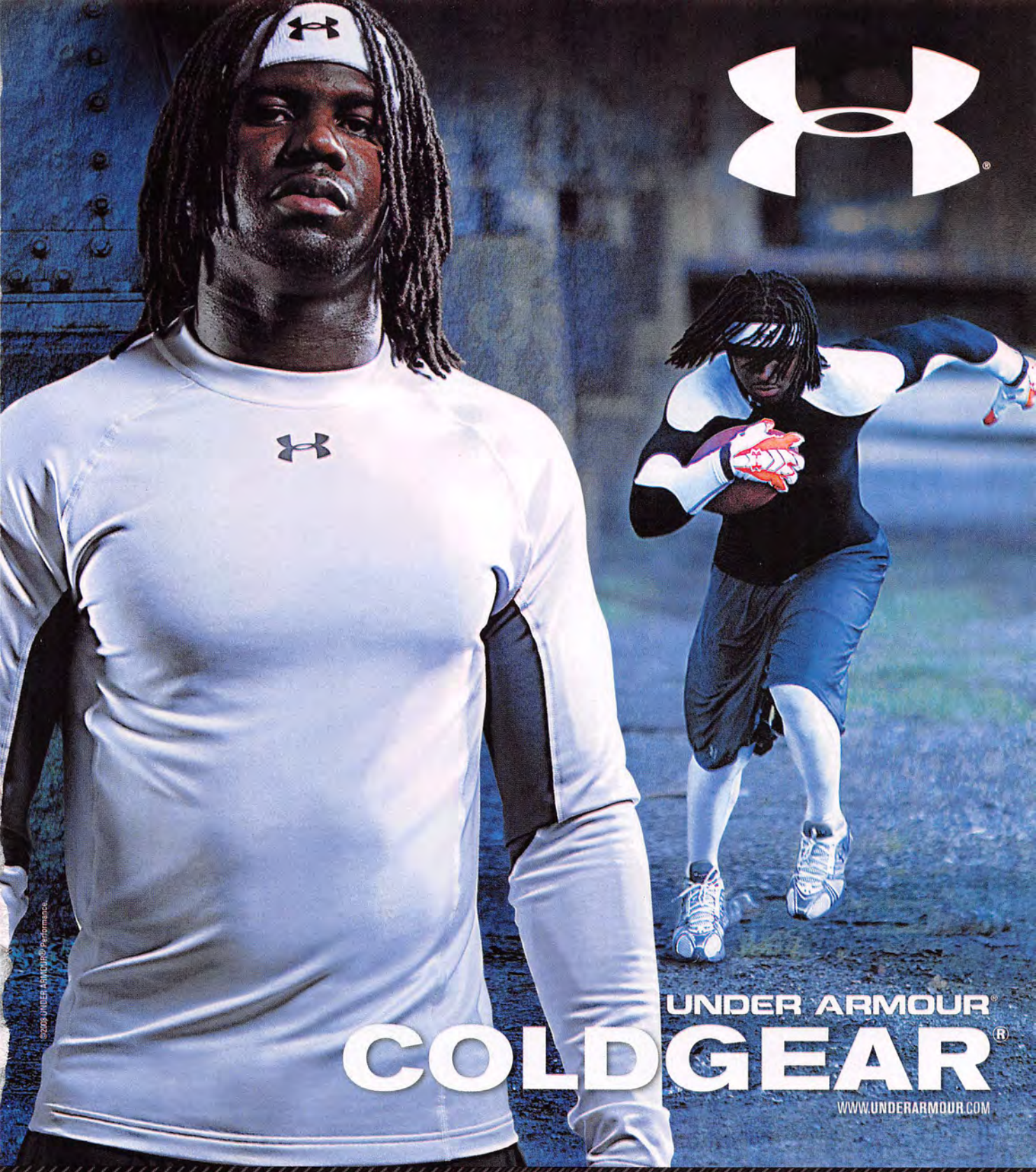

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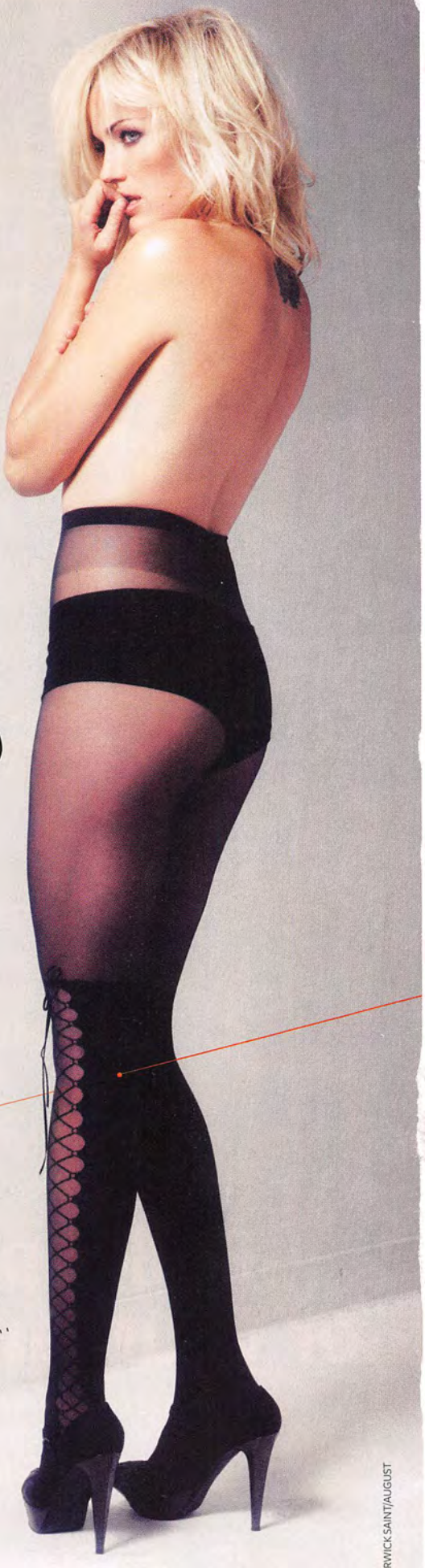
THE NEXT LIST!

OUR FEARLESS 2009 PREVIEW

Looking back on last year is so...last year. Rather than waste time and energy thinking about what was, we'd rather waste time and energy thinking about what will be. So get ready for the people, places, and things that will shape the next year of your life, starting with the lovely Malin Akerman...



WARWICK SAINT/AUGUST

Q SEXIEST GEEK GODDESS

A

Watchmen's Malin Akerman

The *Watchmen* graphic novel was pretty dark. What can we expect from the movie?
After reading the script, I was prepared for the darkness and absolutely loved that aspect of the film. It really should be rated double R—the movie is just out of control.

You play Silk Specter II, the love interest of Dr. Manhattan (played by Billy Crudup). What's it like filming a love scene between you and a bald, glowing blue guy?
Oh, my God, Billy was wearing this white sort of one-piece pajama suit with blue lights all over it and dots all over his face and a skull cap. We have some serious scenes together, and I looked at the director like, "Are you joking? Really?" I think everyone had the same reaction to Billy. Poor Billy.

For some reason we still don't feel sorry for him. Is *Watchmen* going to change the way we see superhero movies in the future?
I hope so. There are so many aspects to the movie that people can relate to. The psychology of it, like all the heroes are just regular humans going through their everyday lives. Nothing in it is typical.—*Jesse Brukman*

THE HAPPIEST BIRTHDAYS

Creepy in '08, Just Fine in '09

This year each of these lovely young ladies will celebrate her 18th birthday. Until that blessed day arrives, *Maxim* thinks of them as we would our little sister.

1 **Jamie Lynn Spears** (April 4) The younger Spears sibling has a radiant smile and the voice of a sweet songbird. And, miracle of miracles, she's got a child! No part of us wants to see her sparsely clothed in a salacious pictorial called "Pop Stars: Proud and Pantless!"

2 **Emma Roberts** (February 10) She's Julia Roberts' niece, but if you ask us, Emma is the *real* Pretty Woman! We'd never, ever contact her management to pitch an 18th-birthday spread featuring Ms. Roberts emerging from a waterfall. Ever.

3 **Jordan Hinson** (June 4) So you're an actress *and* a gymnast? Your family must be so proud! Now pardon us while we wipe out some illegal mental pictures by imagining Bruce Vilanch licking a lollipop.—*Scott Jacobson*

Q LATE-NIGHT TIGHTROPE WALKER

A

Jimmy Fallon

You're taking over Conan O'Brien's seat this year. How have you been preparing?
Drinking raw eggs in the morning, pounding frozen sides of beef, yelling at my wife's brother Paulie, running up steps someplace in Philly, sculpting a statue of myself, studying Clubber Lang films, and getting arrested in Australia for possession of steroids.

Is there anything you can tell us about how you'll put your stamp on *Late Night*?
Let me put it this way. I've told one person. They went mad.

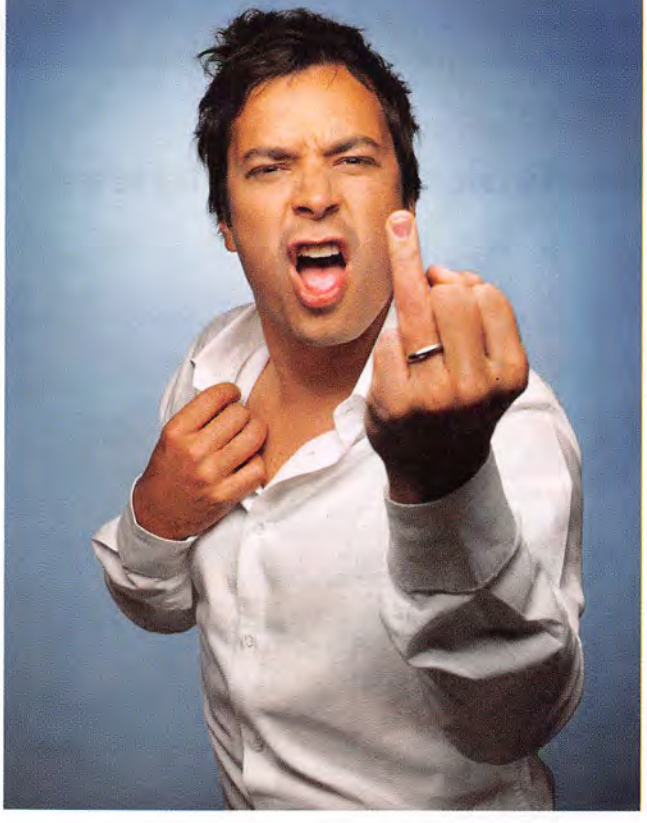
Is your show going to be the bee's knees or the cat's pajamas?
Neither. It's going to be "the horse's foreskin."

What celebrity do you pray does not wind up on your couch this year?
Definitely not Dr. Lincoln Wolfenstein. By primarily concentrating on connecting theoretical physics to experimental observations, his work on weak interaction has, in my opinion, tainted his studies on the presence of electrons in Earth and solar matter and their effect on neutrino propagation. MSW effect or not, for a particle phenomenologist to focus solely on neutrino oscillation in matter...I mean, c'mon, bro. You don't bring that shit to my house.

What are you most looking forward to in 2009?
Hair plugs.

You clearly know how to party. Any tips for readers on proper New Year's Eve etiquette?
Always bring apology notes to a party in the event that you black out on Jägermeister and throw an ottoman through a window.

What are you least looking forward to sacrificing in order to keep up with your new rigorous schedule?
All-night crunchfests with Mario Lopez.—*Dan Bova*



JUSTIN STEPHENS/CORBIS OUTLINE (FALLON)

→ **POWER UP YOUR GAS CARD:** CADILLAC WILL UNLEASH THE 556 HP CTS-V, THE FASTEST AMERICAN PRODUCTION SEDAN.

MOST EAGERLY AWAITED SUPERCAR

The Lexus LF-A

Let's get one thing straight here: The LF-A ain't your orthodontist's Lexus. If test-track spy shots are to be believed, in 2009 the luxury brand known for quiet, stately sedans may finally release its hopped-up 200-plus mph supercar, a Japanese beast destined to compete with the big boys from Italy. The supersexy, low-slung coupe should get a front-mid-mounted V-10 putting out more than 500 horses and a retractable rear wing. Early reports are setting the LF-A's price just north of $225,000. Hey, that's exactly the amount left in your PayPal account!—*Jesse Will*

HIGHEST TRACK MARKS

New Music Anticipation-O-Meter!

We Need It in Our Earhole

Kind of Excited

Eminem • We're hoping it comes out this year so we can settle our bet on which relative he'll fantasize about chopping up.

Pearl Jam • We get a contact high just thinking about it.

Wilco • Expect, as always, a reinvention—and songs to back it up.

Interpol • Rock's dark knights unlikely to go soft, making our eardrums wish they were never born.

Lily Allen • Adorable scamp to bring sunshine and cursing into our lives. *By Nick Catucci*

MY 2009 PREDICTION

I'll be a year older and will be separated from you by more degrees than you know.
Kevin Bacon

GREENEST LIFE RECYCLER

Old-School Calendars New Again

Before calendars could sync with BlackBerries, they hung on walls, welcoming every month with a new swimsuit model or sports car. And then when 12 months were over, they were tossed. Well, here's a neat tip: Calendars can only be configured in 14 different ways, and 2009 has the exact same days and dates as 1970, 1981, 1987, and 1998. So dance on over to eBay and grab yourself a year's worth of hippie playmates, Def Leppard, Salt-N-Pepa, or the cast of *Dawson's Creek*!—*Mike Shear*

→ **AN END TO ILLEGAL MULLET GROWTH HORMONES:** NASCAR BEGINS RANDOM DRUG TESTS FOR DRIVERS THIS YEAR.

VALET IT

DON'T LET THE VALET TOUCH IT

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HOTTEST LAP

Danica Patrick

For three years Danica Patrick had more than held her own in the Indy Racing League, but her detractors always had a trump card: When is she gonna win a race? She shut them up in 2008. Patrick took the checkered flag at the Indy Japan 300 for her first victory—and the first victory for a woman behind the wheel of an IRL car. "When I saw her initially, it was just like any other driver getting that first win," says Jack Arute, an ESPN analyst for 25 years and the first person to interview Patrick after her victory. "Then her mom got there, and an emotional avalanche occurred. She'd been dealing with those gender issues for most of her career, and she was relieved that the questions would now be over. She'd done something no woman had ever done." To celebrate she unzipped her racing suit and...OK, no she didn't. But, God, that would have been awesome. This year, besides raking in heaps and heaps of sponsorship dough, Danica has her eyes set on the ultimate prize. "My goal is always to win the Indianapolis 500," she says. "I don't know if there's a bigger goal in motor sports." Hear that, fellas? Danica's coming for you fast.—*Ky Henderson*

MOST HYPED MOVIE MAKEOVERS

Year of the Franchise Reboot

FRIDAY THE 13TH (February 13)
Where it left off: Jason Voorhees emerging from Crystal Lake holding the laughing, severed head of Freddy Krueger in 2003's *Freddy vs. Jason*.
What they're doing to it: Mashing the pivotal events of the first three movies (Jason's drowning, his mom's revenge, Jason's return) into one fun-filled heap.
Big change: Fans with not much else to live for are complaining that the new Jason is "too buff" and is dressed "too hip."
Silver lining: Stars *O.C.* alum Amanda Righetti as Whitney, a hot girl who presumably runs around in a tank top screaming.
Will it work? It's produced by Michael Bay's Platinum Dunes, which also brought us remakes of *The Hitcher* and *The Amityville Horror*...so probably not.

STAR TREK (May 8)
Where it left off: An ill-fated mashup between fat, old Kirk and wrinkly Jean-Luc Picard in 1994's *Generations*. It went where no man should ever, ever go.
What they're doing to it: Geek God J. J. Abrams is starting from scratch, following the early careers of the *Enterprise* officers.
Big change: A whole new crop of actors playing iconic characters, though Leonard Nimoy is rumored to turn up as an older Spock who meets himself thanks to time travel. Mind fuck!
Silver lining: Abrams knows how to do geeky without leaving you crippled with self-loathing.
Will it work? Beam up a nerd boner, Scotty!

TERMINATOR SALVATION (May 22)
Where it left off: The T-X comes back in time to kill John Connor and his future wife, only to be foiled by the original Terminator, who has been reprogrammed to be all nice.
What they're doing to it: Fast-forward time! It's 2018 and John Connor (Christian Bale) is leading the humans against Skynet.
Big change: No muscular, liquefied or hot Terminators you'd want to bang.
Silver lining: Batman kicks ass!
Will it work? After seeing footage, Arnold Schwarzenegger said, "I wasn't sure who the Terminator was. I don't know if there is one or if he's the star or the hero." Maybe it was a tumor?—*MO*

MY 2009 PREDICTION

Eliot Spitzer will come back strong, wooing voters not by shaking their hands but by encouraging them to smell his fingers.
Jim Norton, comic

MOST USEFUL ACCESSORY

The GPS Chip

Attention, fashionistas: The must-have style item south of the border is the size of a grain of rice, encased in crystal, and costs four grand. But trust us, it is worth every peso. With kidnapping rates in Mexico up a whopping 40 percent in the past few years, thousands of affluent trendsetters are having GPS chips implanted in their arms so they can be easily tracked by el fuzz when they are inevitably abducted. Viva la fashion!—*MO*

ART STREIBER/AUGUST (PATRICK)

→ **BIGGEST BIRTHDAY:** ABE LINCOLN AND CHARLES DARWIN BOTH TURN 200 ON FEBRUARY 12. GO, BEARDS!

THE SEQUEL

THE PREQUEL

THE MIDQUEL

THE SIDEQUEL

THE THREEQUEL

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BEST MIRTH MAKER

Aziz Ansari

↓ *The Office* spin-off is still in development, but what details can you reveal to us?
Right now all I can reveal is that it's a documentary-style show starring Amy Poehler and myself, produced by Greg Daniels and Mike Schur from *The Office*. I can also reveal the show will be catered exclusively by Chick-fil-A.

As someone of South Asian descent, was there pressure to have you play an IT guy?
No, although I could have done that in the movie *Transformers* and I foolishly turned down the audition. I would have made a shit ton of money for five minutes work.

You've got roles in *Observe and Report* and *I Love You, Man*, both coming out in 2009. How should America best prepare for the onset of Aziz Ansari fever?
I worry about fevers, because they are usually short-lived: Olympics fever, *American Gladiators* fever, NCAA Final Four fever. I need to shoot for a more long-term disease—maybe Aziz Ansari flu or Aziz Ansari rabies.

Give us some bold predictions for 2009?
Diddy's Burger King ads will increase Burger King's fast-food market share to unprecedented levels, leading to the shutdown of all other chains, including McDonald's. He will also start a new trend and put Crocs-based liquor drinks in juice boxes. Both *The Bucket List* and *Nights in Rodanthe* will be released on DVD, and I will not buy them. I will continue to pay $18.95 for Netflix, while keeping the same three movies at my house for the whole year.—*Ben Detrick*

PRICIEST MISTAKE REMOVER

Pharrell's Flesh

Laser tattoo removal is for the poors. Hip-hop producer Pharrell Williams is spending hundreds of thousands of dollars to have a company in North Carolina grow him new skin in a lab, which he'll then have surgically placed over his current slate of outdated tats. "It's basically like getting a skin graft, but you're not taking skin from your ass or your legs," the painfully rich body art pioneer explained. After the surgery and healing have taken place, Pharrell can move on to phase two of his plan: getting a brand-new batch of stupid tattoos!—*Mike Olson*

MY 2009 PREDICTION

Once again, I don't get the Emmy. It's a lock. It'll be five in a row. I'm going for the record. Guy's gotta have goals.
Denis Leary

NEXT LEVEL GAMES

Sequels That Don't Suck

Street Fighter IV
Capcom, PS3, Xbox 360, Winter
The first true *Street Fighter* sequel in eight years, *IV* brings back all the characters you know and love and allows you to beat them to a pulp in gorgeous stylized 3-D. That's an extra dimension of utraviolent pain, gamers.

The Sims 3
Sims Studio, PC, Feb. 20
Welcome to stage three of the all-time biggest PC seller in gaming history. If you feel the fantasy *World of Warcraft* has too many darn orcs and the real world too many, you know, *human beings*, then this juggernaut life simulator is the sequel for you.

Resident Evil 5
Capcom, PS3, Xbox 360, March 13
The fearsome franchise's next step is on PS3 and Xbox 360, and it's taking gamers to Africa with an online co-op mode where protagonists Chris Redfield and Sheva Alomar battle hoards of undead. And a couple of giraffes.—*JB*

→ **BEST PLACE FOR BEAVER:** SCOTLAND WILL REINTRODUCE 20 BEAVERS INTO THEIR FORESTS TO INCREASE TOURISM.

HOT CHICK WITH A GUN

THUG WITH REVENGE ON HIS MIND

A SQUAD OF SOLDIERS WITH AN AX TO GRIND

STAR ATHLETE WITH SUPERHUMAN SKILLS

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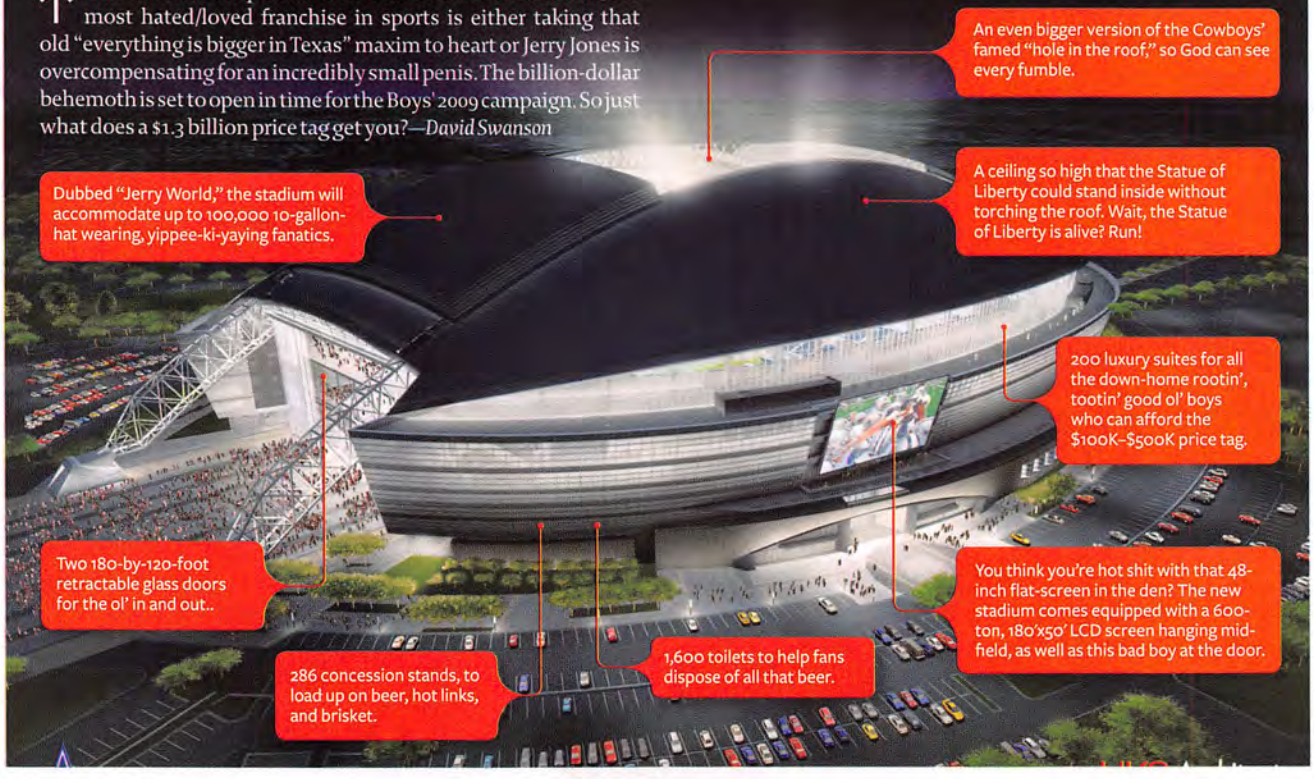
CRAZIEST PLAYING FIELD UNLEVELED

The Cowboys' New Billion-Dollar Ranch

With their brand-spankin'-new enormodome of a stadium, the most hated/loved franchise in sports is either taking that old "everything is bigger in Texas" maxim to heart or Jerry Jones is overcompensating for an incredibly small penis. The billion-dollar behemoth is set to open in time for the Boys' 2009 campaign. So just what does a $1.3 billion price tag get you?—*David Swanson*


An even bigger version of the Cowboys' famed "hole in the roof," so God can see every fumble.
Dubbed "Jerry World," the stadium will accommodate up to 100,000 10-gallon-hat wearing, yippee-ki-yaying fanatics.
A ceiling so high that the Statue of Liberty could stand inside without torching the roof. Wait, the Statue of Liberty is alive? Run!
200 luxury suites for all the down-home rootin', tootin' good ol' boys who can afford the $100K–$500K price tag.
Two 180-by-120-foot retractable glass doors for the ol' in and out..
You think you're hot shit with that 48-inch flat-screen in the den? The new stadium comes equipped with a 600-ton, 180'x50' LCD screen hanging mid-field, as well as this bad boy at the door.
286 concession stands, to load up on beer, hot links, and brisket.
1,600 toilets to help fans dispose of all that beer.

DORKIEST PEOPLE MOVER

Out of the Way, Segway!

The future is approaching—at a leisurely 3.7 miles per hour. That's the top speed of the Toyota Winglet, the Segway-esque scooter that will make actual physical movement even more passé. (Models have hit airports for consumer testing—and lots of pointing and laughing—this year, and Toyota plans to roll out production models in '10.) So here's the deal: The little bastard can pivot 360 degrees, stop on a dime, and, according to *Maxim* scientists, make anybody riding it 87 percent less attractive to the opposite sex. Toyota hopes that future Winglet models will be able to pick you up when beckoned by voice command or even zip off to recharge their own batteries when you're not on board. Sounds great! If you need us, we'll be gaining 50 pounds in anticipation of never having to walk ever again.—*MO*

MY 2009 PREDICTION

Record companies will drive to your house and drop off music. Whatever you don't like, leave on the porch for recycling. **Wayne Coyne, the Flaming Lips**

SAUCIEST BURNING SENSATION

The Angry Whopper

Coming soon to a cram hole near you, this hunk of artery-clogging innovation from Burger King! Starting December 29 (yes, that is technically still 2008, but this is big news, people!), the King will top his Whopper with, among other things, pepper jack cheese, spicy Angry onions, crispy bacon, jalapeños, and Angry sauce. What makes it so "angry"? The fact that its tax dollars went to bail out Wall Street fat cats. Where's Main Street's bailout money? And while we're at it, where are our napkins? This thing is messy!—*DB*

→ **CREEPIEST SPACE PROBE:** NASA'S MESSENGER MAKES FINAL FLYBY OF MERCURY BEFORE ITS 2011 "ORBIT INSERTION."

MORE SEATS

MORE SUITES

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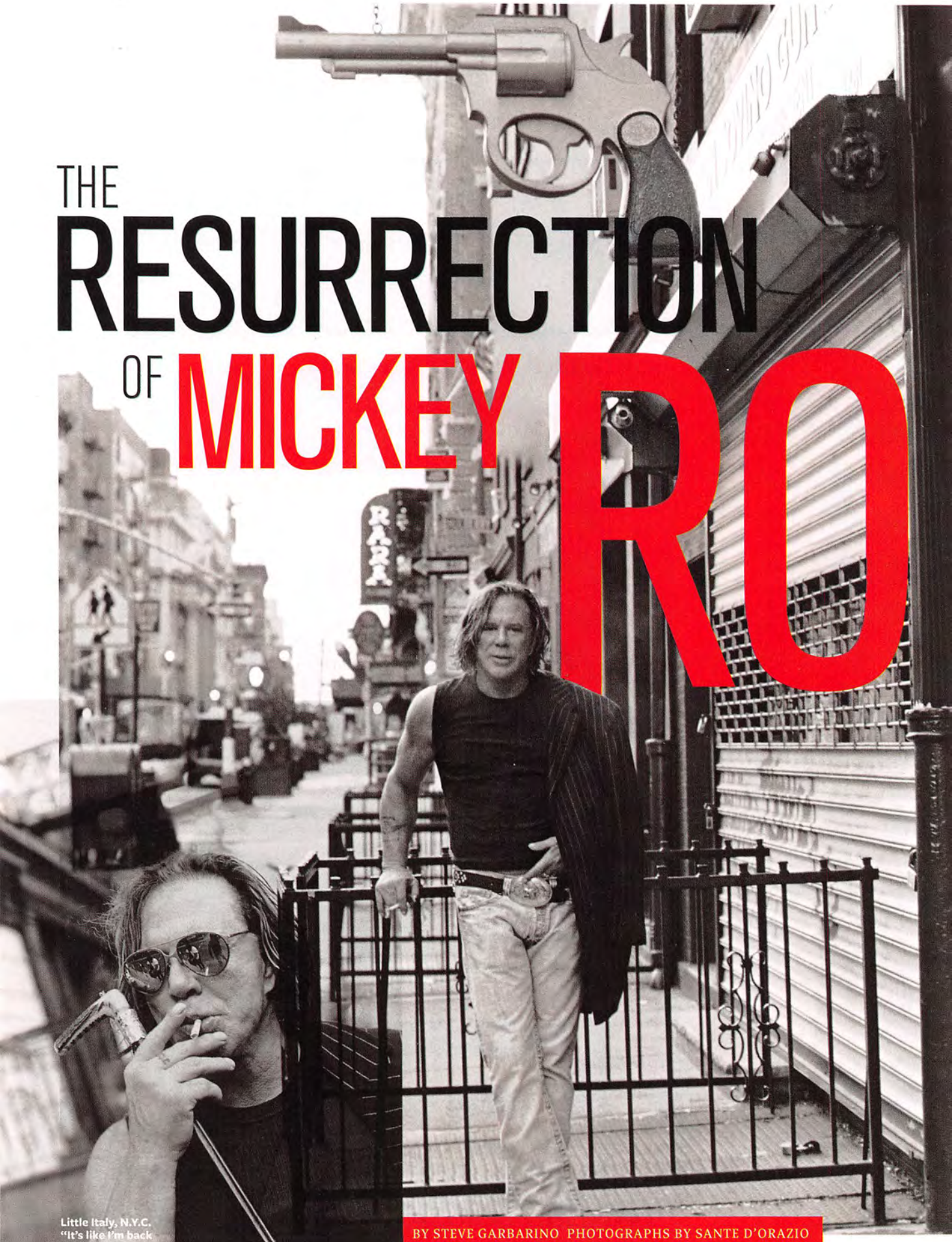
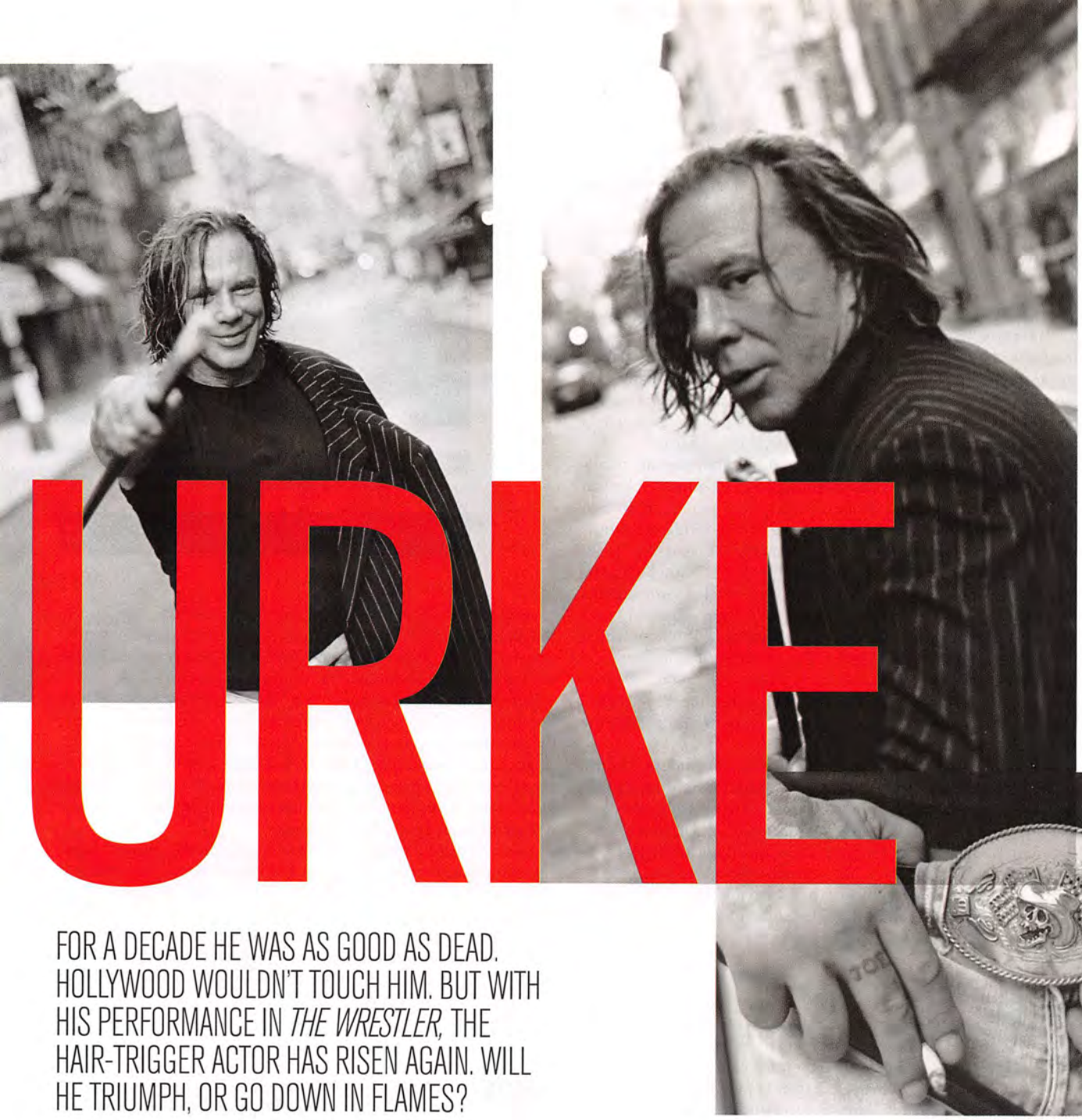
THE RESURRECTION OF MICKEY RO



Little Italy, N.Y.C. "It's like I'm back in my nabe."

BY STEVE GARBARINO PHOTOGRAPHS BY SANTE D'ORAZIO



URKE

FOR A DECADE HE WAS AS GOOD AS DEAD. HOLLYWOOD WOULDN'T TOUCH HIM. BUT WITH HIS PERFORMANCE IN *THE WRESTLER*, THE HAIR-TRIGGER ACTOR HAS RISEN AGAIN. WILL HE TRIUMPH, OR GO DOWN IN FLAMES?

ON A MUGGY SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN LATE SEPTEMBER, DEEP INside the frankincense-heavy rectory of 42nd Street's Holy Cross Church, Father Peter Colapietro is touring me through the skeletal wreckage of his kitchen, burnt recently in an electrical fire by "some idiot."

Father Pete suggests we go out to a nearby restaurant, "throw down a belt" of Rebel Yell, and "blow some smoke." His church is poor by Manhattan standards despite its 1852 vintage. It's a ragged, grand red-brick slice of sanctuary for the down and out between soup-line Hell's Kitchen and the triple-X remnant of Times Square. The priest is concerned about how to pay for the reconstruction of his church, which he calls the "crossroads of the world." But he's seen worse damaged goods.

Like Mickey Rourke, his friend and parishioner, who after a sudden return to the spotlight spurred by a critically lauded comeback role in Darren Aronofsky's epic new anti-*Rocky* drama, *The Wrestler*, now finds himself at a crossroads of his own: one of staying committed to rebuilding his life and career or letting it fall to pieces again.

"Comeback?" says the actor. "When people come up to me and say, 'You're back,' I say, 'Brother, you don't know where I've been.'"

Ten years ago the straggly Method performer—who throughout the 1980s scene-robbed and owned such indelible films as *Diner*, *Rumble Fish*, *Barfly*, and *The Pope of Greenwich Village*, but whose acting career was outweighed and beaten to a pulp by an on-again, off-again professional boxing career, a mutually abusive marriage (to sultry supermodel Carré Otis, from 1992 to 1998), snot flings with gossip columnists, Miami Beach goon-squadding, exploding cheekbones, movie-set walk-offs, and basic don't-you-know-who-I-am Assholery 101—had entered the church like a man without a home, requesting the presence of a man of the cloth.

Father Pete knew who he was, despite "it taking me 15 times to watch *Angel Heart* [Rourke's 1987 film about devil pacts, costarring Robert De Niro as Lucifer] and still not understand what the fuck was going on."

"It was Mickey Rourke, and Mickey Rourke was in trouble," says the priest, a robust, expletive-spouting Bronx native. "He needed someone to talk to. He needed an anchor. I told him that we are all our ▶▶

Steve Garbarino is Maxim*'s editor-at-large and a* Vanity Fair *contributing editor.*

own worst enemies. But Mickey was fighting the Axis powers in his head: Germany, Japan, and Italy. I can't go deeper than that."

Rourke, however, can. Recalling one of his lowest moments, he says, "I was about to commit two mortal sins." His career in a stranglehold, his billfold empty, his wife walking, his gold-plated Rolls-Royce, motorcycles, and other toys sold off to pay bills, he was living in rentals and hotel rooms, looking for lost love and a good day's work. Having come off such lamentable oil spillage as 1997's Dennis Rodman–costarring lark *Double Team*, as well as the 1991 big-budget bomb *Harley Davidson and the Marlboro Man* and the camp-porno follow-up to *9½ Weeks*, *Wild Orchid* (costarring his future wife, Otis), he was seriously contemplating suicide. That was the first mortal sin. The second: He was planning to murder, as he puts it, "a guy who raped Carré when she was on heroin and beat her up."

"He needed someone to talk to, someone nonjudgmental," recalls Father Pete. "That's what confession is about. He admitted he had fucked up his relationship with his wife. He had something written down, a letter he'd written to Carré—a note of a reconciliatory nature. I told him, 'Let's fold it up and put it behind the statue of Saint Jude.' He went straight to the statue. That was a good sign." Saint Jude is the patron saint of hopeless causes. "He's the guy to talk to when things seem totally hopeless and you need an intercession by God," says Father Pete. Rourke lit a candle for a prayer, then tucked his note behind the wooden sculpture of the saint, within the dimly lit sanctuary.

Father Pete told him, "This isn't magic. But God loves you, and in the end, no matter how long it takes, He will give you the strength you need." Then the priest and the actor went back to the rectory to drink red wine and smoke cigarettes.

Fast-forward back to this rainy September day and inside the church: Father Pete and I search for Rourke's note to Otis from so long ago. We find several other hopeless-cause notes, but Rourke's is long gone, just like Otis herself. Rourke, however, is still around, still in contact with the priest. Father Pete heard from him a day before our meeting at Holy Cross, and he says of the actor, "He sounds better than he has in years!" But he still sounds concerned. "Still, he's worrying about falling apart.

"I'll pray for him," says the priest, "I really will."

* * * *

Mickey Rourke truly had it all: fancy cars, hot supermodel wife, Hollywood Hills compound, entourage of adulators, and one of the most promising careers since Nicholson and Brando. Rising out of the ghetto in South Florida, moving to New York, then La-La, he landed his first notable short role in 1981's neo-noir *Body Heat* while working at a drag queen bar in Hollywood. As a charismatic arsonist, he easily overshadowed the stars, William Hurt and Kathleen Turner—catapulting his career forward on the A-list train. That was the '80s, his golden years. With his Irish good looks, mischievous smile, and world-weary eyes—always spelling trouble—his talent lay in making character roles leads. But he fought with directors, made scenes at nightclubs, got arrested for stupid things. In 1991, after one flop too many, he made the unprecedented and ill-conceived move of leaving Hollywood to become a professional boxer. He wasn't bad. He won some big matches over a five-year career, but destroyed his Hollywood looks. Reconstructive surgery contributed to his somewhat waxen appearance today. "I don't watch my films. I hate watching myself," he says. "I haven't seen *The Wrestler*, and I don't plan to, either."

Rourke's downfall occurred simultaneously with his marriage to Otis. It was tumultuous tabloid fodder up until its final, ugly flame-out in 1998. The money, the friends, the love life, the looks, the career, all gone.

But now the gods appear to be favoring him again. Ever since the Venice International Film Festival awarded its highest honor to *The Wrestler*—the New Jersey–set drama about a washed-up 1980s ring champion named Randy "the Ram" Robinson, attempting a second round in his career and troubled life—the accolades for Rourke's starring performance have made him a likely candidate for the Best Actor Oscar. His ravaged, self-effacing role in the film (costarring Marisa Tomei as an aging stripper with a heart of gold and Evan Rachel Wood as Rourke's estranged lesbian daughter) has brought him the best reviews of his life.

COMING OF AGE: Rourke today, in a scene from *The Wrestler*; pool-sharking in *Diner*, 1982. Opposite: On his brownstone stoop in Manhattan, with "the kids."

Variety offered up a sample rave: "Rourke creates a galvanizing, humorous, deeply moving portrait that instantly takes its place among the great, iconic screen performances." Harvey Weinstein, whose production company gave Rourke his first career jump-start with 2005's graphic-novel adaptation of *Sin City*, says of the new film, "It's one of those epic pictures that really move you. This is a winner for Mickey—maybe *the* winner. He's really pulling out the stops."

And in his real life Rourke seems to be making the right moves as well. He left the place that ostracized him, Hollywood, for the place that first embraced him, New York City, "where it all began." And so with the comeback film of a bone-crushing lifetime, the magnificent disaster that is—or was—Mickey Rourke is witness to his own resurrection. But is the pugilist finally at rest? Can he overcome his own worst enemy—himself? Rise up, and stay there? Or fuck up, and go nowhere? The stakes are bigger than just a career.

* * * *

The sacred and the profane mix like holy water and Red Bull at the West Village home of Mickey Rourke. His first-floor walk-up is in a turn-of-the-century brownstone located on a block where no-name neighbors walk their dogs but celebrities come and go from two venerable hot spots a bottle's throw away, including the Waverly Inn, where Rourke holds court at his own table a couple of nights a week. Rourke's choice of neighborhood seems premeditated: close enough to harm's way, easy enough to bring the party home or leave it behind. And in choosing the digs, he's created a sort of sequel to *The Pope of Greenwich Village*. Neighbors shout out to him but don't take pictures. He stops to talk, patting their dogs, calling them "handsome" or a "real looker." He purrs, "Ooh-la-laah!" when a pretty girl walks by.

"We know everyone from six brownstones down from the left to the right," he says in his deep, tough-guy voice. "We know everybody by their first name, and everyone's got a dog." And there is history: "The West Village is the first place that I landed 20-something years ago, a few streets down. It's like I'm back in my nabe. I never knew my neighbors for 15 years in L.A.—not one of them. I hate that fucking city! I hated it the first day I got there, and I hated it the last day I was there."

His Manhattan stoop, in our interviews, becomes the in-plain-sight confessional, the portal for inward-thinking, self-analysis, self-doubts,

MADDY SIMPSON

where the tape recorder runs freely. Inside the brownstone, the taping often stops, a bawdy dude-party atmosphere dominates, and what his therapist of more than a decade, Dr. Steve, might call "arrested development" prevails.

Rourke has always been a guy's guy, and a loner when not. The bodybuilding, the biker fixation, the bar brawls; he's a living Fonzie, lots of bravado laced with nostalgia, defending honor, and being a man. The "bad men" he used to hang with notoriously in L.A. and Miami—outlaw motorcycle gang members, pilot-fish henchmen milking him of his money, hipster hairstylists, losers of all walks—are out of the picture. "I don't travel with a bodyguard anymore," he says. "I jump in a fucking cab when I go out." His new-old posse are people he's known for years who have stuck by him through the lean ones. "What it's all about in the end," he says, "is giving and sharing and being supportive, even when you're down, you know?"

One pal, a shaved-head bodybuilder named Scott Siegel, drops by one night carrying a black tank of whey protein the size of a mini-keg for Mickey's use. He's a shy guy, a gentle giant, but makes a standout cameo in *The Wrestler* as a drug dealer, grocery-listing the intricate names of his black-market steroids and painkillers to the Ram. Says Rourke in his oft-kilter but fond way: "He's the biggest Jew on the planet! He may not be as big as Harvey Weinstein"—another pal—"but he's *big*!"

Rourke's friend of 20 years J.P. Parlavecchio lives with him in his downstairs apartment, "taking care of my shit," says Rourke. He handles his daily schedule, making sure he makes meetings, preparing gourmet meals for Rourke's many diminutive pets. Wearing his signature fedora, J.P. looks like a guy you'd see placing bets at a Tampa greyhound track. "Mickey and I are old-school people," says Parlavecchio, who once owned bars and restaurants in New York and Miami. All are gone now. "We believe in trust and friendship. You treat your friends the same, whether they're on top or on the bottom. I always tell Mickey the truth, whether he likes it or doesn't."

Says Rourke: "I like J.P. because he's a Chihuahua lover." Then later he adds, "J.P. knew me when I was crazier than a fucking loon! I went through a period where I lost my house, my wife, my credibility, my career, my entourage, and what have you. And when you are sinking, the rats jump off the boat, you know? But even through all the crazy times, J.P. was always there for me. When I didn't want to be bothered, I could go sit and eat in his restaurants." He often chose a table in their kitchens. "And if I didn't want to leave my room, he'd send over the kid with some lasagna."

Most of his celebrity friends aren't actors, but iconic musicians—outsiders like himself, from Bob Dylan and Axl Rose (who Rourke says provided, free of charge, Guns n' Roses' hit song "Sweet Child o' Mine" for his film) to Bruce Springsteen, who wrote the evocative title song to *The Wrestler* for a nominal fee. "If I could have another brother," Rourke says of Springsteen, "I'd pick him."

* * * *

Contrary to his big-spender days, Rourke often eats at home now, surrounded by six dogs of varying sizes, all small. They clearly rule the roost, along with a few guy friends. He permits himself a blowout one night a week, typically Thursdays. Sundays are "Mexican night" at the Rourke household. On one such September evening, he invites me over to join in the revelry of takeout burritos and tacos, downed with Coronas regularly knocked off the coffee table or over on the parquet floors by his excitable pets.

One might expect Rourke to live in a glass box of a place, like his apartment of '80s excess in *9½ Weeks*. Or perhaps the ultimate bachelor pad, with black silk sheets, mirrored ceilings, and a built-in wet bar. But the two-story apartment is done up like a fancy boudoir right out of New Orleans' well-heeled Garden District, and it suits Rourke, who lived in the city while filming *Angel Heart*. Everywhere are framed photographs of his heroes: his brother, Hells Angels captains, the boozing, brilliant actor Richard Harris. There's a sexy nude of his ex-wife, Otis, that he shot in Tahiti. Ornate chandeliers cast shadows upon Rourke's visage and share space with a built-in punching bag and a bench press. A gilt-edged portrait of his prized dog, Loki, hangs where a family portrait might preside in another home, high above a marble fireplace.

But there are also touches an interior designer might not quite approve of, such as the anatomically correct rubber dildo that is suction-cupped to a parlor wall. On Mexican night, an attractive blonde-haired female friend sitting on a black leather sofa next to Rourke nibbles on nachos, feigning obliviousness to the prop jutting from the wall, inches from her face. "That's *Little* Mickey," emphasizes Rourke. On a shelf in the bedroom, an arsenal of sex toys that would give Robin Byrd pause awaits somebody or other. Rourke, dressed comfortably casual in a flannel shirt and jeans, points to the stripper pole ensconced in the main room. It was incorporated there as a centerpiece when he moved in several months ago. But so far no bites from female visitors. Like the sex toys, it's more theater than action. He pauses. "I'm waiting for the right girl to come in and say, 'You wanna *see* something?' "

* * * *

Rourke isn't seeing anyone seriously now. Going out at night, he often orders iced teas instead of liquor. Not that he's happy about it, but he says he has to stay "focused."

"I've never had a drug or alcohol problem. But that's an easy hook to lay on somebody," he says. "For a period, I was married to someone who was a drug addict, so it's easier for me to be labeled that."

I mention AA, and he shouts, "Fuck AA! I don't believe in it. But I think it's real easy to label somebody. It's like labeling a chick with blonde hair and big tits a bimbo." Rourke says he only indulges in alcohol after midnight. One of his many text messages reads, "Discipline. Discipline." Later he confides, "My problem has always been my anger."

Rourke seems resigned to bachelorhood, being with his pals, a noncommittal date. While his career seems to be moving forward, fast, he lives in the past, and welcomes it. Like a good Catholic boy, he believes that suffering brings redemption of sorts.

Dominating the living room is a candlelit shrine, complete with snapshots, surrounding a statue of the Virgin Mary. It is a requiem to his beloved younger brother, Joe—a good-looking, bearded biker who, Rourke says, "is the inspiration for everything I do." He died on October 6, 2004 from cancer. When he passed, Rourke held him in his arms, on his deathbed, assured him it was OK for him to go. Rourke later tossed his ashes into the sea, where he says he heard Joe's voice and saw a ➤➤

flash of blue light. "I just stood at the foot of the ocean and screamed. Then I went back to my hotel room and drank a bottle of whiskey."

Now when he sees a blue light anywhere, he believes that Joey is with him, cueing him in. It happened when Axl Rose sang "Knockin' on Heaven's Door" at a concert and gave Joe a shout-out. Rourke bawled with tears. "I couldn't stop shaking."

He tours me through the denlike basement room where J.P. lives and points to a framed black-and-white photo of four-year-old Joe Rourke being pushed in a wheelbarrow by five-year-old Mickey—always the protector. The photo was taken at the Schenectady, New York house of his grandmother. "Those were the happy times," says Rourke. "But they only lasted five years." J.P. says, "Well, you're smiling *now*." As Rourke points at his Memory Lane wall, you see the word JOE spelled out in oxidized ink block letters on a finger. The tattoo can be seen in *The Wrestler*, not by accident.

The loss of Carré from his life was his first heartbreak; Joe, his second. The two inform all he does and doesn't do. "Being alone has now become like a way of life," he says on his steps one night, smoking a Marlboro Red. "I can't foresee myself living in the same house with somebody." That is, a girlfriend or wife or child. "I have my dogs, and you know what? You couldn't give me $10 million a piece for them.

"I had a relationship in which I loved the woman from here and beyond," he continues. "But it was a destructive one. We were both damaged goods at the time."

On the subject of having children, Rourke says, "People say to me, 'You don't have kids?' And I go, No. A guy like me? I could never have a kid, because, you know, it's like, maybe I'd want one, but I would never..." He trails off. "The worst thing I could do as a human being would be to have a kid, be living with some woman, get a divorce, and have my son or daughter live with some other man. After what happened to me, I couldn't do that."

* * * *

What happened to Mickey Rourke was that he was born into a broken, abusive family in Schenectady, along with his younger brother and sister. Rourke says he recalls seeing his father only twice: at age six and, 20 years later, at 26. "He was a carpenter. And he was a bodybuilder, back when it was freaky to be one." He left the family when they were very young. "My father drank himself to death at 47," says Rourke, who nonetheless is proud enough of his pop to dig up a black-and-white of the handsome, muscular man, shirtless and holding Rourke at age two. His father once held the title of Mister New York, USA.

INCOMING: "The Ram" is staple-gunned and kitchen-knifed in *The Wrestler*.

His mother remarried, reportedly a cop, and when Rourke was still a child, the family moved to Liberty City, in Miami, a town known for its high crime rate. The years there would become his own personal hell. "He was the guy that did all the shit to me when I was little...certain physical shit that happened when I was too small to defend myself.

"The atrocities that happened in that house I lived in were so nightmarish, I later surrounded myself with bad people, really bad people. Jails are filled with people that can't function because of what happened to them. But, you know, I've never wanted to be a victim."

Rourke wanted to be a baseball player, and he was very good at it, as he was with all sports, including football and boxing. But, he says, "You can't concentrate on hitting a curveball when you've got *Halloween III* going on at home. I had no discipline because of all the chaos at home. I had no support. No concentration.

"I came from a very disorganized—I'm not going to say *dysfunctional*, because it was beyond dysfunctional...I can't even put a word to it. I just never had any encouragement from anybody."

In the past Rourke has said that he got into acting after auditioning for and landing a role in a Jean Genet play at the University of Miami. His performance was well-received, and it certainly provided the impetus to an acting career. But, he says, the reality was that he had to get out of Dodge to stay alive. "I didn't run to New York City because I couldn't wait to be an actor. I ran there because I was with a group of boys down in Liberty City, and we found ourselves on the short end of a gunfight, OK? I'm only 18, and it was just some monkey business gone wrong."

More specifically, he says, "It was a drug deal that turned into a ▶▶

Mickey Rourke's One-Two Punches

He's starred in his share of stinkers, but this hard-hitting acting legend has scored plenty of cinematic KOs too.

MARV-ELOUS: Rourke opposite Carla Gugino in *Sin City*.

Sin City (2005): As the beer-swilling monstrosity Marv, Rourke steals scene after scene in Miller and Rodriguez's CGI-enhanced comic book noir. He'll reprise the role in *Sin City 2* in 2010.

Barfly (1987): Rourke brilliantly channels wild man writer Charles Bukowski's pickled alter ego, Henry Chinaski. Worth watching just for his drunken fight scene with Frank Stallone.

The Pope of Greenwich Village (1984): Rourke's impossibly cool Little Italy maître d' runs afoul of the Mob, thanks to a bungled robbery and his hotheaded cousin Eric Roberts, in this cult fave.

Rumble Fish (1983): In Francis Ford Coppola's moody follow-up to *The Outsiders*, Rourke's mysterious Motorcycle Boy makes costars Matt Dillon and Nicolas Cage look like lightweights.

Diner (1982): Plays ladies' man Boogie, who tricks his date into touching his "pecker" by hiding it in a popcorn bucket, then sweet-talks her into taking it as a compliment in this coming-of-age classic.

Body Heat (1981): Rourke rules as seductive arsonist Teddy in this erotic thriller. His combo of pretty-boy looks and searing sexual menace put him on Hollywood's hot list.—*Chris Wilson*

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TEEN T

CONTENT RATED BY ESRB

Mild Language
Violence

ANGEL HEARTS: A photograph of Rourke (in hat) and his younger sibling Joe; ex-wife and supermodel Carré Otis, striking a pose for a fashion magazine in 1999.

ripoff. And bullets were flying. And, let's put it this way, our guns were smaller than theirs, OK? I realized I wasn't going to live long in this line of work. I didn't feel right doing it. It's nice playing those kinds of people in movies, but in real life it sucks. Because when you're shooting at somebody, your hand is shaking."

Cut to New York City, where Rourke decided to go for broke, ending up at the Actors Studio, still carrying his suitcase and bags. "A guy there said, 'Well, I think you should get a room first.' I said, Oh, yeah...OK." There he began studying the Method, alongside such colleagues as Christopher Walken, Al Pacino, Robert De Niro, and Harvey Keitel. "Looking around in that little tiny building and seeing these guys? I shook in my fucking dirty blue jeans. I mean, those were the gods. They were the role models, and they still are. I decided to give acting a year." Now he's one of them, suddenly being recalled by many who had dismissed him as a goner.

Rourke's dogs are like him: goners given up on by others. And the deal is this: Do not mess with them, do not ask him, "What's with the Chihuahuas, dude?" If you do you will find yourself on all fours, barking an apology, eating from a straw. But should you run into the actor on the street and wonder about their pedigree, here's a brief history of the contestants:

1. Loki, a.k.a., Number 1.: Travels the world with Mickey, and is the daughter of Beau Jack the Great (R.I.P.). Mickey's best friend on the planet, Loki is the last surviving member of a litter of seven. Loki is 15 years old and is a Chihuahua terrier.
2. Jaws the Enforcer, a.k.a. Guapo ("handsome" in Spanish): Rescued from an East L.A. street gang. Listed as "unadoptable" in a pound holding 79 dogs. When he held the snarling dog, it bit his lip, giving him two stitches. An hour later Mickey took Jaws home. Real name (God's honest): Little Mickey. Jaws is six years old and is a white terrier, albeit a plump one.
3. Ruby, a.k.a. Ruby Baby: four times adopted and returned by unhappy owners—diagnosed with something unpronounceable, Ruby destroyed $4,000 worth of Mickey's shoes and 36 pairs of designer sunglasses in her first month living with him. Now the sweetest and most gentle of the "kids," Ruby is five years old and is a white Alaskan mini-Pomeranian.
4. La Negra, a.k.a. Fat Bastard: Rescued from a divorced couple, her brother eaten by coyotes, La Negra has insomnia (like her owner). She is four years old and is a black pug. She likes to watch late-night TV.
5. Bella, a.k.a. Bella Loca: Rescued in Texas on a movie set, she was found with glass stuck in her head and imbedded in her stomach and a nail in her neck. She has bad legs. She is 13 years old and is a Chihuahua terrier.
6. Peppino, a.k.a. Taco Bell: With an apple head and oversize ears, Peppino was a Christmas gift from Mickey to J.P. two years ago. She is two years old and is a chocolate-brown Chihuahua.

"They fill a gap," explains Rourke of his pound of portly miniatures, oft the objects of puzzlement. "My bed's never empty. I look forward to coming home and seeing the kids. When I travel to Europe or wherever, Loki's always with me. She's like a giant Xanax, you know? I'm not going to get religious on your ass, but I truly believe God created dogs for a cause. They are the greatest companions a man could ever have. For 20 years it's been Chihuahua City for me."

Rourke's litter eat well, often better than he does. To that effect J.P., an experienced chef, keeps them on an unrestricted diet, providing nightly specials, including:

Monday: Boiled chicken breast with rice and veggies.
Tuesday: Ground sirloin with brown rice and carrots.
Wednesday: Boiled Sabrett hot dogs with shredded cheddar cheese.
Thursday: Grilled pork chops with mixed vegetables and rice.
Friday: Grilled chicken breast with brown rice and potatoes.
Saturday: McDonald's cheeseburgers, no buns, no pickles.
Sunday: Tuna fish with mixed veggies.
Note: Snacks include beef jerky, pizza, peanut butter, Chinese spare ribs, ice cream; Loki drinks Smartwater ("for its extra electrolytes").

* * * *

To Rourke, good things do *not* happen to those who wait, and nothing is handed to you. It's an Irish Catholic thing. To some, there was a brush fire, which started this decade, steadily growing under his anemic career, beginning with his eerily moving role as a transvestite inmate in Steve Buscemi's 2000 prison drama *Animal Factory*. The next year his role as a grieving father, opposite Jack Nicholson in Sean Penn's bleak *The Pledge*, caught critics' eyes. And the flames rose higher with his performance as a prosthetics-enhanced vigilante named Marv in Robert Rodriguez and Frank Miller's *Sin City*.

And still he is often his own worst enemy. He nearly passed on Darren Aronofsky's offer for him to play Randy the Ram. "He was tentative," says Aronofsky. "Boxers have a resistance to wrestling. They see it as fake, suspect. But when he started to meet with some of the old guys, he saw there was real art to it, and was impressed with their universe."

To hear Rourke tell it, he feared the wrestling part would kill him and, more so, that it would call for him to dig "too far into my dark places." Aronofsky, a longtime fan of Rourke's, always had him in mind for the role. "I wanted an actor that had been through the mill a bit," says the director, who then laid down rules Rourke had to follow or the deal was off: Stay out of the nightclubs, give 100 percent, nothing less. And two major caveats: Rourke couldn't get paid, initially, and he had to do all his own stunts, abiding to the naturalism Aronofsky was striving for.

"Mickey's a shy guy down deep, embarrassed of his gifts, and he spends a lot of time running from them," he says.

Rourke, who has countless injuries from boxing and high school football, was thrown into two months of daily training. While not working out and being slammed to the mat by actual professional wrestlers, he was staying in seedy New Jersey hotels around Asbury Park, one of the settings of the low-budget film. There were zero frills. His physical trainer, an ex-Israeli army commando, was paid even before Rourke.

Some thought it would be easy for him, having been an athlete ➤➤

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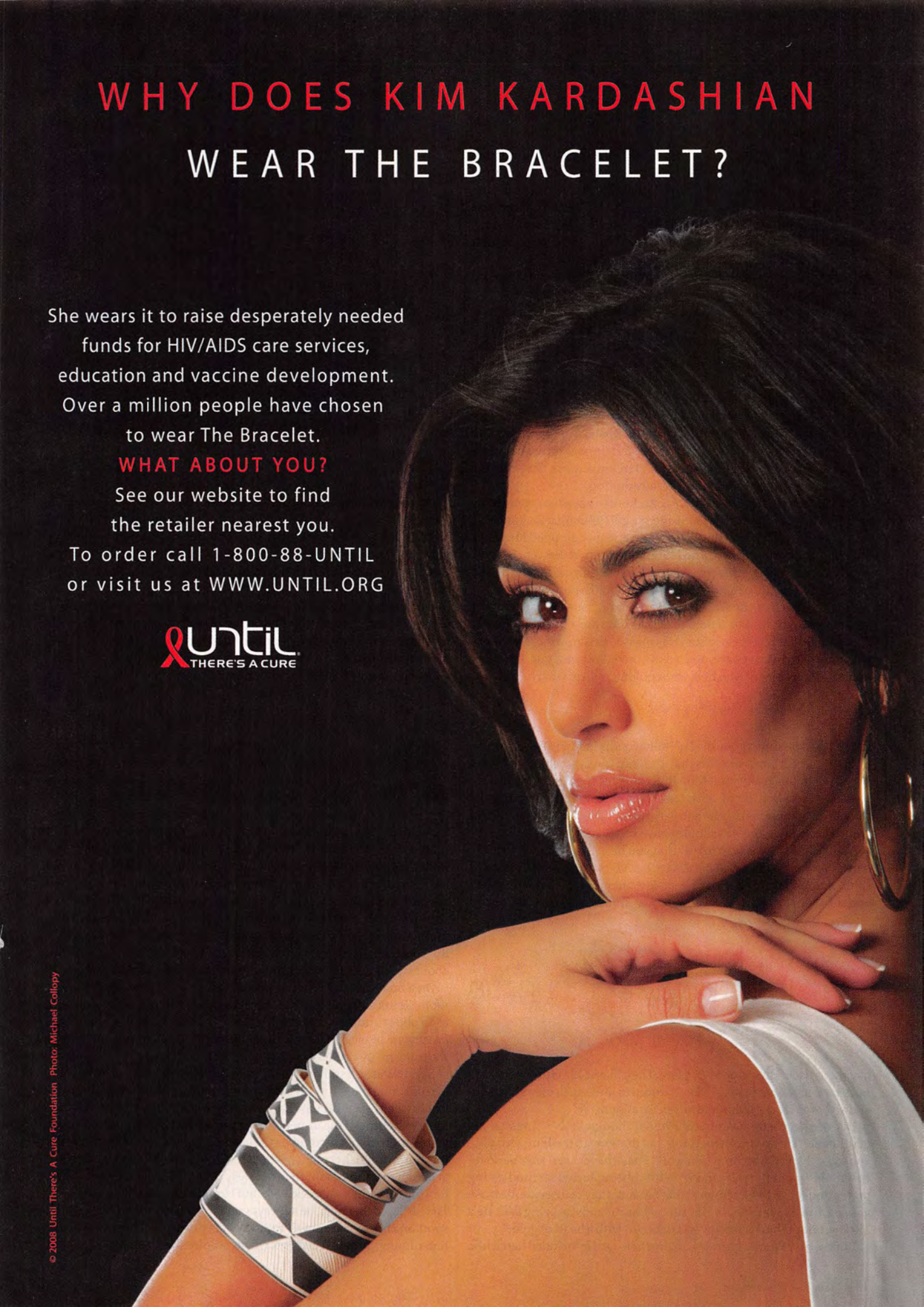

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all his life. He had to put on nearly 40 pounds of muscle, shooting from 190 to 228 pounds. It was grueling. "When we wrapped, I had a mini physical breakdown for four days," he says. But there were no complaints. "I heard Darren had a real large brain. I heard he did not compromise. I heard he was his own man. He told me how I had ruined my career for the past 15 years by my behavior. He said, 'You can't disrespect me. You have to listen to everything I tell you.' And I go, OK. This guy has a lot of balls. This is the kind of guy I want to work for. He said, 'If you do all those things, we'll go to the show.'" The "show" is the Oscars.

The result: "He just completely surrendered. He was completely present. I can't think of any other actor where it comes so naturally."

The director says he couldn't have asked for more, but with Rourke, getting the approval of other wrestlers, and even their fans, was just as important. For one scene Rourke wrestled an opponent in front of a rabid group of 1,500 real wrestling fans.

"At best we thought we could get this actor to imitate a pro wrestler," says Douglas Crosby, the stunt coordinator. "Instead, he became one in every possible way of the imagination. He left the real audience dumbfounded. He was performing sophisticated maneuvers that only the highest echelon of wrestlers consider attempting."

Says Afa Anoa'i, a.k.a. the Wild Samoan, Rourke's head wrestling trainer, "He's the type of guy that wants to go, go, go! He has that look and that craziness. He walked into the locker room and just dropped his pants, like one of the boys. And he learned to respect our sport. He went beyond, pulled some challenging moves. And he's got a very bad knee. But he said to me, 'I'm going to do this one for you, Pops,' and he sure did."

Rourke's coach on the set, Tommy Farra, says, "I never dealt with any actors. I thought he'd be a pain or a pansy. Maybe a little bit of both. Actors have that reputation. But I was pleasantly surprised. He took to wrestling with relative ease, and was an incredibly nice guy. I'm being honest. I know a lot of wrestlers who couldn't pull off what he did."

* * * *

To be sure, a good deal of Hollywood is behind Mickey Rourke right now, despite that he's not always behind *them*. He refers to one well-known actor as having "the charisma of a soft-boiled egg with legs." One female acting prodigy, he can't even comprehend how she gets roles. "*Old* Mickey" would have named the names, but he asks me to leave them out.

And he hasn't even learned yet that you have to be a liberal to make it in Hollywood—or at least pretend to be. A Bush supporter, he says, "I think that W. has taken a lot of heat. But after 9/11 there wasn't much of a solution. I'm glad that we went over and kicked some ass just to pay them back. He's in a shitty place. They blame him for the fucking hurricane in New Orleans!" "They" would include such outspoken liberal actors as Tim Robbins and Susan Sarandon.

"I was walking around with my fists clenched...pointing the finger at everyone but me."

His *Wrestler* costar Evan Rachel Wood, though, only witnessed his gentle side. "He was the main thing that drew me to the film, actually," she says. "I loved watching him work. I have never seen anyone so focused. He was in the role, and without it being forced Method-acting pretentiousness. Most actors do that because they're insecure, because they have to live and breathe it to be real, and it ends up being fake. He's Mickey, one of the craziest guys I know, but with a heart of gold."

Rourke gave Wood a birthday cake for her 21st. He included handcuffs in its box. "He knows me so well," she jokes. "By the end of the night, I was handcuffed to a champagne bottle and didn't know what happened."

According to Weinstein, Rourke's looks might now work to his favor. "His façade reflects the intensity of the characters he plays, and people are drawn to his whole persona. His looks offer something different than the Hollywood norm—no one is like him. And, you know, despite his tough exterior he's really an honest, good person at heart."

Much is made of Rourke's face, which can appear inpenetrable and expressive simultaneously. But if literal transformation can come with redemption, then the mask he dons under the straggly, bleach-streaked mane seems to soften with each meeting I have with him. And his eyes appear more alive than they have in years.

* * * *

After over a decade of therapy, Rourke knows what he's had to do to change himself, fit in somewhat with society, with Hollywood, that cliquish subculture. And there have been, as the therapist might say, "progress" and "breakthroughs."

"I let my past destroy me," he says. "I was walking around my adult life with my fists clenched...pointing the finger at everyone but me.

"But I finally opened my hands and went, Wow! This is a lot easier than walking around with smoke coming out of my ass. I was looking for this big fight, this war, you know? And it was all in my head." He now talks about "turning the other cheek," although a guy recently pissed him off so much by not shaking his hand that, he says, "I wanted to punch this motherfucker right in the fucking mouth and knock all his teeth out." But cooler heads prevailed. "To this day," though, he says, "I still think about sticking my hand up this guy's ass and pulling out his tongue."

On a final visit to his house one late afternoon, sitting in his living room, Rourke nudges my shoulder and smiles mischievously, pointing to an object under the coffee table. It is a black handgun just lying there for anyone to pick up. I do, feeling its weight. He warns me not to pull the trigger; a live bullet is in the chamber. I set it down.

Says the actor, "I still got that little time bomb inside of me. I'm still capable of fucking things up. It's like my dog Jaws. Because of what happened to him when he was little, he'll always growl when you put your hands near him. Sometimes, I mean, people are putting their hands near you to pet you on the back, not hit you over the head. Before, if someone disrespected me, the little hatchet man that lives inside of me would come out. Now, at least, I'm gonna count to 10 before I act on it. It's like they say, Only a fool trips over the same rock twice. But I could short-circuit in a heartbeat. That little hatchet man, he's always gonna be there. You can't change the spots on a horse, you know? I'm always, deep down inside, going to have him running around. I just gotta make sure he stays...quiet." ●

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Mash Notes

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How to Drink

Sip bourbon neat or with ice. If you must mix, try an Old Fashioned. Brian Miller, bartender at N.Y.C. mixology mecca Death & Co., recommends blending 2 oz. bourbon, 1/4 oz. Demerara syrup, 2 dashes Angostura bitters, and 1 dash Bitter Truth aromatic bitters. Strain over ice, stir, sip.

Label Decoder

Single barrel: Your bourbon came from one barrel instead of a combination of barrels.

Barrel proof: Most bourbons are cut with water to lower the proof. "Barrel proof" means it wasn't cut with buzz-killing H_2O.

Small batch: A marketing term that means the distiller mixed together several barrels, says F. Paul Pacult, editor of *The Spirit Journal*.

Straight: If labeled "straight," it was aged at least two years and distilled in a single state. Also, it's totally *not* gay.

Jack Daniel's: Not considered bourbon because it's charcoal-mellowed before the aging process...much like our elderly pot dealer.

PHOTOGRAPHS, SATOSHI

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1 The Game

"Sporting clays is like golf, only there's a goddamn explosion next to your head. But that's what makes it so much fun," says James Ross, chief instructor at Sandanona Shooting Grounds in Millbrook, New York. A typical clays course has about 20 different shooting stations that are linked by a trail. Each station offers varied terrains to blast over, from open fields to treetops. The five faux birdies you'll blow away at each station aren't random—you have to yell "pull" to launch the target. Kill it! And, yes, it's safe: Only one person shoots at a time (unless you're with Dick Cheney, of course). In total you'll fire at about 100 clays in a round. Add up your score at the end and shame the loser into buying the first round at the lodge afterward.

2 The Technique

Most people think shooting is self-evident: Point. Shoot. Wipe your prints from the gun. Not so! To make sure you out-clay your cohorts, here are Ross' on-the-mark trigger-pulling tips.

Ready! If you're a righty, stand with your left foot slightly ahead of the right; if a lefty, reverse it. Lean forward and balance your weight on the balls of your feet, which should be shoulder width apart.

Aim! Raise the stock until its comb (a.k.a. the gun top) rests just beneath your cheekbone and the butt sits between your pec and shoulder. Hold it firmly, but save the death grip for your next shameful XTube session—"A tense mount will screw up your aim," says Ross.

Fire! It sounds counterintuitive, but in clays you actually shoot while moving the gun. Called "leading the clay," use a smooth, sweeping motion to swing the barrel. Then trace your target's flight path and squeeze the trigger just ahead of the target. Most rookies shoot behind targets because they mistakenly stop their lead and fire. Don't act like a dumb-ass rookie, OK?

3 The Lingo

Trap: The metal sling that hurls clays. Traps are usually housed in small towers so crappy shooters can't cap the $5K machines.

Clay pigeon or rabbit: A clay disc that's hurled in the air to simulate a bird or rolled on the ground to look like a rabbit.

Skeet: A shooting sport where you blast from up to eight different stations on a semicircle that sits between two trap towers.

Flash targets: They're loaded with a pouch of fluorescent powder that explodes when shot. Trippy, dude.

Over-under: Nope, this isn't what your girlfriend was into before she met you. It's a double-barrel gun whose barrels are stacked on top of each other rather than side by side. Most sporting guns are over-under.

Single report: A single clay is released when you yell "pull!"

Double report: A second clay is released immediately after you shoot at the first clay.

Eye dominance: Usually a right-handed person is right-eye-dominant and a lefty's left-eye-dominant. Your dominant eye remains open while shooting; the other stays shut.

IT'S EASY TO KILL CLAY BIRDS!
It costs about $80 for a day of shooting, and most courses offer gun rentals and a free lesson. There are hundreds of courses in the U.S. Find one near you at wheretoshoot.org.

Lock and Load Up

Safety

Peltor Bull's Eye Hearing Protector
Yes, you'll look like you're on a tarmac, but thanks to these earmuffs you'll be able to hear your grandkids beg you for beer money one day. *$22, cabelas.com*

Style

Filson Dry Finish Tin Cloth Shooting Vest
A rain-resistant vest made for gentleman shooters. Plaid hunting cap sold separately. *$180, filson.com*

Sight

Max Orange HiDefSpex Shooting Glasses
Bulletproof glass, with ultra-contrast tint. Plus, they go great with a mustache. *$199, orvis.com*

Steel

$-Remington 1100 Sporting
$1,084, remington.com
$$-Winchester Select Deluxe Field
$1,600, winchesterguns.com
$$$-Browning Cynergy Sporting
$3,332, browning.com

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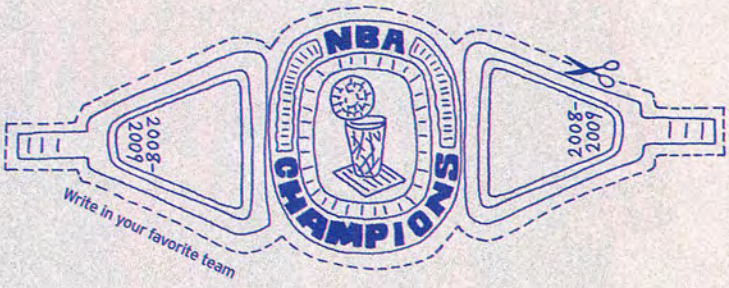
NBA ON ESPN ROAD TRIP ACTIVITIES

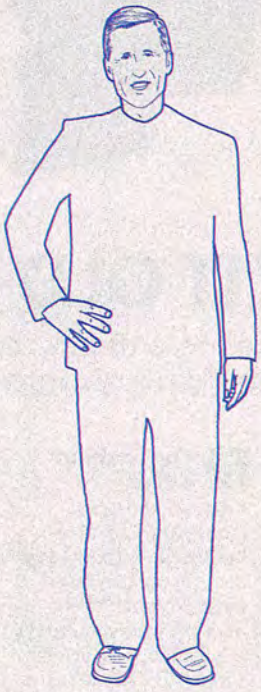
Kill Some Time on Your Way to the Next Game

1. Draw Rip's facemask.



2. Wear your own championship ring.

3. Circle the differences.



4. Draw Mike Breen's suit.

The NBA on ESPN RV is traveling the country this season.
Ride along with the NBA's greatest road trip at yourNBAdestination.com

Sadly, no one remembered to bring the break-dancing cardboard.

KICKIN' IT OLD SCHOOL

Q-Tip takes a break from recording his new album, *The Renaissance,* to drop science on the finer points of hip-hop's most pivotal era: N.Y.C., '83 to '87. Here's his short list of must-have artifacts. Say word, son!

The Movie

Wild Style (1983), **$20**. "This is the best start. You had the four elements of the culture in a single movie and soundtrack. It featured the roots of all the music—Busy Bee, the Cold Crush Brothers, the Fantastic Freaks, Grandmaster Flash, and Grand Wizard Theodore, who invented the scratch. Then you had the break-dancing and popping crews. And, of course, the burners (graffiti artists), like Lee Quinones, doing whole subway cars and benches—all in this movie. This is quintessential not just for New York but for all of hip-hop."

The Fashion Bibles

1. Back in the Days (2001), **$35**. **2. A Time Before Crack** (2005) **$35**, books by photographer Jamel Shabazz. "There were two main spots to get your hip-hop gear in New York, both in downtown Manhattan: Delancey St. for the big, puffy coats and fat shoelaces, then Canal Street to get your gold ropes and nameplates, rings, all that. The photos Jamel took in the '80s really capture those nascent B-Boy styles that were on the streets: from Reeboks to mock necks to Kangols to thick, square glasses."

The Essential Single

"Eric B. Is President," by Eric B. & Rakim (1987), **$1**. "In the summer of '87, New York was just hungry for a hit. The Wop dance had just come out. So here comes Rakim...'I came in the door'...boom...'I said it before'...boom...'I never let the mic magnetize me no more.' It was so new, so funky. It was fun, but with Rakim's voice and delivery it was dangerous, too. The girls were doing the Wop dance, shaking their big, gold door-knocker earrings. I'm telling you, it was this perfect storm that swept the city. Essential."

The Innovators

1. "The Show," by Doug E. Fresh and the Get Fresh Crew, featuring MC Ricky D, AKA: Slick Rick (1985), **$1**. "Slick Rick is just one of the true innovators. Listen and see why he's called Slick Rick the Ruler. This single, when it came out, just swept through the boroughs. **2. "It's Yours,"** by T La Rock and Jazzy Jay (1983), **$1**. "This is the first Def Jam recording by Rick Rubin, who with Russell Simmons signed and produced Public Enemy, Run DMC, and the Beastie Boys." Bonus: The Beasties can be heard in the background of "It's Yours."

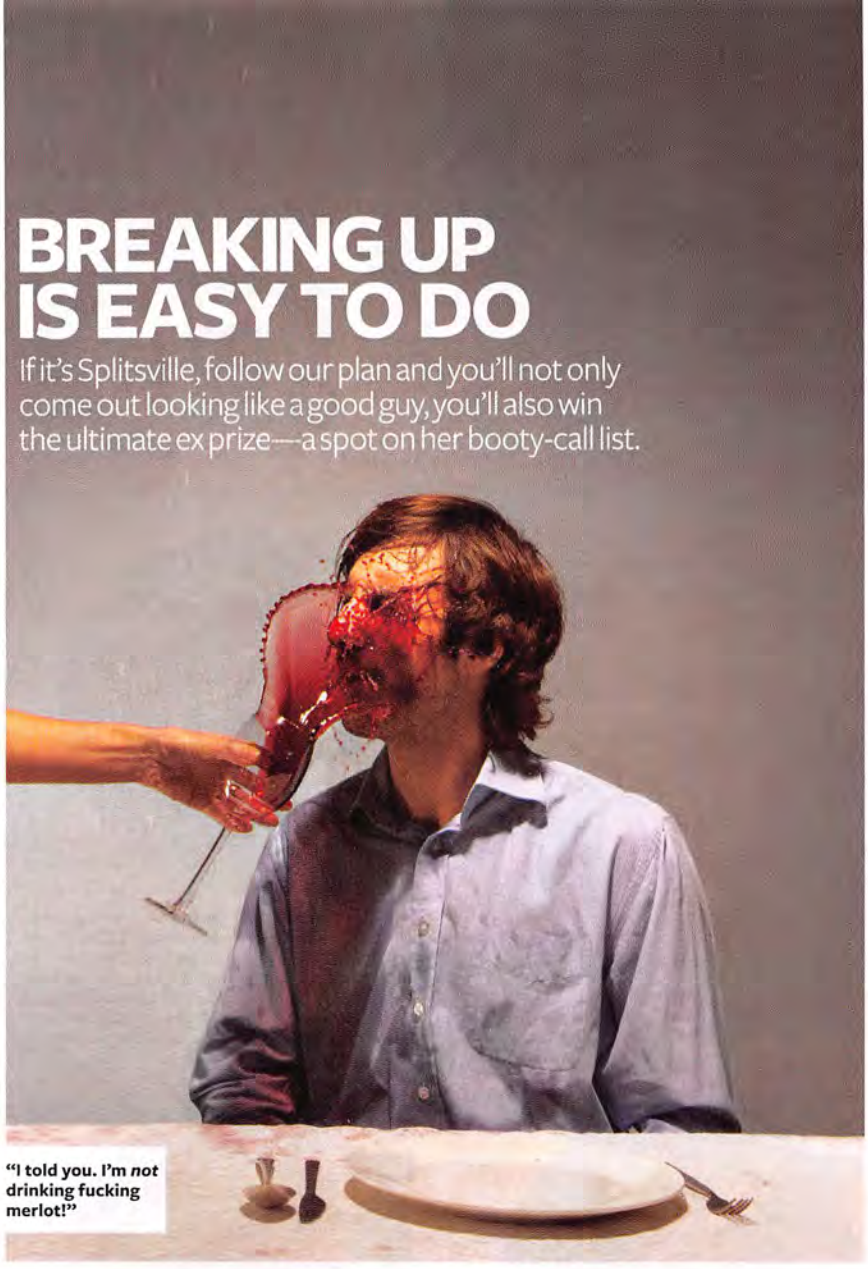
The Battles

1. Down by Law, by MC Shan, produced by DJ Marley Marl (1987), **$15**. **2. Criminal Minded,** by Boogie Down Productions (1987), **$15**. "When hip-hop really started coming off, people were claiming it for their neighborhoods. MC Shan was the first to do this, with "The Bridge" on *Down by Law.* He said it started out in Queensbridge [Queens]. Then KRS-One from BDP battled back and claimed it for the Bronx, dissing Shan and Marley Marl on *Criminal Minded.* Borough battling was a huge movement in '80s hip-hop."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARIUS BUGGE

BREAKING UP IS EASY TO DO

If it's Splitsville, follow our plan and you'll not only come out looking like a good guy, you'll also win the ultimate ex prize—a spot on her booty-call list.



"I told you. I'm *not* drinking fucking merlot!"

Split Decisions

A timeline of history's most bitter breakups.

1776
America & England
All that powdered-wig wearing and tea drinking really freaked us the hell out.

1975
Sonny & Cher
Tiny man with mustache + yodeling gay icon = romantic Armageddon.

1982
Joanie & Chachi
Fonzie's cuz was too much for one woman with a perm to handle.

1986
Wham!
Tight white tennis shorts made them constantly irritable.

1993
Lorena & John Bobbit
Lorena cuts off J's junk, then throws it out of a moving car. Not cool!

1 The Setup

This preliminary stage usually gets overlooked by low-level Lotharios, but lay this foundation and you'll dodge the backlash—and hurled vases—when you kick her to the curb.

Set a date. Give yourself two weeks, then end it on a Saturday morning, says Jenn Berman, Ph.D., a relationship psychologist. That way she'll have some time to deal with it before work on Monday. Way to ruin her weekend, Romeo!

Play bachelor. As doomsday approaches, start hanging out with the boys, eating without her, and avoiding long-term plans. Sounds selfish (it is, if by *selfish* you mean *awesome*!), but weaning yourself out of her routine slowly will ease the eventual blow to her fragile psyche, says Sam Horn, author of *Concrete Confidence*.

Distract her. "The rule of thumb: A busy gal is a less brokenhearted one," says Berman. So before you cut her from the team, encourage her to get involved in time-consuming activities: Triathlon training, learning to speak Mandarin, and even brushing up on her witchcraft skills are all good options. This will ultimately help her deal with the shock of you dropping the buh-bye bomb and will give her something to do besides sob uncontrollably for the next few days.

2 The Speech

If you're not careful, the giant hunk of awkwardness that is the breakup conversation can turn on you faster than a cracked-out pit bull. To help you maintain control, we sought advice from a corporate downsizer who happens to be a master of serving up shit sandwiches.

Go to her. "Do it at her place. It's her comfort zone, and a place you can leave," says Howard Campbell, founder of Campbell Career Coaching in Chicago, who has helped companies fire more than 15,000 unsuspecting souls.

Get her attention. Kick it off with this corporate preamble: "I want you to know this is going to be a difficult conversation." Next, tell her the decision was extremely hard to make, but it's final. Then tell her she's a wonderful person, but *you* need to go in a different direction. (Here's where you might need to duck!)

Make it final. "When someone is fired, the first question is always, 'Why me?' Then they try bargaining," says Campbell. "What they're not getting is that it's final. Expect the same reaction. When she asks why, avoid giving reasons—it will give her hope that she can bargain them away. Instead, just keep rehashing that it's *final*, and how hard this decision was to make."

3 The Aftermath

This is the most important and nuanced phase (but includes the most sex!). Screw this up and you could have skipped all this work and simply sent her a text message—"I h8 U. It's ovr...LOL!" Here's how not to blow it:

Don't call. For the first six months, even if you're calling to tell her you've joined the priesthood, she'll think you want to get back together. "You're not doing her any favors," says Berman. Let her heal in peace—while you enjoy the perks of freedom. Namely, a fresh batch of strange!

Test new waters. When trolling for newness, steer clear of her colleagues, her friends, her twin sister—at least for a few weeks. Play tag too close to home and the backlash will not only hurt her but will forever kill any chance you have of bedding her hot, single gal pals.

Score some ex. If you've followed our breakup plan and given her about six months to get over it, there's no reason she shouldn't be singing your praises—and be willing to meet you for drinks, says Berman. Once the booze starts flowing, reminisce about the good times, especially the X-rated ones. In the morning, make like a good ex and get out—but not before stealing back all those T-shirts you let her borrow!

EXPERT DIY

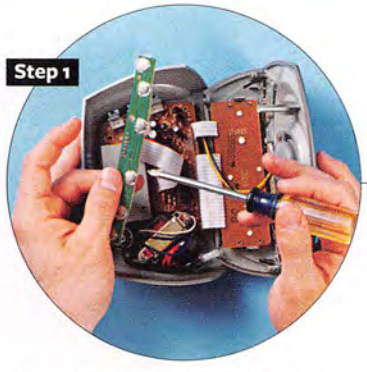
ALARM CLOCK SNOOZE GUN

Fire when ready...to sleep another 10 minutes!

Supplies

Needed
- Digital clock
- Screwdriver
- Nintendo or Sega phaser
- Wire cutter
- Drill
- Soldering gun
- Hours to kill

Step 1



Not a morning person? If you feel the urge to go on a kill-crazy rampage as soon as you wake up, here's how to score extra sack time like a geek-tastic assassin. First, unplug the cord, remove the clock's screws, and open 'er up. Poke around and find where the snooze button connects to the circuit board. Be warned: Do *not* attempt this while waiting in line for airport security.

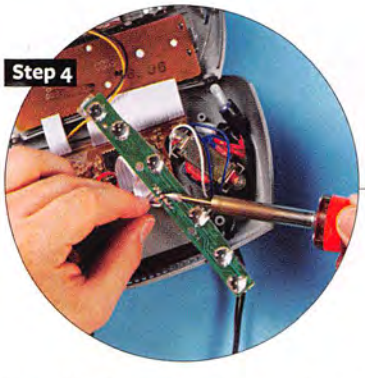
Step 2

Cut the gun's wire close to the plug. You'll see the cord holds four smaller wires. Strip the casings from two of them to expose the copper wires beneath. While a real gun might work better, the Nintendo pistol saves you bullet money and visits from pesky cops.

Step 3

Drill a hole in the back of the alarm clock wall to put the gun wire through. Try using a 3/4-inch drill bit or smaller. And be careful to avoid any of the clock's innards, maniacs. Stick the wire through the hole. And for the love of God, put your pants back on.

Step 4



Next, solder the gun wires to the snooze button connectors. Reassemble. Now place the clock on your nightstand next to your Lubriderm and last month's *Guns & Ammo*. Set your wake-up time, and when the clock beeps, pull the trigger and—*blam!*—kill your alarm!

Dream Police

Sugarplums? We don't think so. *Maxim* interprets your Christmastime nightmares.

You dream you're naked.
Classic take: You feel vulnerable.
***Maxim* take:** When you were a kid, Santa smelled like schnapps and always asked about your Underoos.

You dream you're floating.
Classic take: You're experiencing new-found freedom.
***Maxim* take:** You downed a Xanax milkshake instead of warm milk before bed.

You dream your teeth fall out.
Classic take: Your health or job is in serious jeopardy.
***Maxim* take:** Long ago you...Wait, your teeth *are* falling out. We told you to floss!

PHOTOGRAPHS, SATOSHI

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STYLE

{SHARPEN YOUR EDGE}

Winterize Your Wardrobe

(wherever you are)

Just because the temperature's dropping doesn't mean you have to look like the Michelin Man. Whether you're nightclubbing or office-flirting, on the ski bunny patrol or ready to road-trip, here are four hot new looks to ring in the new year.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EFFIE COHEN STYLING BY RENEE MARCHIONE

1 Water Cooler

A suit and tie doesn't have to mean looking buttoned-up, especially with the right overcoat.

Brooks Brothers coat, $998, and scarf, $258; **Merona for Target** suit, $150; **Banana Republic** shirt, $125; **Calvin Klein** tie, $40; **DKNY** shoes, $160; **Johnston & Murphy** belt, $80.

Details

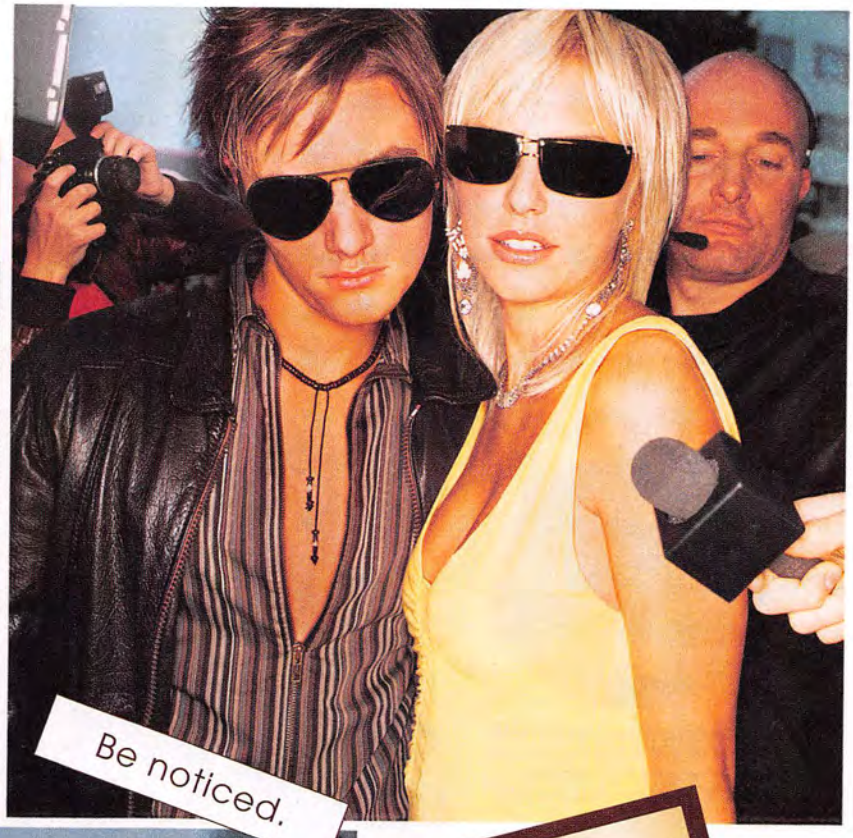
Banana Republic coat, $125, and shirt, $125; **Calvin Klein Collection** suit, $1,195; **Paul Smith** tie, $135, and scarf, $340; **Aldo** shoes, $150.

1 CARRY ON
You talked the talk and got the job, so instead of cramming important papers into your backpack, it's time to invest in a real briefcase. The zip-top closures on these allow for easy access—always a good thing. From left: **Coach**, $448; **Jack Spade**, $450.

2 A SHOE-IN
Dress shoes say a lot about the man wearing them. If you have a thing for vintage, try a classic cap-toe. To show your creative side, a wingtip will do the trick. If your style is simple, stick with basic lace-ups. From left: **Johnston & Murphy**, $250; **Geox**, $190; **Banana Republic**, $140.

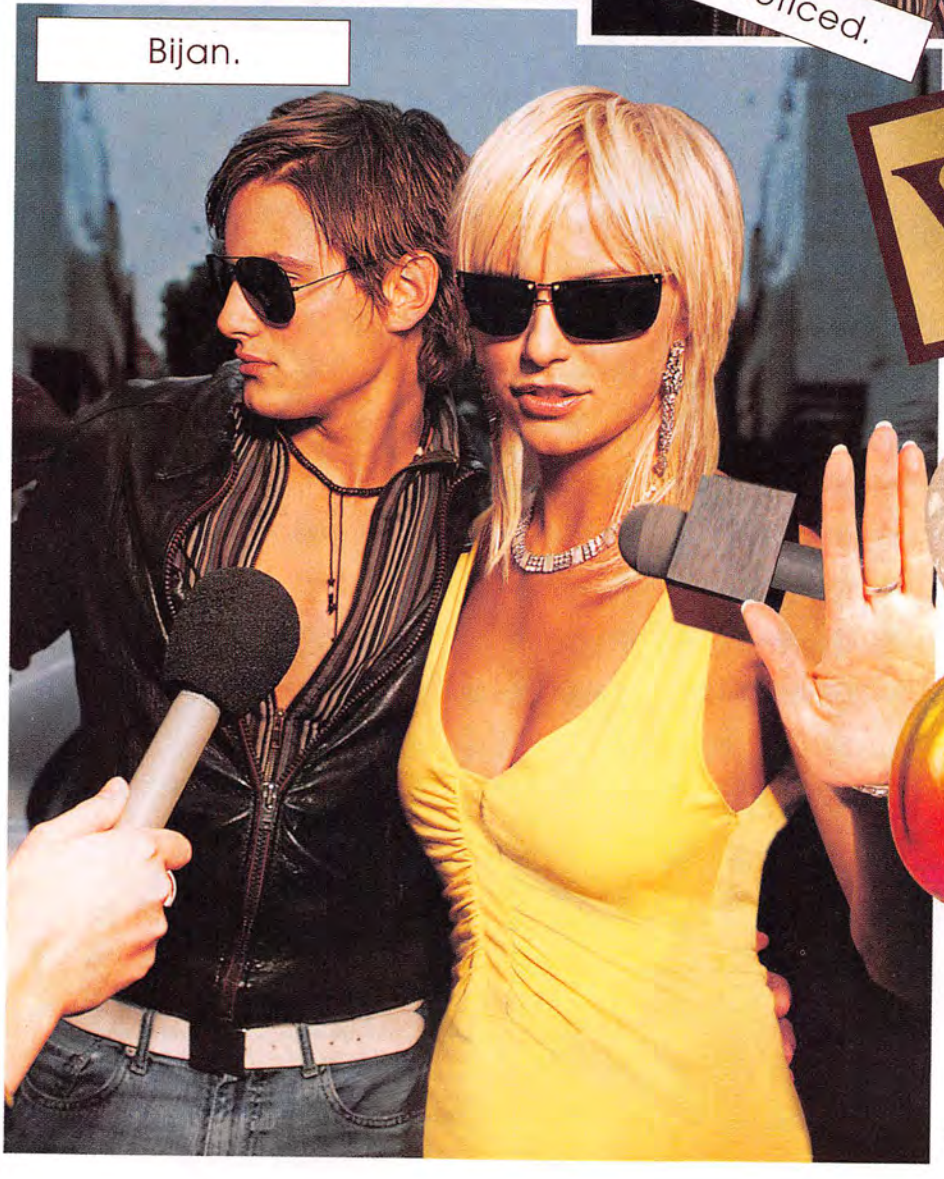
3 ABOUT TIME
Instead of spending a month's rent on a watch you might lose, scratch up, or eventually get sick of, drop less than $500 on one of these stylish timepieces. Pair it with your work attire or dress it down for a date—either way, it will impress. Clockwise from top: **Timex**, $175; **Seiko**, $325; **Lacoste**, $355.

Be glamourous.



Be noticed.

Bijan.



V.I.P.

bijan

fascinating
new fragrances
for men & women

Available exclusively at
Perfumania and Perfumania.com

2 Bar Hopper

As bad boys James Dean and Steve McQueen proved, a leather jacket toughens up any look.

D&G jacket, $1,495; **French Connection** sweater, $88; **G-Star** 3301 Original jeans, $230; **Converse by John Varvatos** boots, $225; **Ray-Ban** sunglasses, $129.

Details

Rock & Republic jacket, $718; **Steven Alan** shirt, $168; **Jockey** thermal, $26; **D&G** jeans, $295; **Chuck Taylor All Star** sneakers, $45; **Paul Smith** scarf, $340, and gloves, $295.

1 HEAD CASE
Fur trappers have been recent runway staples, and Sinatra always rocked a fedora. George and Brad have even been spotted in flat caps. So don a snappy chapeau and prepare to score. Clockwise from top: **D&G**, $445; **EK by New Era**, $40; **Bailey of Hollywood**, $58.

2 HEAVY METAL
To avoid looking like Mr. T in *The A-Team*, skip the gaudy bling. Choose a chain, bracelet, or ring that highlights your personality. **Tracey Mayer** necklace, $425; **David Yurman** bracelet, $260; **D&G** ring, $75.

3 IN THE SHADE
Even on the cold days of winter, it's necessary to shield your eyes from the elements, and you can't go wrong with a pair of aviators, which look good on every face shape. And since these are plastic, they should last a lifetime (or until you lose them). From top: **Gucci**, $320; **Carrera**, $150; **Dior Homme**, $265.

"THE DRAGON"
Lyoto Machida
"THE ASSASSIN"
Houston Alexander
Lugz
LUGZ.COM

3 Road Tripper

Lots of pockets and breathable fabrics are a must for the guy on the go.

DKNY coat, $180; **Lacoste** vest, $110; **Converse by John Varvatos** shirt, $125; **Gilded Age** pants, $268; **Red Wing** boots, $138.

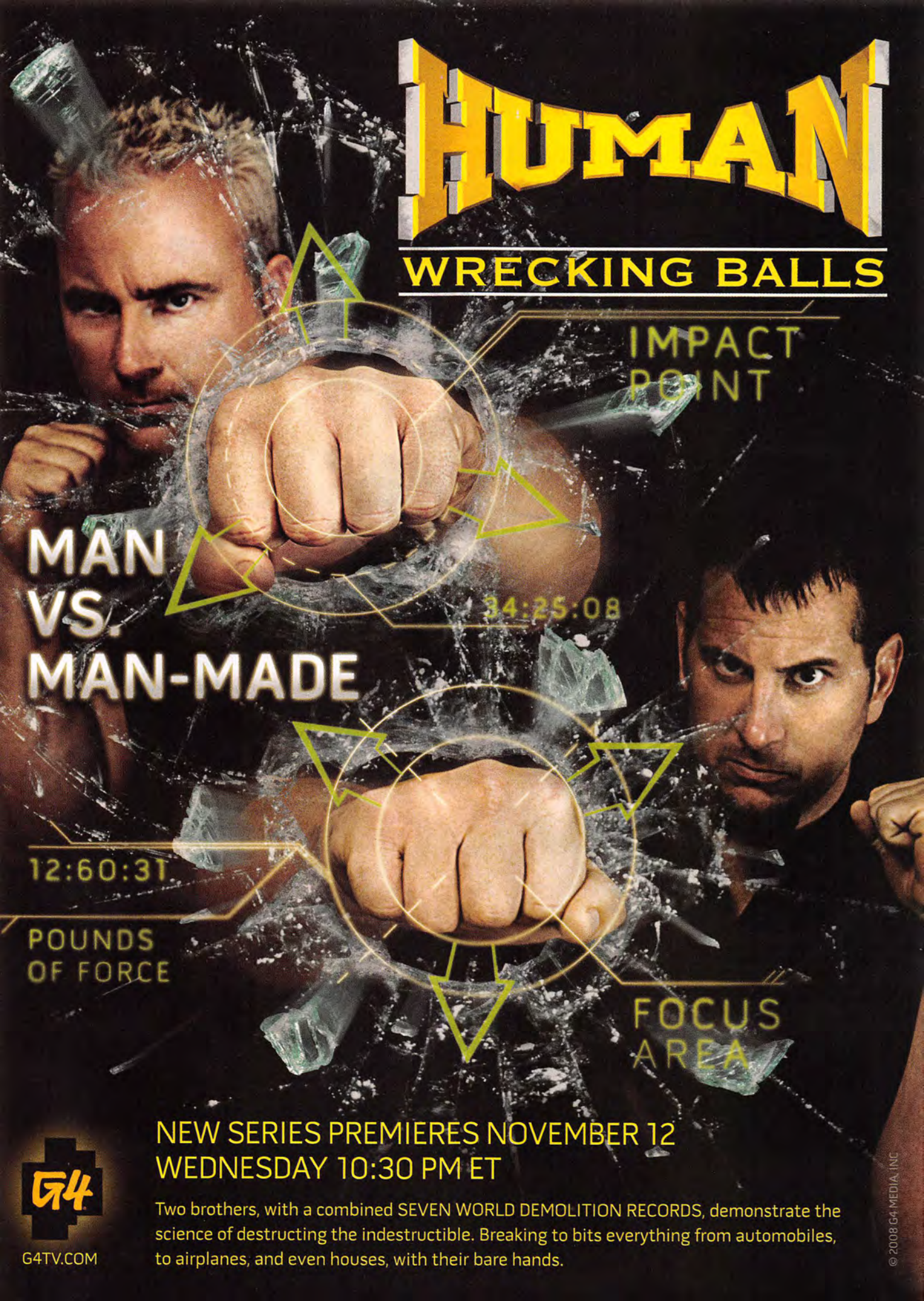
Details

J.Crew jacket, $198; **Unionbay** hoodie, $50; **Dockers** thermal, $38; **Gilded Age** pants, $268; **Red Wing** boots, $325.

1 IN-VESTED
We know what you're thinking: Sweater vests are for the country club set. But not if you wear them right. Throw one on over a worn button-down shirt (untucked, of course) and you're ready to go.
Original Penguin, $89.

2 REPPING WELL
Traditionally a preppy staple, the rep tie has gone mainstream. Defined by diagonal stripes and Ivy League colors, it can be worn to your next frat party or on an interview with your future employer. From left: **Tommy Hilfiger**, $37; **Nautica**, $40; **Polo Ralph Lauren**, $115.

3 THE CLASSICS
When it's time to find your signature scent, you can never go wrong with the fashion greats. Just watch how much you're spraying; if you can smell it on yourself, you've gone too far. Clockwise from top: **Hilfiger**, $47; **Burberry**, $55; **Izod**, $58.



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4 Outdoor Adventurer

The right brands of outerwear are equally at home on the slopes and the city streets.

RLX jacket, **$695**; **French Connection** sweater, **$158**; **Victorinox Swiss Army** cardigan, **$185**; **The North Face** pants, **$89**; **L.L.Bean** boots, **$129**; Few hat, **$24**.

Details

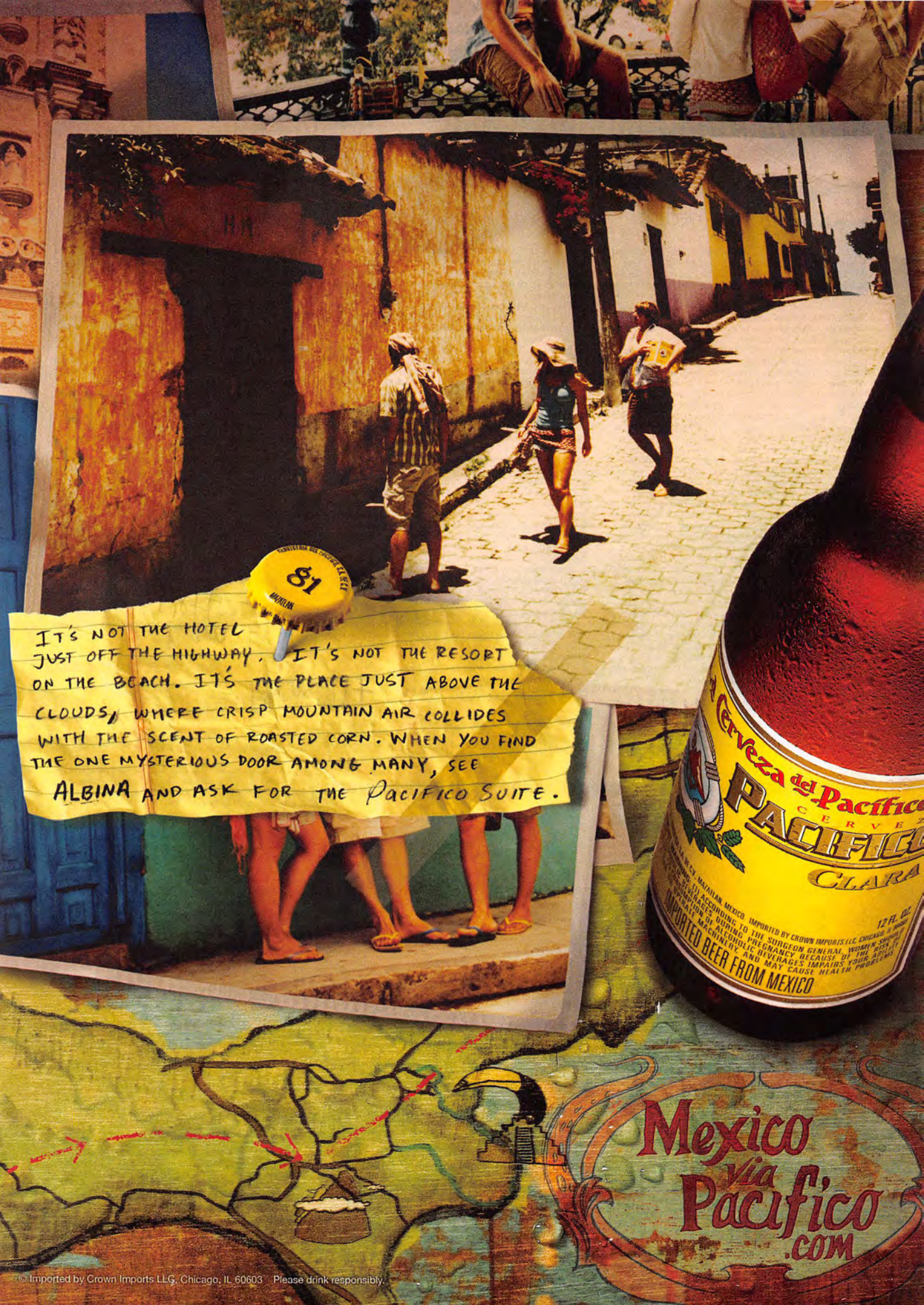
The North Face jacket, **$199**; **Unionbay** hoodie, **$50**; **Gilded Age** tee, **$98**; **DKNY** pants, **$79**; **Patagonia** boots, **$140.**

1 GLOVE IT
It can get really chilly at the stadium watching your favorite football team win. We say slip a handwarmer inside your gloves for more warmth and bring extras. You can find them at ems.com. From left: **Forum**, **$70**; **Drop**, **$65**; **Paul Smith**, **$325**.

2 WAX ON, WAX OFF
It's snowboard season, which means it's time to get your board in tiptop shape. Before hitting the slopes, have the edges sharpened, and be sure to wax your board every three trips. By doing this you can gain more control and increase your speed. **Burton**, **$800**.

3 SOLE SURVIVOR
For your cold-weather footwear, there are a few basic rules to follow: insulation to stay warm, water-resistant uppers for protection, and sticky soles for traction. Clockwise from top left: **Merrell**, **$130**; **Timberland**, **$120**; **Ugg Australia**, **$150**.

GROOMING, SASHA HARFORD FOR ARTIST LOFT. FOR BUYING INFORMATION, SEE PAGE 138.


IT'S NOT THE HOTEL JUST OFF THE HIGHWAY. IT'S NOT THE RESORT ON THE BEACH. IT'S THE PLACE JUST ABOVE THE CLOUDS, WHERE CRISP MOUNTAIN AIR COLLIDES WITH THE SCENT OF ROASTED CORN. WHEN YOU FIND THE ONE MYSTERIOUS DOOR AMONG MANY, SEE ALBINA AND ASK FOR THE Pacifico Suite.
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Clary/Newscom; Lamborghini, Newscom; weapon, Stian Iversen/iStockPhoto **p.20:** Pig bank, Areaware/courtesy Velocityartanddesign.com; troll, Alan King/Alamy; Park, Miko Lim/Contour by Getty Images **p.22:** Ray, Gustavo Caballero/WireImage; Puck, Challenge Roddie/Corbis; Deen, Food Network/Neal Peters Collection; Top Chef, Bravo/Neal Peters Collection; Bourdain, *Washington Times*/Zuma Press; Food montage: Estelle Klawitter/Corbis; Serge Kozak/Corbis; Envision/Corbis; Jupiter Images/Corbis (2); Barry Gregg/Corbis (3); MedioImages/Corbis (2); Joseph Sohm/ Vision of America/Corbis; George Doyle/Getty Images (remaining images) **p.24:** Pig, Digital Zoo/Getty Images; March, Francesco Tonelli; May, David Bishop; July, Charlotte Jenks Lewis for Jeff Harris Studio; June, August, September, October, and November, Satoshi (5); December, courtesy of Baconfreak.com. May through November: Food Styling, Ed Gabriels **p.30:** Hands, Westend61/Alamy; solar system, Detlef van Ravenswaay/Photolibrary **p.35:** Flowers, Torey Mundkowsky; guitar, Tim Mosenfelder/Getty Images; bass, Frank Micelotta/Getty Images for Virgin Mobile; drums, Kieran Doherty/Reuters/Corbis **p.36:** *Call of Duty*, Activision; Munn, Williams and Hirakawa; *Twilight*, courtesy of Summit Entertainment LLC (2); Transporter 3, Magali Bragard (2); Milk, Phil Bray (2); *The Day the Earth Stood Still*, WETA (2) **pp.45–50:** Manning, Robert Beck/*Sports Illustrated*/Getty Images; Woods, Sean Masterson/epa/Corbis; Phelps, Timothy Clary/AFP/Getty Images; Garnett and Alou, Elsa/Getty Images (2); Nadal, Hugo Philpott/epa/Corbis; Shock vs. Sparks, AP Photo/Jerry S. 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T (2); Sims 3, The Sims Studio; Bacon, Dimitrios Kambouris/WireImage/Getty Images; stadium, HKS Architects/Dallas Cowboys; Coyne, Bryan Bedder/Getty Images; Toyota, courtesy of the Toyota Motor Corporation **pp.112–118:** *The Wrestler*, Twentieth Cenutry Fox/courtesy Everett Collection; *Rumble Fish*, Universal/courtesy Everett Collection; Rourke in ring, Niki Tavernise/Fox; Sin City, Dimension Films/courtesy Everett Collection; Otis, Andrew Macpherson/ Corbis Outline **p.122:** Alamy Images **p.125:** Main image, Jim Naughten/Getty Images; flag, Stockbyte/Getty Images; Sonny and Cher, courtesy Everett Collection; Joanie and Chachi, Paramount TV/courtesy Everett Collection; Wham!, Mirrorpix/courtesy Everett Collection; John & Lorena Bobbit, AFP/Getty Images (2) **p.126:** Naked man, Taxi/Getty Images; man in suit, Iconica/Getty Images; teeth, Dorling Kinderseley/Getty Images **p.138:** Kardashian, TTL/Capital Pictures/Retna Ltd; paddles, Philip Gould/Corbis; puppy, Tetra Images/Alamy; Vick, Reuters/Jason Reed; man in sunglasses, Ryan Lane/iStockphoto; camcorder, Larry Gatz/Getty Images; Rogen, Armando Gallo/Retna Ltd; Mrs. Claus, Ana Abejon/iStockphoto; elderly woman, Digital Vision/Getty Images; Knight, Chad Buchanan/Stringer/Getty Images; Knight, Tony Cordoza/Alamy; present, D. Hurst/Alamy; Duchovny, Jon Kopaloff/Getty Images; Nice Spock, Paramount/Neal Peters Collection **p.024:** *Silent Night Deadly Night*, Tri-Star Pictures/courtesy Everett Collection; *Black Christmas*, courtesy Everett Collection; *Jingle All the Way*, 20th Century Fox/courtesy Everett Collection **p.018:** Buffett, James Devaney/WireImage; Henderson, Reuters/Corbis; Christensen, Tony Barson/WireImage; Jesus, Rex Stucky/*National Geographic*/Getty Images; Spacek, Camera Press/Chris Floyd/Retna Ltd; Rove, Lynn Goldsmith/Corbis **p.014:** Girl, folio-id.com/posed by model **p.010:** Claymation Christmas, Will Vinton Productions/Photofest; *Christmas Carol*, CBC/photofest; *Star Wars* holiday special, LUCASFILM/The Kobal Collection/WireImage; He-Man and She-Ra, courtesy Everett Collection **p.003:** Monkey, Getty Images

Where to Buy

COAT CHECK

p.129: Brooks Brothers coat, $998, and scarf, $248, brooksbrothers.com; Merona suit, $150, target.com; Calvin Klein tie, $40, Macy's; Banana Republic shirt, $125, bananarepublic.com; DKNY shoes, $160, zappos.com; Johnston & Murphy belt, $80, johnstonmurphy.com. D&G jacket $1495, dolcegabbana.it; French Connection sweater, $88, French Connection stores; G-Star jeans, $230, g-star.com; Converse by John Varvatos boots, $225, Bloomingdale's; Ray-Ban sunglasses, $129, sunglasshut.com. DKNY coat, $180, Macy's; Lacoste vest, $110, lacoste.com; Converse by John Varvatos shirt, $125, Bloomingdale's; Gilded Age pants, $268, Leleo, Toronto; Red Wing boots, $138, jcrew.com. RLX jacket, $695, ralphlauren.com; French Connection sweater, $158, French Connection stores; Swiss Army cardigan, $185, swissarmy.com; American Eagle tee, $12, ae.com; The North Face pants, $89, thenorthface.com; LL Bean boots, $129, llbean.com; Few hat, $24, few.co.nz. **p.130:** Banana Republic coat $350, and shirt, $125, bananarepublic.com; Calvin Klein Collection suit, $1195, Calvin Klein Collection Store NYC; Paul Smith tie, $135, scarf $340, Paul Smith NYC; Aldo shoes, $150, aldoshoes.com; D&G belt, $285, dolcegabbana.it. Lacoste, $355, Macy's; Timex, $175, timex.com; Seiko, $325, Macy's. Coach, $448, Coach stores; Jack Spade, $450, jackspade.com. Johnston & Murphy, $250, johnstonmurphy.com; Geox, $190, geox.com; Banana Republic, $140, bananarepublic.com. **p.132:** J. Crew jacket, $198, and Red Wing boots, $325, J. Crew stores; Union Bay hoodie, $50, Macy's; Dockers thermal, $38, dockers.com; Gilded Age pants, $268, Barney's NYC. Original Penguin vests, $89, originalpenguin.com. Tommy Hilfiger, $50, and Nautica, $40, Macy's; Polo Ralph Lauren, $115, ralphlauren.com. Izod, $58, Macy's; Tommy Hilfiger, $59, tommy.com; Burberry, $55, Bloomingdale's. **p.134:** Rock & Republic jacket, $718, rockandrepublic.com; Steven Allen shirt, $168, stevenalan.com; Jockey thermal, $26, jockey.com; D&G jeans, $295, dolcegabbana.it; Converse sneakers, $45, converse.com; Paul Smith scarf $340, and gloves $295, Paul Smith NYC. Bailey of Hollywood, $58, hats.com; D&G, $445, dolcegabbana.it; EK by New Era, $40, neweracap.com. Gucci, $320, gucci.com; Carrera, $150, solsticestores.com; Dior Homme, $265, bloomingdales.com. Tracy Mayer necklace, $425, traceymayer.com; David Yurman bracelet, $260, davidyurman.com; D&G ring, $75, D&G boutiques. **p.136:** The North Face jacket, $199, thenorthface.com; Union Bay hoodie, $50, Macy's; Gilded Age tee, $98, Fred Segal, LA; DKNY pants, $79, Macy's; Patagonia boots, $140, patagonia.com. Forum, $70, forumsnowboards.com; Drop, $65, dropmfg.com; Paul Smith, $325, Paul Smith, N.Y.C. Ugg Australia, $150, uggaustralia.com; Merrell, $130, merrell.com; Timberland, $120, timberland.com. Burton, $800, burton.com.

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1. Mailed Outside County Paid Subscriptions on PS Form 3541:	1,982,479	1,967,707
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15e. Total Free or Nominal Rate Distribution:	206,565	212,052
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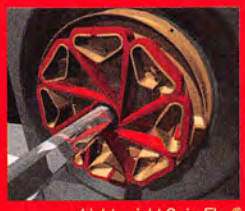

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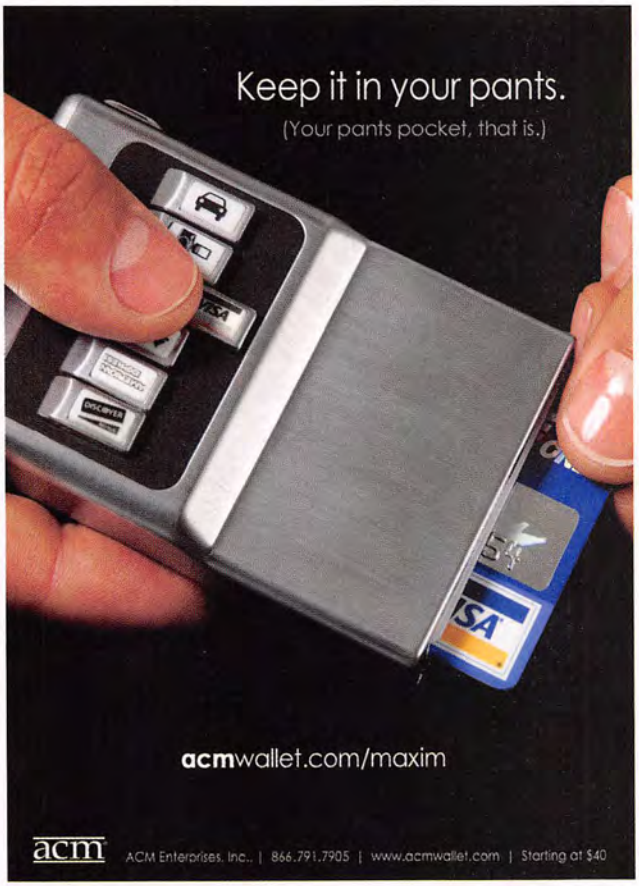
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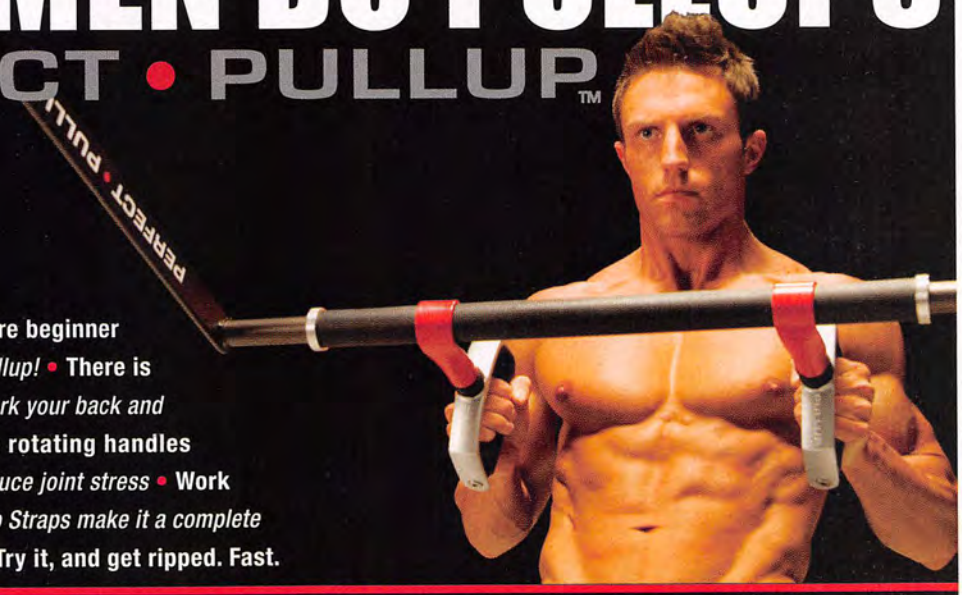

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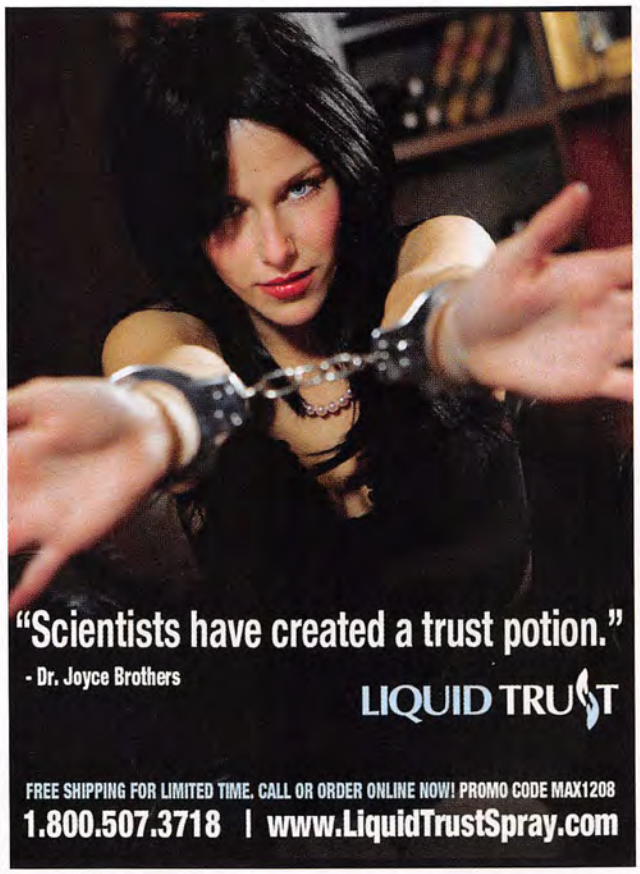

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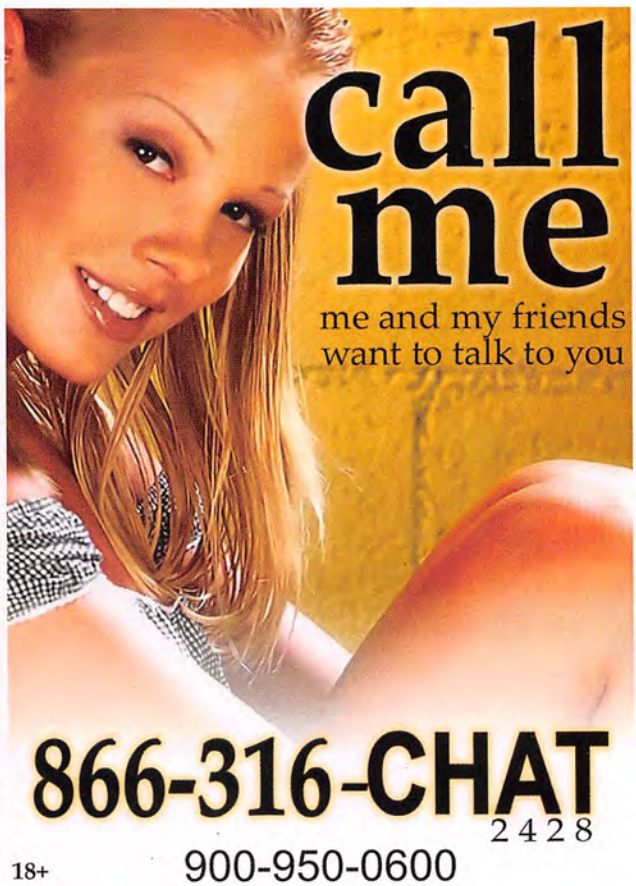

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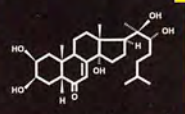

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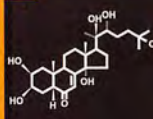

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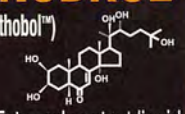

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Male Enhancement Pills . . .

Is it a Hoax or Do They Really Work?

Dr. Daniel Stein, M.D.

I wish I had a dollar for every patient or person that asked me over the last few years about increasing the size of "that certain part of the male body." The preoccupation with size that men have is a mystery to most women. The fact is it is completely normal for most men to want to be larger. It doesn't matter if they are smaller than average, average, or larger than average. It's even been my experience that guys that are almost too big, so big in fact that many women wont go near them with a ten foot pole (sorry about that) still want to be larger!

I was so intrigued by this fact that I started to do research about the "so called" male enhancement pills that came on the market several years ago. The concept that a simple pill could noticeably increase the size of a man's organ seemed plausible, but I wanted to know more. I had done much research over the years about certain sexually enhancing compounds available, so I believed the concept was sound that a pill could be made to make a man larger.

My first task was to look at some of the ads I had seen in magazines for male enhancement. There were some amazing claims by many of these makers. My personal favorite was a cream that claimed to make men instantly larger. I had to laugh out loud when I read what it said. The ad read, "apply cream, rub vigorously, increase your size." I thought for a minute and then decided you could put virtually anything on a man, including guacamole, and if he rubbed vigorously it would increase his size. Then there was an ad for a pill, that if taken daily, would increase the length of a man by 3 to 4 inches in just a few *short* days (sorry about the "short" comment).

I'm sorry, but after all those years of medical school, I know enough about anatomy to know that a guy who is 5 inches in length isn't going to add 3 to 4 inches to his little friend unless he buys a rope, gets a large brick, finds a bridge and...well, you get the picture. At about this time I was beginning to think that perhaps these makers hadn't found the magic mixture of compounds I had hoped they might have.

As the founder of both the Stein Medical Institute and the Foundation for Intimacy, I have spent most of my adult life trying to improve men and

"a pill that, if taken daily, would increase the length of a man by 3 to 4 inches."

women's sexual health. I pride myself on being the best medical doctor I can be and my reputation is important to me. So, when out of the clear blue sky, I got a call from the makers of Extenze, the leader in male enhancement, wanting me to be in one of their TV commercials, I thought, "Boy, did they pick the wrong guy!"

Little did they know that I had done real research into this concept and had recently looked at some of these male enhancement products. But the makers of Extenze seemed to be genuinely convinced that their product really worked, and they claim to have sold over 100 million capsules to men all over the world. "Over 100 million capsules taken by men." With that single declaration, they had my interest. Either Extenze really worked or these guys were the world's greatest snake oil salesmen. So I requested that they send me Extenze formula so I could review it, then we would talk.

I then visited the Extenze.com web site, where I found a page that showed the top twelve adult film stars, all holding Extenze and endorsing it. I thought to myself, "Is it possible Extenze actually works?"

The next day I received the proprietary Extenze formula and there it was, virtually all of the ingredients that I hoped would be in a male enhancement product, 19 pharmaceutical grade nutraceuticals. There was Yohimbe (which used to be available by prescription only,) L-Arginine, Maca...all of it was there.

I contacted the makers of Extenze the very next day and asked them what they needed me for. They explained that they had a desire to have a medical doctor in their T.V. commercials to talk about the effectiveness of the ingredients in Extenze. At that moment an idea sprang into my head. I told them if they would let me improve the formula of Extenze, I would do the commercial for free!

Before I knew it I was working with their

"they claim to have sold almost a quarter of a billion capsules to men."

chemists at the manufacturing plant where we added the most revolutionary thing to the formula of Extenze. We added DHEA, also known as the "mother of all hormones." DHEA is the most important human prohormone and is the prohormone that converts into testosterone in men. DHEA levels decrease with the aging. Production peaks in a man's early 20's, and declines about 10% every 10 years. Low levels of testosterone can lead to low sex drive and a smaller sex organ.

After a few more weeks of tweaking the formula of Extenze, we were done. The new Extenze formula has been selling even better then the old formula, with over 75% of sales to repeat customers. Extenze has been on the market for 7 years and has sold almost a quarter of a billion capsules to men all over the world. It doesn't matter if you're 18 or 80 years old. In my opinion Extenze can make you larger, harder and increase both your intensity and pleasure and it is as simple as taking a single tablet daily. Extenze is so sure it would work for anyone that they're sending out a free one-week supply of Extenze for nothing more then the cost of a postage stamp. You can contact them directly at 800-586-0302. I recommend any man healthy enough to engage in sexual activity should try Extenze. You have nothing to lose but a lot to gain. ★

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www.ExtenZeMaxim.com

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The Decider:
Have you been naughty or nice?

Find out if you're getting coal or a new pet pony in your stocking this year.

START HERE

How'd you get that red, swollen ass?
A. I am a baboon in heat
B. Brutal paddling

A → You're the Kim Kardashian of baboons!

B → **Was the paddling...**
A. Sexual in nature?
B. A fraternity thing?
C. Both A and B?

A / B / C → **Your last random act of kindness:**
A. Cooled off a homeless vet by fanning him with your credit cards
B. Invited someone less fortunate than you home to make it a threesome

C → "Put down the magazine. You're reinforcing *Maxim* stereotypes."

This year I killed...
- 11,798 cans of off-brand beer.
- Quite a few pit bulls, but only the loser ones.
- A ladybug while gardening. Heavens, I wept.

A / B → **Did you catch your girlfriend kissing Santa?**

yes → **Did you videotape it?**
- yes → **Did you threaten to leak the video unless you received a "hummer" from Mrs. Claus?**
  - yes → "Help me across the street, young man?"
    - "Of course!" → **Recent good deed:**
      A. Avoided foods that make your ejaculate taste bad
      B. Shaved back daily, donated clippings to Locks of Love
      - A → **NAUGHTY**
        Hear the sirens? We called the cops. You have 10 seconds to dive out your bathroom window.
      - B → **NICE**
        Well, good for you, Little Miss Prissy Pants. What do you want, a fucking cookie?
    - "Of course! Now whatcha gonna do for me, Mama Cougar?" → **Which of these Web sites speaks to your views on community service?**
      A. Dosomething.org
      B. Whatever David Duchovny is currently jacking off to
  - no → **In terms of chivalry, what sort of knight have you been?**
- no → **Which of the seven deadly sins did you break?**
  A. All of them, plus a few you've never heard of, bitch!
  B. The one that involves convincing a senile old woman that you're her grandson and urgently need her life savings to start up a Blimpie franchise
  - A / B → **What item did you regift this Christmas?**
    - The Nintendo 64 you received back in Xmas '96
    - This mysterious "herpes simplex 3," which no doctor can quite figure out

no → **Next on your Netflix queue:**
A. Anything Judd Apatow
B. Anything Ecuadorean snuff

How many times did you drop the hallucinogenic drug Salvia this year?
A. None
B. Who are you and why is the top of your head shaped like a lizard? I'm scared!

BY SCOTT JACOBSON AND RITCH DUNCAN

Gift Guide 2009

Joe College

Gifts that will help you ace the test—of total coolness.

FINGER PRINCE

Touchscreens, like the one on the iPhone, use electrical impulses from your skin to figure out where you push. Normal gloves render your digits useless, but **Dots gloves** solve the problem with conductive metal specks. Pretend you're Magneto! **$15–$20**, *Dotsgloves.com*

VAPORIZATION NATION

Golly, the **Digital Volcano Vaporizer** sure looks cool. Too bad we have no idea what this German instrument does. But trust us, just rip out this page and convince the heir in your dorm to order one. **$669**, *the volcanovaporizer.com*

TOUCH DOWN

BlackBerries were once the go-to gadget for rifling off mission-critical business e-mails at 4 A.M. With the advent of the touchscreen **Storm**, they will become the go-to gadget for sending mission-critical booty texts and illicit photo messages. **$TBA**, verizonwirelessm.com

YOU BOOB TUBE

The bawdy antics of your college years will never fade if you record them with the **Kodak Zi6**, a pocket-size cam that records up to 32 GB of video. Its futureproof 720p HD footage will even look crisp on your grandkids' hologram walls. **$180**, *kodak.com*

PC YOU

It's midway through freshman year, and the only thing you've stared at more than girls on treadmills is your laptop screen. So you might as well upgrade to a notebook with an awesome one, like **Gateway's MC series**, which has an ultrabright 16-inch full-glass display. The 16:9 screen is wider than most on the market, which makes this machine ideal for multitasking—watching movies and keeping Facebook open next to a blank Microsoft Word doc. Its HDMI port will even link to your roommate's plasma, so you can watch your GPA crumble in HD. **$1,000**, *Gateway.com*

Pen Ultimate

If Adderall binges aren't cutting it as study aids, the **Livescribe Smartpen** is for you. It records audio as you take notes on proprietary paper, then syncs the sound with your notes. Later you can point the pen at your writing, and the professor's rants on a phallocentric world will play back in their man-hating glory. **$199**, *Livescribe.com*

PACK IN TIME

Ironically, book bags have gotten bigger over the years even as our need for carrying physical books has ceased. The **JanSport Heritage Series** bucks the trend with compact ca.-1980 designs that'll fit a Macbook Air and some pop rocks. **$155**, *Jansport.com*

Less Cheer, More Fear

A guide to the scariest holiday movies.

Silent Night Deadly Night (1984)
A man in a Santa suit slays a young boy's parents before his eyes. Years later the kid dons Santa's duds and goes on his very own killing spree. Watch it with Mom and Pops!

AKKC: Angry Kris Kringle Content

Black Christmas (1974)
Based on a real event, Canadian sorority babes receive a disturbing prank phone call during the holidays and start disappearing. Chilling screams are heard as the town's Long Island Iced Tea sales plummet.

SSSC: Strong '70s Sideburn Content

Jingle All the Way (1996)
The gap-toothed governor of California squares off with a renegade postal worker in a feeble attempt to boost the economy by buying a hard-to-get toy. Wacky faces, life lessons, and ball shots ensue.

SSC: Strong Sinbad Content

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Scrubs Jessica's Mom's perfume off your knees.

THE NEW AXE DETAILER SHOWER TOOL.

A rough red side for your tough guy parts. And a soft black side for your sensitive guy parts.

TheAxeEffect.com

Gift Guide 2009

Urban Warrior

Seven ways to survive the metropolitan melee.

WHEEL GENIUS

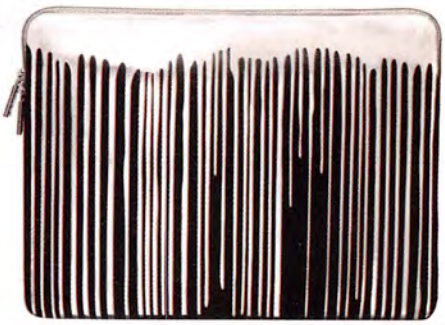
The sweetest single-speed we've seen, the **Trek District's** compact handlebar, carbon fork, alloy rims, and Bontrager Race Lite tires help city cyclers weave through congested streets. An innovative carbon-fiber composite belt replaces a clunky chain, so it runs smooth and silent. The ice cream man won't see you coming. **$930,** *trekbikes.com*

CHOICE CUT

Switch from the overwrought 17-blade torture device you're currently scarring your mug with and pick up the single-blade **Feather Artist Club razor.** Unlike traditional straight razors, this frighteningly sharp face hatchet doesn't require honing and stropping. Which is good, because honing and stropping can easily eat up half a weekend. **$110,** *nashvilleknifeshop.com*

UNCOMMON SCENTS

Most colognes quickly fade, but **Lacoste's Essential** is different. Thanks to futuristic time-release technology, its top-note oils—tangerine, bergamot, tomato leaves, and cassis—ooze out gradually. Which keeps you smelling fresh even after a long night of forcing your way into circles of gyrating club girls. **$45** for 2.5 oz., **$62** for 4.2 oz., *lacoste-essential.com*



HOT POCKET

All laptop sleeves are not created equal. So sayeth the KRINK, a collaboration between tech pack maker Incase, L.A. art rag *Arkitip,* and underground street artist KR. This edgy **MacBook holder** comes with YKK zippers, a cushioned interior, and a trippy foil-stamped dripping-ink style that puts your psychedelic screen-saver to shame. **$80,** *goincase.com*

FOREVER YOUNG

Kiehl's Facial Fuel Anti-Wrinkle Cream uses soy, chestnut, and citrus fruit extracts, plus vitamins C and E, to keep your mug as soft and endearing to Florida schoolteachers as a young Jonathan Lipnicki. **$35,** *kiehls.com*

Fast Tracks

The newest **Zune** offers something slick: Catch the latest bi-curious Katy Perry track on the unit's built-in FM radio and immediately download the song from any wi-fi hot spot. Pair it with the $15-a-month all-you-can-download Zunepass and you may never take those earbuds out again. **$130–$250,** *zune.net*

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NFL PLAYERS

When motion clarity means everything,

imagination lives

*Screen image simulated

Name: Dave "The Yeller" Pope and his twin brother, Chuck.

Home: Hoboken, New Jersey

Passion: Quiet Sundays in front of the TV.

Quote: "My television has a volume control. My brother Dave does not."

TV: Auto Motion Plus 120Hz The new 120 Hz Samsung Series 8.
See every NFL play so clearly even a noisy brother can't stop you from catching all the action.

See Dave & Chuck's full story or upload your own at samsung.com/HowISeeIt

The NFL. That's how I see it.

SAMSUNG | NFL

OFFICIAL HDTV OF THE NFL

Gift Guide 2009

Mister Fix It

You can't make it better–or infinitely worse–without the proper tool.

PASS THE TORCH

Voltron and the Power Rangers taught us there is strength in numbers, and the **Stanley 3-in-1 Tripod LED Flashlight** is proof. Use the three light sticks individually for blackouts, shadow puppets, and ghost stories, but when Baby Jesus' neon-lit Nativity scene blows the fuses, combine the flashlights in the patented tripod for hands-free emergency lighting. $30, *stanley tools.com*

VICIOUS CIRCLE

Like a rabid junkyard dog, the **Milwaukee M18 6½-inch circular saw** puts unbridled power in the control of whoever wields it. This new cordless heavy-duty circ saw works on the job or in the garage with Buffalo Bill–friendly features like an 18-volt lithium-ion battery that adds 20 percent more torque to its 3,500 rpm motor, an ergonomic grip, and a brake that stops the blade when things get too sca-a-a-ry. **$349**, *milwaukeetools.com*

Dine & Smash

Getting a grease monkey to use a salad fork? There's a better chance of seeing someone from *The Hills* on *Nova*. **Wrench Ware** bridges the gap between the engine and the oven with a stainless-steel cutlery set that includes a ratchet fork, wrench-handled knife, and crescent-wrench spoon. Just wipe off the oil before using. **$30**, *whatonearth catalog.com*

POCKET PROTECTOR

It looks just like a normal house key, but the **Swiss Tech Utili-Key** multi-tool can do much more than just open doors and scratch the paint on your ex-girlfriend's car. Flip it open to reveal three screwdrivers with three different heads, two blades, and a bottle opener, with no need for a hideous belt clip. $11, *swisstechtools.com*

HOT CAULK

The hassle of caulking guns and squeeze tubes will make you look the other way when a fault line opens along the base of your bathroom floor. Thankfully, these single-use disposable **GE Caulk Singles** get the job done without any additional messy tools. And we hate a messy tool. $3.49, *lowes.com*

MOW POWER

A shredder hasn't been this evil since *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles 3*. The **Cub Cadet 173cc Chipper Shredder Vacuum** slices and dices twigs, branches, and leaves like that's its job (because it is!), then sucks away yard debris with an oversize flexible vacuum hose. This mower is always hungry for more. $499, *cubcadet.com*

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NFL PLAYERS

When you get real-time sports updates right on your TV,

imagination lives

*Screen image simulated

Name: Ted74 (Fantasy Football guru)

Home: Antioch, Illinois

Passion: Owner of the five-time champion Dread City Diabolicals.

Quote: "The better informed you are the less you will lose to me by."

TV: InfoLink The Samsung Series 8 with Infolink.
Featuring real-time news, sports and weather updates as well as NFL action so clear it's almost unreal.

See Ted74's full story or upload your own at samsung.com/HowISeeIt

The NFL. That's how I see it.

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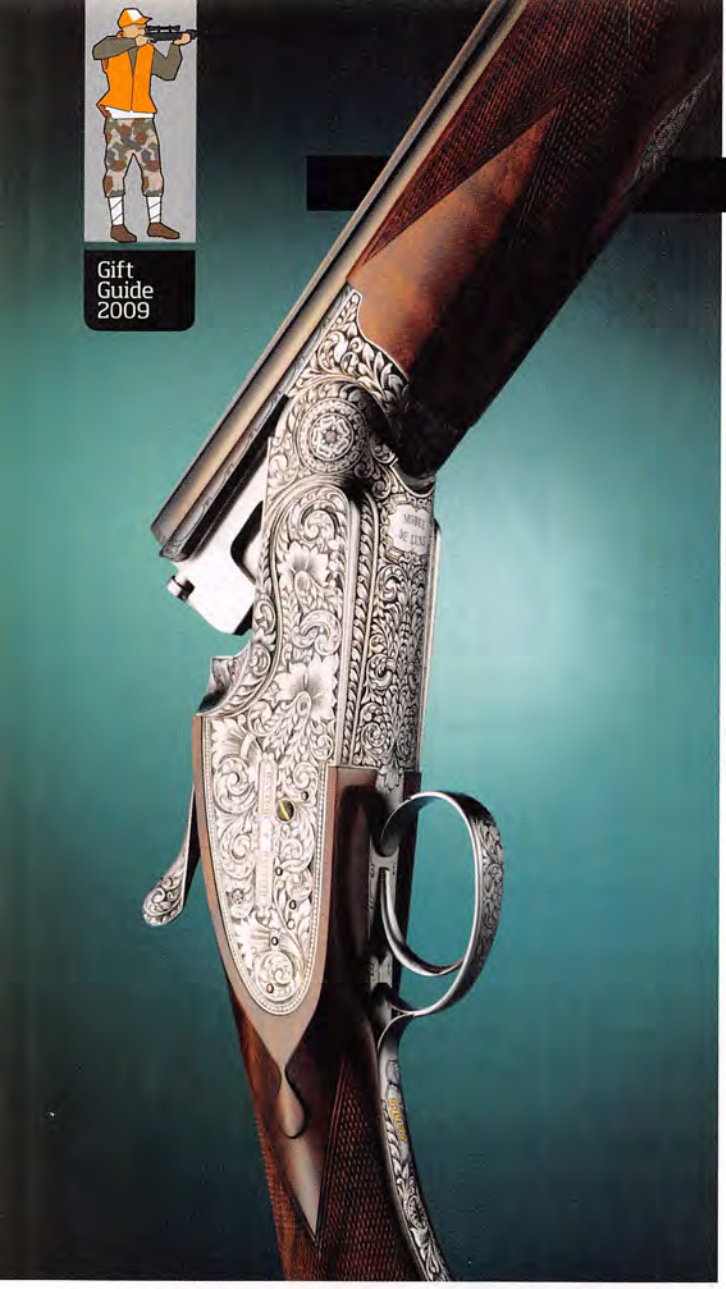

BLAST SYSTEM
For a firearm that makes a statement, look no further than **Holland & Holland**'s bespoke 20-bore **Royal Deluxe Shotgun**. H&H custom-builds each weapon—you can even submit a graphic for engraving—then painstakingly crafts every detail in steel and Turkish walnut. The one-of-a-kind result is totally worth it. Especially if the statement you want to make is "My gun costs more than your house, bitch!" $152,570, *hollandandholland.com*

TOTAL FOX
So you can't hit a barn door with your $152,000 shotgun. You can still bring home a **Gray Fox**, a.k.a. *Urocyon cinereoargenteus*. It's so lifelike you'll swear it once prowled the forest. Oh, wait, it did. $1,700, *mossonline.com*

DEATHPROOF
Massive head wounds are awesome until they happen to you, which is what makes a first aid kit so handy. This retro military-style case packs bandages, antibiotics, germ-killing wipes, first aid cream, and an instant ice pack, among other lifesaving items. Not that you'll use them, but there are also first aid instructions. $30, *dwr.com*

GET FOUND
Lost: Great on TV, crappy in real life. **Bushnell's** simple **BackTrack** GPS unit helps you avoid that sorry state with a pinpoint GPS receiver, digital compass, and the ability to store and track up to three locations. You left the remote at one of them. $74, *bushnell.com*

MEAN MACHINE
Yamaha's Grizzly 550 FI Auto 4x4 rocks a 558 cc four-stroke engine and push-button switching between 2WD and 4WD. And you can get it in camo, so when you're rip-sawing through the wildernesss, you can sneak up on squirrels. $7,799, *yamaha-motor.com*

The Hidden Word

This **camouflage Bible** is ideal for reading in a tree stand, ground blind, boat, or tent. The leather binding is durable, and the stuff within puts the big man on your side when you're killing His creatures. **$50**, *onesourcedistribution.com*

Glory to the Newborn King? Pop quiz: Can you guess who *wasn't* born on December 25?

Jimmy Buffett
Is it possible that the mayor of Margaritaville—and living proof of the horrors marijuana use will wreak on a wardrobe—was born on a cold winter's day?

Karl Rove
"Bush's brain" delivered two presidential campaign wins and more spin than a Gravitron. Did Mama Rove make a special delivery of her own on Christmas Day?

Helena Christensen
This Dane rolled topless in the sand with Chris Isaak and helped the angels of Victoria's Secret take off. God's gift to the Good Shepherd?

Jesus Christ
Some consider this sandal-wearing longhair to be the son of God and savior of humanity, but does he toast a glass of nog to another year on this day?

Sissy Spacek
This Oscar winner's turn as a bloodstained outcast in *Carrie* was a landmark performance. Did the pain of only one day of presents inspire her murderous rage?

Rickey Henderson
Was the all-time leader in stolen bases juicing with myrrh?

Answer: Jesus. Pointing to biblical evidence, most scholars believe that Jesus' B-day was likely not 12/25.

IF MY TEAM LOSES, MY MOM WEARS A BLACK ARMBAND FOR A WEEK.

THE BEST PART IS SEEING THE CROWD MIMIC EXACTLY WHAT WE DO.

RYANN

PASSION > Dancing

SIDELINE WARRIORS

LINDA

PASSION > Interior Design

How has HDTV changed the way you get ready for a game?

LINDA > My day begins eight hours before the game even starts! Since HD shows every tiny detail, we need to bring our A-game and look awesome.

RYANN > You really want to go all out when you're primping and getting ready for a game. You want to make sure everything is perfect from head to toe.

What's the most exciting part of the game for you?

RYANN > The first kickoff! From the moment that ball is in the air, there is such an excitement for the crowd and me.

LINDA > Nothing can compare to the feeling of walking out of the tunnel with my flag held high and hearing 80,000 screaming fans.

What's a surefire way to get the crowd riled up?

LINDA > Jumping up and down while waving our poms over our heads on third downs always does the trick.

RYANN > Smiling and waving to them. When we perform sideline cheers and kick our legs up in the air, the crowd goes nuts! We want fans to feel it's a personal experience between each one of them and each one of us.

Do you have any post-game rituals?

RYANN > When I get home, my mom and I discuss every detail we can recall —my mom bleeds green! If my team loses, she wears a black armband for a week.

How does HDTV on a Samsung plasma bring the experience of a game to life?

RYANN > When you're sitting at home watching HDTV, you feel like you're at the stadium. It's much more intense than regular TV. You can see every little detail.

LINDA > On HDTV it's a complete world of difference—the colors, the way everything looks and sounds. I get chills when I re-watch our squad on HDTV, even if I just see my pompom waving or the tip of my boot behind one of the players. It never gets old.

You could win a trip to the Big Game in Tampa!
Just go to **samsung.com/howiseeit**
and tell us how *you* see football.

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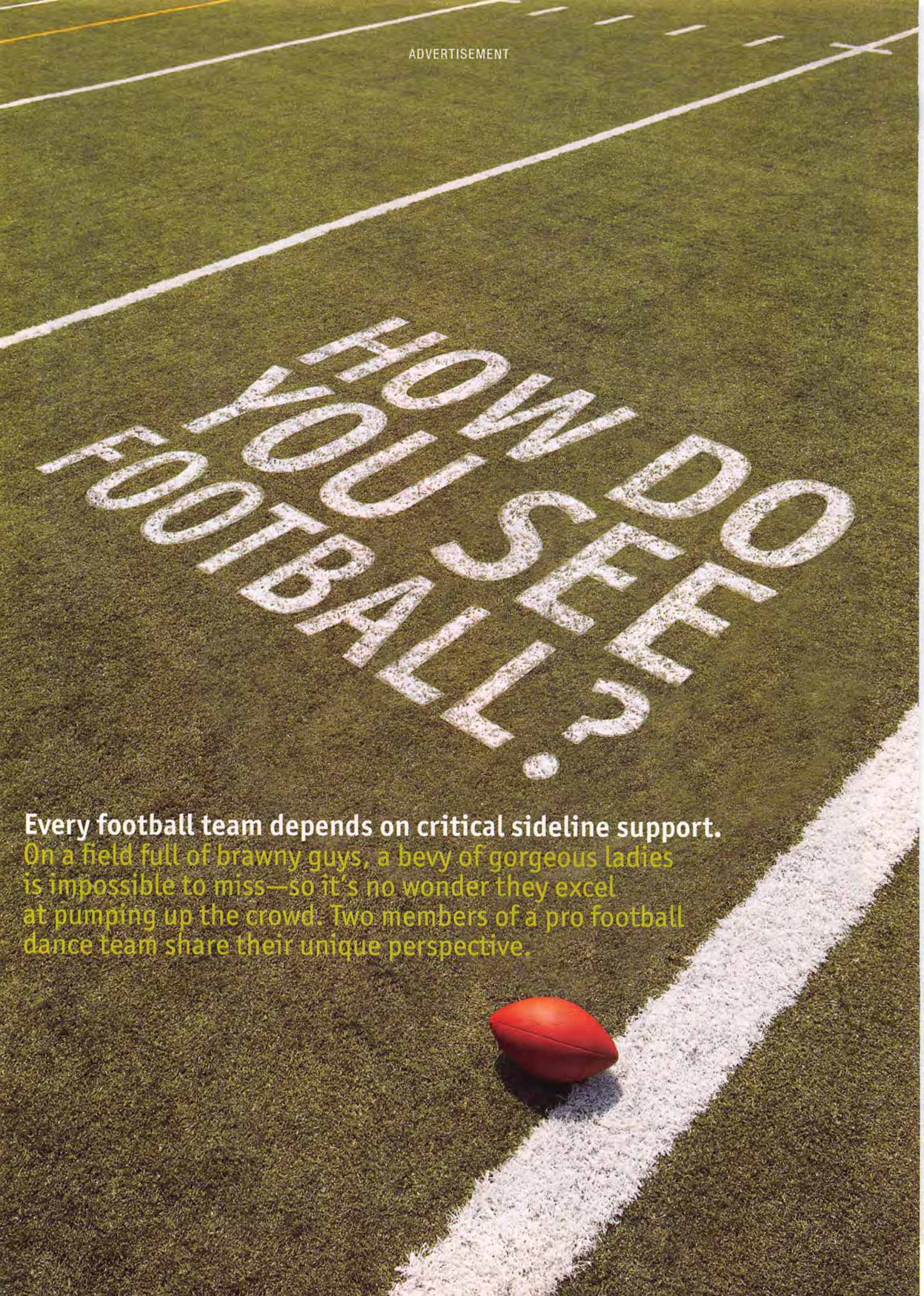

Every football team depends on critical sideline support. On a field full of brawny guys, a bevy of gorgeous ladies is impossible to miss—so it's no wonder they excel at pumping up the crowd. Two members of a pro football dance team share their unique perspective.

HOT STUFF While a vintage Raiders Starter coat is exciting to you, chances are your lady would prefer the fashionable functionality of **DKNY**'s puffy **Helen Parka**. We usually frown upon buying her things that encourage her to cover up, but she'll have no problem going commando under this warm, comfy number. Its zippered arm pocket is essential: Fishnet stockings don't have room for wallets. **$224**, *macys.com*

STYLING, KAREN SHAPIRO; HAIR, SAM LEONARDI FOR REDKEN CUTLER AT RAY BROWN PRO.COM; MAKEUP, JANE CHOI AT VIVIAN ARTISTS; MANICURE, YUKO WADA AT VIVIAN ARTISTS

Gift Guide 2009

Gifts for Her

Give her these things and she'll love you forever.

A BREAK FROM YOU

Being scraped with abrasives and lying underneath a pile of hot, heavy stones might not be your thing, but there's a good chance your significant other is into it. Get her a **Spafinder.com gift certificate** and she can enjoy the exotic treatment of her choosing at one of 4,500 locales. Unfortunately, we can't guarantee the treatment won't be administered by a large Norwegian named Sven. **From $50**, *spafinder.com*

Just Shoot Me

The stylish, retro analog gauges on the top of the **Samsung TL9** only monitor battery and storage space, so they won't help her take better pictures. But thanks to its 10.2 MP resolution and an image-stabilizing lens, she won't need any help. Just be sure to prepare your Facebook page for a maelstrom of cutesy pics. **$280**, *samsung.com*

MP3 WAY

So you've been dating her nearly eight years but still don't know what to get her? And it's Christmas Eve? Fuck it, dude! Get an **iPod Nano** in one of nine different colors. You can't go wrong. Unless she hates music and joy. **$149–$199**, *apple.com/ipodnano*

WAX INTELLECTUAL

Candles are tricky. Do not buy her a horrible lump of cinnamon-scented wax at the mall. Get her a sophisticated scent—a **Basile Collection Holiday Candle from Diptyque**, in amber, Scotch pine, or briar honey. Trust us. **$78**, *saks.com*

BAG IT

When you're at the Museum of Modern Art checking out the naked lady statues, pick up the **Bilbao Tote by Issey Miyake** in red or black. She'll appreciate its mod geometric look. You'll appreciate her being able to carry your keys. **$385**, *momastore.org*

BABY GOT VAC

Give her an old-school canister vac as a gift and you'll be spending New Year's Eve alone. Give her the **Dyson DC25** and you'll be spending New Year's' Eve alone—with a really cool vacuum! Just tell her it sucks really hard and the unique ball technology makes it handle like a sports car. Eventually she'll come around. **$499**, *Dyson.com*

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Gift Guide 2009

The Baron

Solid swag for the upwardly mobile.

I can see Orion's seat belt from here!

PHAT ROLLS

True gentlemen will leave Bentleys to rappers and plunk their cashmere-clad asses on the fine leather seats of the new **Rolls-Royce Phantom Coupe**. It's lighter than the standard Phantom but shares the same 453 hp V-12 aluminum engine, so it'll whip past the poor faster than a mortgage bailout. But you buy a Rolls for the nuances. Like the starlight headliner—1,600 hand-fixed lights attached to the leather ceiling that create the illusion of the night sky. Subtle. **$400,000**, *rolls-roycemotorcars.com*

Cigartistry

Whether you're at the golf course or the poker table, having a **Padron 1964 Anniversary Cigar** hanging out of your mouth will let people know that you can appreciate the complex aromas and incredible hand-rolled balance of a classic phallic symbol. **$12–$22**, *cigar.com*

WRIST MANAGEMENT

Sure, your Rolex Submariner is a classic, but it isn't endorsed by a genuine James Bond villain like the Oddjob watch from **Swatch's 007 Villains Collection**. Its gold finish and four-dial face make it ultra-stylish. Unfortunately, this watch can't protect you from a well-placed bladed-hat throw. $235, *swatch.com*

MAKE YOUR CASE

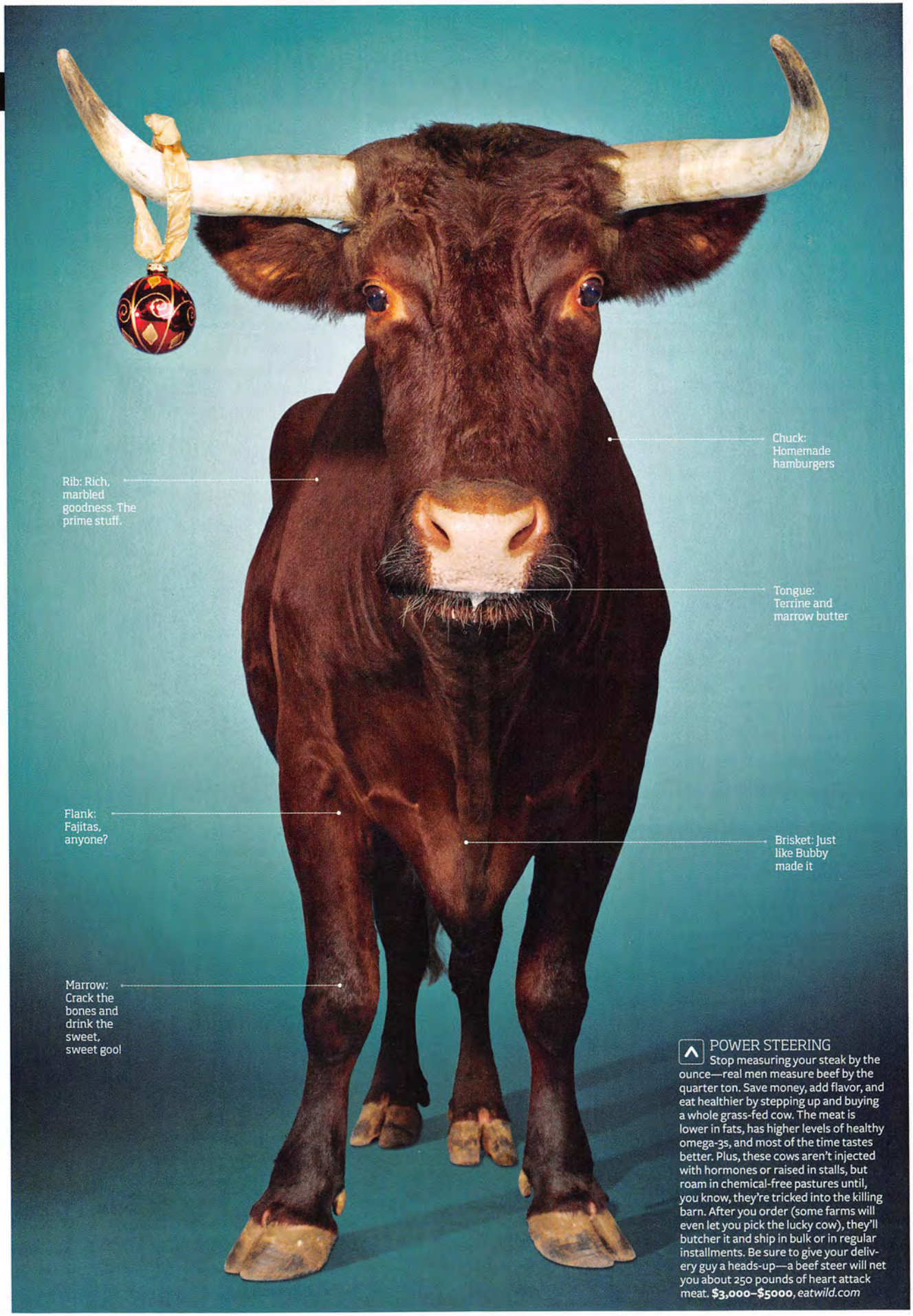
The **Orator's Briefcase PA System** looks like any other piece of luggage, but flip it open to reveal a microphone, a 20-watt amplifier, two four-inch speakers, and a lectern to hold your speech. It's great for ad sales execs and insane street preachers with a sense of style. $350, *hammacher.com*

PIMP CAP

The **Bailey of Hollywood Shylock hat** is 100 percent wool and has a tightly pinched crown, making it the best way to cover up a bald spot since the comb-over. $55, *hats.com*

TALKING POINT

The **Jawbone Bluetooth Headset** uses an advanced voice activity sensor and something they call NoiseAssassin algorithms for the audio clarity required to fire someone's sorry ass from the comfort of a Gulfstream. Plus, it comes in silver, black, and gold to match your tongue, heart, and pinkie ring, respectively. $129, *us.jawbone.com*


Chuck: Homemade hamburgers
Rib: Rich, marbled goodness. The prime stuff.
Tongue: Terrine and marrow butter
Flank: Fajitas, anyone?
Brisket: Just like Bubby made it
Marrow: Crack the bones and drink the sweet, sweet goo!

POWER STEERING

Stop measuring your steak by the ounce—real men measure beef by the quarter ton. Save money, add flavor, and eat healthier by stepping up and buying a whole grass-fed cow. The meat is lower in fats, has higher levels of healthy omega-3s, and most of the time tastes better. Plus, these cows aren't injected with hormones or raised in stalls, but roam in chemical-free pastures until, you know, they're tricked into the killing barn. After you order (some farms will even let you pick the lucky cow), they'll butcher it and ship in bulk or in regular installments. Be sure to give your delivery guy a heads-up—a beef steer will net you about 250 pounds of heart attack meat. **$3,000–$5000**, *eatwild.com*

Gift Guide 2009

The Gourmand

Upgrade the party in your mouth.

POP OFF
The **EasyPop Popcorn Maker** ensures a perfectly popped kernel every time. Plus, built-in moisture vents mean you won't have to nurse steam burns during the next *Gimme a Break!* marathon on TV Land. $70, *cuisinart.com*

VEG OUT
Skip the supermarket spice rack and pluck fresh herbs right in your kitchen with the hydroponic **AeroGarden Pro 200**. This self-contained countertop garden is big enough to grow, um, vegetables. $200, *aerogardenonlinestore.com*

SALT OF SWINE
Hey, ever catch yourself thinking, *You know what this salt lick could use? A nice hunk of ham.* Two words: **Bacon Salt**. The high-blood-pressure-inducing porkish delicacy's four flavors of amazing are even available in zero-calorie, zero-fat, easily sprinkled form (and it's somehow kosher!). That'll do, pig; that'll do. $5, *chefsresource.com*

Bubble Fever

Good: Martini & Rossi Asti Spumante, **$10**
Better: Perrier-Jouët Grand Brut Champagne, **$30**
Best: Veuve Clicquot La Grande Dame, **$145**

GRINDHOUSE
Be your own sultan of schnitzel with the **Waring Pro meat grinder**. This statuesque stainless-steel beauty comes with two easy linking attachments, and the 450-watt motor is powerful enough to give bone and gristle a beat-down. Sausagefest! $200, *chefscatalog.com*

A Very Special Holiday

Five can't-miss YouTube-able Christmas shit shows to ring in the holidays!

1

A Claymation Christmas Celebration (1987) A troupe of dried fruits harmonize on a version of "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer" that will make you wish someone would bake them into a fruitcake.

2

Rich Little's Christmas Carol (1978) Little plays every character in *A Christmas Carol*... as George Burns, Truman Capote, John Wayne, and Richard Nixon. It'll even make your drunk-ass uncle seem funny.

3

The WPIX Yule Log (1966-present) A TV station in New York broadcasts a continuous loop of a fireplace every Christmas morning. If only it could incinerate the thoughtful gifts you just received.

4

Star Wars Holiday Special (1978) Luke Skywalker, Han Solo, and Princess Leia reunite for this non-canonical adventure in a galaxy far, far—but not far enough—away. Track it down at any cost.

5

He-Man and She-Ra: A Christmas Special (1984) Get a load of Skeletor. The bony, staff-wielding villain gets misty and learns the true meaning of Christmas. Prepare yourself for erect he-nipples!

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Gift Guide 2009

The Throwback

Rockin' artifacts from the past, updated for modern consumption.

TRACKS ON WAX
Somehow music just sounds better on **vinyl**. And not just old stuff like Cash and the Clash, whose work you can cherry-pick at *legacy recordings.com*. Turns out some newer bands are putting out actual records, too: Snag new vinyl albums from current acts like Murs, the Black Keys, and the Raconteurs at *because soundmatters.com*.

DECK CHECK
The fourth generation of a classic first issued in '77, the new **Rega P3-24 turntable** will make your vinyl sing. Among the updates are a low vibration motor and a cosmic range of high-gloss colors. Because when it comes to savoring the sonic stylings of Stryper, a little neon never hurts. **$1,295**, *soundorg.com*

Tee Time

Channeling Joey Ramone takes more than sweet bangs. Revive his style—and that of other music icons like Cobain, Lennon, and Zappa—with a **Worn Free T-shirt**. The company reproduces tees rockers wore onstage, complete with a photo so you know Debbie Harry actually did wear that Camp Funtime number. **$40**, *wornfree.com*

ULTIMATE FAN CAM
Leica's new M8.2 rangefinder camera may look old, but it's got modern guts. Use the 10.3 mp shooter with Leica's legendary lenses, and even if your stage-diving shots stink, you'll still be the coolest-looking rock photog in the room. **$6,295**, *leica-camera.com*

EAR CANDY
Question: How to rock out in retro style without wearing 20-pound headphones? Answer: **WeSC's Oboe**, which combine a classic studio look with updated sound delivery, thanks to 30 mm power drivers and a 20–20,001 Hz frequency range. **$60**, *wesc.com*

Xmas Sweater Maintenance

A THE OFFICE PARTY
Lipstick, mascara, and floor wax
A trip to the office closet will leave all three on your sweater. Sponge the stains with dry-cleaning solvent, then use a heavy-duty liquid detergent. The stain will be easier to get rid of than the office girl you knocked up.

B CHRISTMAS EVE
Booze
Passing out is the easiest way to avoid having to talk to your family, but it also means you'll have to get a mulled-wine stain out of wool. No sweat–just wash in the sink with Woolite when you wake up. Then call Nana and apologize.

C NEW YEAR'S EVE
Vomit, blood, and bodily fluid
Removing these is a lot easier than remembering how they got there. Just soak in cold water for a few hours, then hand-wash with a chemical detergent. Slice off your fingerprints just in case.

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Tough Break Rudolph.

LG enV2™

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The Eco Freak

Go green, not geeky, with this Earth-friendly gear.

EXCITE BIKE

Wanna tear up Mother Earth without pissing her off? Hit the trails on the **Zero X**, a badass dirt bike that's totally electric. The Zero X uses high power li-ion batteries to carry you 40 miles on a single charge. The best part? It's quiet, so you can listen to NPR while approaching that jump. **$7,450**, *zeromotorcycles.com*

Water Whirled

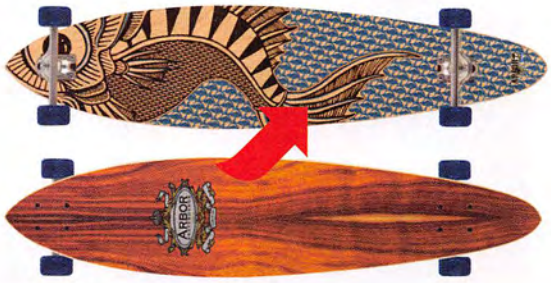
So the electric company cut you off. It's cool—you can still rise on time with the **Bedol Water-Powered Clock**, an eco-sensitive timekeeper powered by water and a dash of salt. It's not just thrifty and green—it'll also save you a trip when you wake up thirsty. **$16**, *bedolwhatsnext.com*

THINK DRINK

The melting glaciers got you down? Drink your sorrows away with a bottle of **Bluecoat American Dry Gin**. Its distillers use organic juniper berries blended with other botanicals, ensuring the odors emanating from your drunk ass won't harm the ozone. **$25**, *bluecoatgin.com*

LOG ON

Dell's small but powerful **Studio Hybrid PC** packs plenty of green cred inside its available bamboo shell. The Vista-compatible computer uses about 70 percent less power than a normal-size desktop and comes in a 95 percent recyclable package. If you use it to Google "How to club baby seals," it will self-destruct. **$499** and up, *dell.com*



BOARDER PATROL

Shred with eco-cred on **Arbor Skateboard's Koa Fish** longboard. The crunchies over at Arbor composed the board out of sustainably sourced hard-rock maple with a layer of Hawaiian Koa wood, recycled glass, and a water-based finish to ensure that you'll be carving all the way to Whole Foods guilt-free. **$168**, *arborsports.com*

COWBOYS AND INDIANS

Harsh realities of adult life got you down? Put a stake in **Design Within Reach's tepee**, a staggering work of Native American architecture that'll lend your backyard "retreats" a sense of the epic. Reinforced by poles carved from Montana pine and wrapped with tightly woven army duck canvas, this 15-foot-tall, 12-foot-diameter Pocahontas love den has working smoke flaps—ideal for when you hit that peace pipe. **$2,200**, *dwr.com*

Gift Guide 2009

The Man-Child

Gear for the dude who just won't grow up.

THE WHEEL DEAL

Just because you totaled your Scion drifting doesn't mean you should give up your racing dreams. Plug the **Fanatec Porsche Carrera Racing Wheel** and the included pedal into your PC or PS3 and get a real tactile sense of being in the Carrera cockpit. Start learning the superiority of the German master race...of car manufacturers! **$190**, *fanatec.com*

MONKEY BUSINESS

Just like Lennie from *Of Mice and Men*, you love animals. So why not pep up your holiday party by renting a chimp from **Animal Actors Sweet Sunshine**? One of 10 working primates nationwide will visit your house and fling poo at guests. **$2,000–$3,500 for a day**, *animal-actors.com*

You're It

If your local laser tag zone still isn't letting you in after you ruined some poor kid's birthday party, start your own game with Hasbro's **Lazer Tag Multiplayer Battle System**. Rumble packs make the guns recoil after each shot, and add-ons like a scope ensure pinpoint accuracy, which is vital when you have nothing left to lose. **$80**, *hasbrotoyshop.com*

PEEKABOO

We know the human body still has you scratching your head. Jump-start your learnin' with **Conran's Eyeball Anatomy**, a hand-painted, structurally correct 35-piece puzzle on a stand. See if you can solve it. Get it? **$16**, *conranusa.com*

SHE-BOT

Ever notice something weird when you look into your closet full of dancing robots? Right—they're all dudes! That'll change when you bring home the **WowWee Femisapien**, a magical electronic being that responds to gestures and touch and can learn dance routines, like your ex's sexy, hypnotic electric slide. **$99**, *wowwee.com*

Never been kissed? Femisapien will help you out with that.
Moving hips sway sultry and lifelike when she strolls the catwalk.
Like other girls, she'll try to leave you. Until her batteries die.

Jolly Follies When bad things happen to good Santas.

1927 Cisco, Texas
Two days before Christmas, Marshall Ratliff (with six revolvers stuffed under his Santa suit) led a band of bank robbers who made off with $10,000 in cash. An angry mob caught up and hanged him. Some holiday spirit!

1968 Philadelphia
Philly fans cemented their rep as sports' surliest when at halftime of the Eagles' season finale they booed 20-year-old Santa Frank Olivo and pelted him with snowballs. At least *some* of the projectiles weren't yellow.

2006 Dundee, Scotland
When Andrew Robertson, 82, collapsed and died in costume as he handed out gifts to his bowling club members' grandkids, one little snot actually asked, "How are we going to get our presents next week?"

2007 Rio de Janeiro
While riding over a slum in a helicopter en route to handing out gifts to children, an anonymous Santa in red took gunfire from drug dealers who thought he was with the boys in blue. Next time he'll stick with reindeer.

ILLUSTRATION, JAMIE SNEDDON

MAXIM

++++++++++

Behold: the gear of the year, cheerfully offered for your immediate consumption. Bust out your quill and ink these awesome tech toys, deadly power tools, and objects of dude-lust onto your "to get" list, then start being really nice to your elders, friends, and benefactors. 'Tis the season to be getting, friends!

ILLUSTRATION BY JEFFREY OLEY PHOTOGRAPHS BY DARRIN HADDAD
BY JOEY ARAK, MAX CATTANEO, STAN HORACZEK, SCOTT JACOBSON, JAMES LEE, STEVE MAZZUCCHI, AND SAM MEANS

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Mittens Off. Game On.

Voyager™ by LG

The hottest game in town is now on your phone. Need for Speed™ Undercover.

The chase for the perfect gaming gift is over. Go undercover and behind the wheel of a V CAST phone to battle street racers and fulfill that need for speed. With its stellar 3D graphics, sexy cars and characters, and high-impact racing modes, it's the most awesome car-chasing mobile-gaming experience on a phone yet. One of the many hot mobile games you can get on V CAST from Verizon Wireless.

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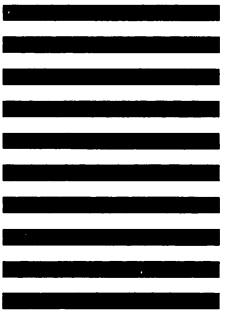

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